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THE VOLUNTEER SERVICE COMPANY

(1st South Lancashire Regiment)

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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Major & Mrs. E. T. James
with best wishes from
J. Bell

14/2/03.

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THE VOLUNTEER SERVICE COMPANY

(1ST SOUTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT)

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

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J. E. Middlebrook] THE COMPANY'S BAPTISM OF FIRE. [Durban.

THE 11TH (LANCASHIRE) BRIGADE, INCLUDING 1ST SOUTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT, EXTENDING FOR ATTACK, BOTHA'S PASS, JUNE 8TH, 1900.

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THE

VOLUNTEER SERVICE COMPANY

(1ST SOUTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT)

IN SOUTH AFRICA

DURING THE BOER WAR.

JANUARY, 1900—JULY, 1901.

COMPILED BY

CAPTAIN FRANCIS M. APPLETON

(OFFICER-IN-COMMAND),

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE COMPANY.

WITH SOME PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE THIRD CONTINGENT.

WARRINGTON:

MACKIE & CO. LD., GUARDIAN OFFICE.

1901.

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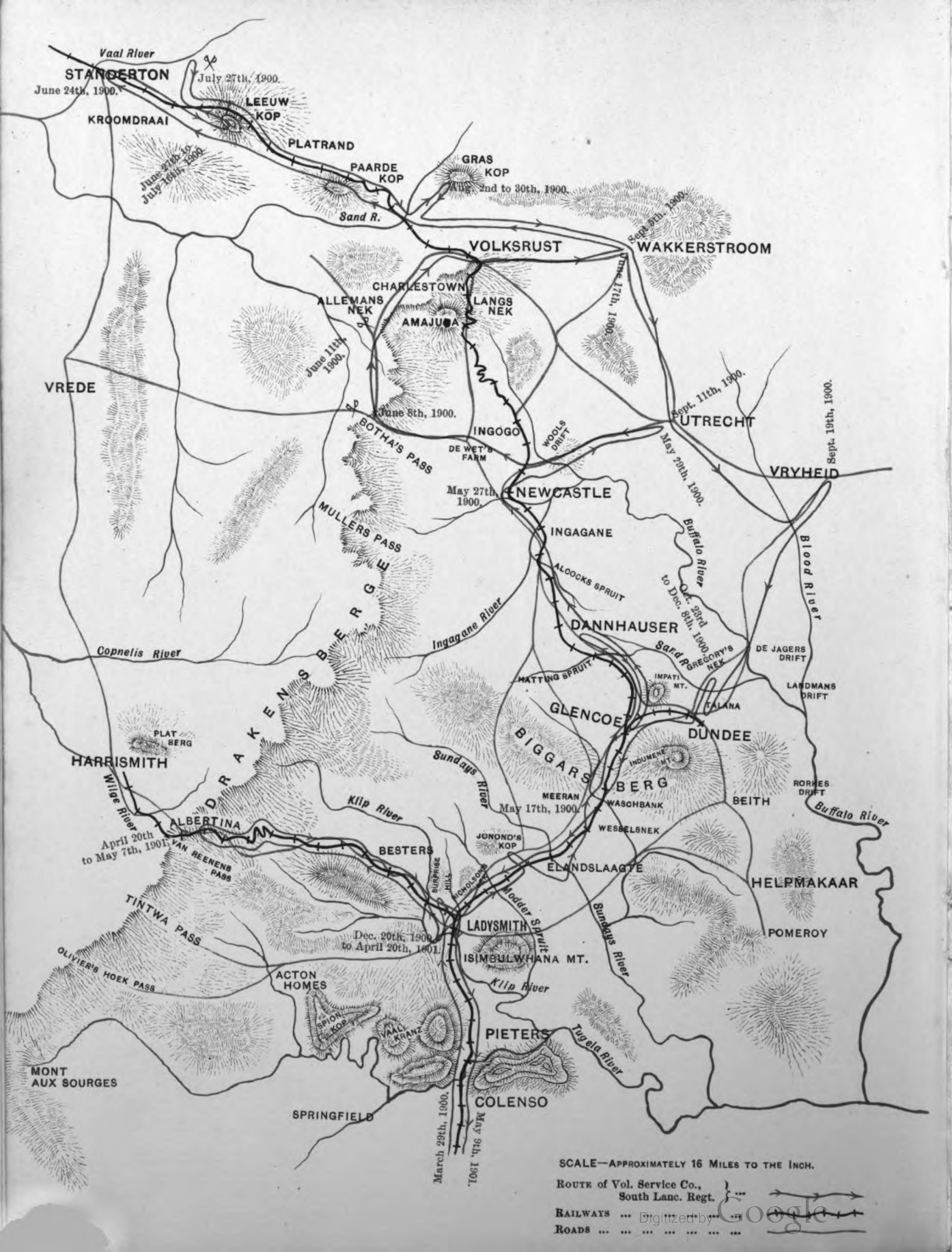

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Dedicated

TO

GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C.,

G.C.B.,

UNDER WHOM THE COMPANY HAD THE HONOUR OF SERVING

IN NATAL, THE TRANSVAAL, AND ORANGE FREE STATE,

AS I COMPANY, 1ST SOUTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT,

11TH (LANCASHIRE) BRIGADE, 5TH DIVISION,

NATAL FIELD FORCE.

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LETTER FROM
GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C., G.C.B.

DOWNES, CREDITON,
DEVONSHIRE,
January 19th, 1902.

DEAR CAPTAIN APPLETON,

I am very glad to hear that you are going to record the good work your Volunteer Company did in South Africa. You joined that excellent Lancashire Brigade which it was my good fortune to have under my command after, it is true, the relief of Ladysmith, but in time to put in as good, as hard, and as varied work as the greediest of soldiers could well desire—the operations in the Biggarsberg, the forcing of Botha's Pass, the repairs of the damaged Natal Railway—what better work could be done?

Opinions differ, and will, I fear, always differ, as to how we can most economically maintain as large an Army as the Empire requires. I believe you showed us about the best way—namely, to keep up good and strong Volunteer Regiments at home ready to fight *en masse* for the defence of their homes, and willing to send out strong Companies when wanted as reinforcements to the Field Army abroad.

This is what your Regiment has done, and it is because I know how well your Company fulfilled its share that I am glad to accept the dedication of your record of its work.

Yours truly,

REDVERS BULLER.

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PREFACE.

It occurred to us while in South Africa that it might be of some interest to have a permanent record of our life as a Company while serving for fifteen months with the First Battalion of our Regiment during the present Boer War.

We felt that such a record would be of interest to the members of the Company, as a reminder of a somewhat eventful period of their lives ; and it also occurred to us that the people of Warrington, St. Helens, and Widnes, who had displayed so kindly an interest in their Lancashire Lads while far away from home at the front, as well as our comrades in our Volunteer Battalions, might also be glad to possess such a record.

This little book was begun in South Africa, and completed at home.

We do not claim for it any literary merit, but simply that it is an accurate account of our life as a company, written by ourselves, with the above objects in view.

If it should prove of some interest to our numerous friends, and, in this small way, repay them for their interest in us, and their great kindness to us collectively and individually, which we shall ever remember, I need not say that we shall be more than satisfied.

The professional photographs in the book have been acknowledged, as far as possible, by the names of the photographers being placed

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underneath the photographs. In some cases it has not been possible to acknowledge them in this way. I, therefore, give a list of photographers whose work has contributed towards making the book complete. The list is as follows :—

Mr. T. Birtles, Warrington.
Mr. Parkinson, Warrington.
Mr. H. Littlewood, Warrington.
Mr. E. N. Hughes, Dundee, Natal.
Mr. Kisch, Ladysmith, Natal.
Mr. Middlebrook, Durban, Natal.
Messrs. Hartley Brothers, St. Helens.
Mr. R. Stringer, St. Helens.
Messrs. Jordan and Metcalf, St. Helens.
Mr. J. Clarke, St. Helens.
Mr. W. H. Hall, Widnes.
Mr. Brocklebank, Widnes.
Mr. Barlow, Sutton Leach.

Sketches and photographs have also been most kindly given to me by the following amateurs :—

Miss M. Brooke, Ladysmith.
Lieutenant J. H. Ridgway, North Staffordshire Regiment.
Lieutenant Dart, Devonshire Regiment.
Lieutenant Gordon Roberts, 1st V.B. South Lancashire Regiment.
Mr. Gilbert Dalziel, Hampstead, London.
Mr. J. A. Kendrick, artist, Warrington.
Sergeant Coyne, South African Light Horse.

The great majority of the views, however, have been contributed by Lieutenant H. H. Lewis, my senior subaltern, and it is to his enthusiastic use of the camera, while we were on the trek or in camp, and to his

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kindness in placing the fruits of his labour at my disposal, that the record of our doings owes one of its most interesting features.

I should also like to thank

Major Edelsten, First Volunteer Battalion South Lancashire Regiment, for the great pains he took with the map of our route;

Mr. T. Weston, Editor of the "Warrington Guardian," for his invaluable assistance to me in editing the book;

Mr. T. E. Gibson, Manager, Messrs. Mackie and Company, Limited, Warrington, for his assistance in producing the book;

All the officers, non-commissioned officers and men in the Company who have helped me by their written contributions, and all of them who have sent me their photographs.

I should also like to specially mention the help I received, in answer to my request, from

Sergeant Dutton, St. Helens; and
Corporal Ashton, Warrington.

F. M. A.

Grappenhall,
Warrington,
November, 1901.

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Map of Route, and Illustrations.

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THE VOLUNTEER SERVICE COMPANY

(1ST SOUTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT)

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT MY COMPANY AND TO MY COMPANY.

BY CAPTAIN F. M. APPLETON.

ON Thursday, 11th January, 1900, I had the honour of being recommended by my Colonel (Colonel J. C. Ridgway, V.D.) for the command of the South Lancashire Volunteer Service Company, after having had only about an hour in which to decide whether to allow my name to be sent in or not. Business, therefore, had to be instantly given up, and soldiering in earnest begun in a moment, for the remainder of that day had to be devoted to the Company, and next day (Friday) my Warrington men and myself, under our Adjutant (Major Roome), had to go to Altcar Rifle Range, to qualify in musketry.

It was no light thing to be suddenly put in command of an "Active Service Company," and it was with a deep feeling of responsibility, and of my own inexperience as a soldier, that I undertook such a command. Happily, however, there was little time to brood over such things, for Friday evening was taken up in filling in Attestation Papers, and next morning (Saturday, 13th January, 1900) we Warrington men all took the necessary oath to our Queen, before the Mayor (Alderman H. Roberts), who, like the Mayors of St. Helens and Widnes, and the people of these three Lancashire boroughs, always took the warmest interest in the Service Company.

This ceremony, always impressive, was, in Warrington and St. Helens, made even more so than usual from the feeling that, in order to keep our oath, many of

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us would probably have to sacrifice our lives. In those dark days, England seemed to be reeling under blow after blow to her prestige, and men, with iron in their very soul, went about with bated breath, dreading the news that the next editions of our newspapers might have to tell them. After taking the oath, I marched my men into Orford Barracks, and our life as "regular soldiers" had begun.

Our life in barracks is dealt with elsewhere, and it here suffices to note that on Monday, 15th January, our strength was increased by the men from our Second Volunteer Battalion in Widnes and St. Helens, accompanied by two of my subaltern officers from that Battalion, Lieutenant H. H. Lewis and Lieutenant E. Robson—two officers whom, at that time, I knew but slightly, but whom I soon got to know well and to value highly, and to whom the Company and I owe much. I have no hesitation in saying that no company mess in South Africa was happier or more united than our own, nor will the ties between us here begun ever be severed. The non-commissioned officers, the "backbone" of the Company, were a very good lot.

Perhaps one of the most noticeable features of modern warfare, exemplified most strongly by the present war in South Africa, is the increased responsibility of company officers and non-commissioned officers, and indeed often of privates, batteries, squadrons, and companies being now of necessity so much split up into smaller units both in attack and defence.

A company on the line of march, on outpost, or in a defensive position on the lines of communication, is generally divided up into many small units, supervised and patrolled as far as possible by the officers, but depending in a great measure upon the vigilance and capability of the sergeant or corporal in charge of them. On our Company detachments important posts, such as bridges, block-houses, &c., often from one to two miles away from headquarters, were in charge of a sergeant or corporal, who, I soon found, realized their responsibility, and on whom I found I could thoroughly rely. I am not only very proud of them, but also most grateful to them for their loyalty to myself and to the other Company officers, and for the good service they rendered to the Company.

Many of my Warrington men were already well known to me, some from their boyhood, and of them I never had any doubt. I soon found that I was equally fortunate and happy in my Widnes and St. Helens lads, and also in a further draft of Warrington men, who joined me in barracks on February 9th.

Lieutenant Cary took out to South Africa, in May, a further draft of twenty Warrington men, and although, unfortunately, he himself never reached me,

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having joined the Volunteer Mounted Infantry Battalion in Pretoria, his men were eventually, in November, 1900, allowed to join their Company at Gregory's Nek, but not their Regiment, although they, like us, had enlisted to serve only with their line Battalion. We welcomed them with open arms, and they soon proved themselves to be worthy chips of the good old Warrington block.

Thus was begun a new and strange experience in our lives. We were to be together for two long, and not uneventful voyages on troopers; to live together and to sleep side by side for nearly eighteen months; to march many weary miles, officers and men dressed alike, carrying the same arms (bayonets and rifles), carrying much the same kit, digging many trenches together with pick and shovel, building numberless sangars, making gun roads and railway deviations, doing on an average at least one night in three, weary and often harassing outpost duty, during the whole time we were in South Africa, and often bivouacking, as we did during the whole of our long six weeks' march up Natal with Buller, under the covering of a blanket and the Southern Cross, frequently in sharp frost or drenching rain or fog; to experience together the strange feeling of being under the fire of Mausers, Pom-Pom and other shells, some of which were several times far too close to be anything but—to say the least of it—extremely unpleasant; and further, we were destined to often miss comrades stricken down by sickness, many happily rejoining the Company when recovered, but four, alas! falling out to lie down to sleep in their narrow beds beneath a South African sky, until they shall be awakened by the last Great Reveillé.

And, again, there was our long and closer association with Nature during every hour of every day and night; the vastness of the ocean, realised by weeks without sight of land, and days without seeing even a sail; the solemn grandeur of a storm at sea; the peace of those calm, sunny days when sky and sea are both a lovely blue; those wonderful star and moonlit nights, new constellations coming into view; wonderful sunrises and sunsets, both at sea and in South Africa; awful thunderstorms; new wonders in forms of life, in the sea and on land; strange and beautiful insects, and lovely flowers and fruit; new birds, often with weird notes; snakes, scorpions, locusts, and other pests; new races of men.

All contributed their share towards a true conception of the length of the "arm of England." We were a part of that arm; in our hands, to some extent, rested the honour of our families, of our own towns, of our Volunteer Battalions, of our Regiment, and of our Queen and country.

Can any men go through experiences such as these and not have greater charity, larger ideas, wider thoughts, with the rougher edges of their nature

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smoothed down, and must not such men be bound together with a new and golden thread of comradeship, which even death can but brighten, and never have the power to sever? Perhaps some of the chief characteristics of the Company were its never-failing cheeriness, the absence of quarrelling in its ranks, the amount of give-and-take among its members, their good sportsmanship, their Lancashire grit, their increased self-respect and manly self-reliance, and, last but not least, their sense of honour, to which, I am proud to say, I never appealed in vain.

Such close association has certainly made us find out one another's faults and weaknesses—and who is free from these?—but it has also kindled in us a noble freemasonry, and a deep affection for one another, that can never die, an affection which, I note, lights up afresh and flashes from eye to eye whenever any of us happen now at any time to meet.

That every member of my Company and all those dear to them may long live in health and wealth, that all of them may always remain the good soldiers and honourable men they have generally proved themselves to be, and may always be loyal to their King and country, still jealous of their own honour and of that of their Company and Regiment, and, above all, true to their God, is the dearest wish of one who will always venture to call himself, what for eighteen months he has had the honour of being by right—their comrade and their Captain.

SUNDAY'S RIVER.

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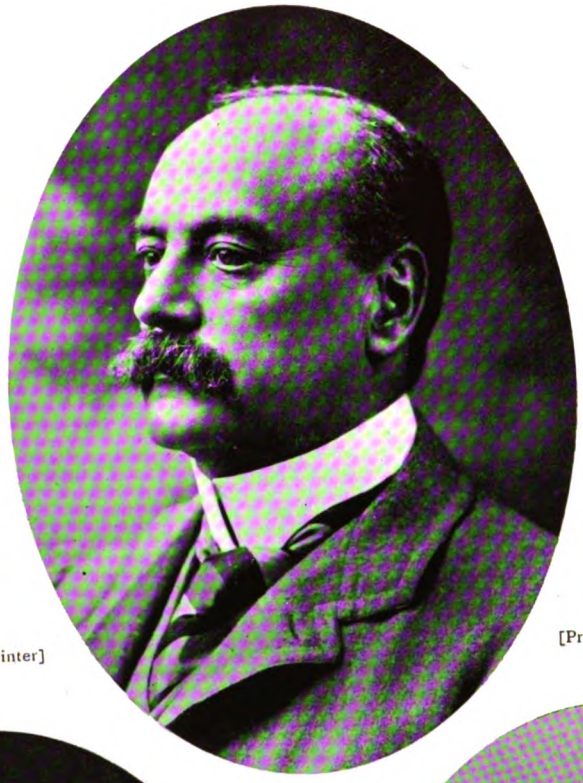
THE LATE
LIEUT.-COLONEL
J. MCCARTHY O'LEARY,
Commanding 1st South
Lancashire Regiment;



Killed at Pieter's Hill,
February 27th, 1900,
while leading his regiment.
(Adjutant 1st V.B., 1883-1888.)

Winter] [Preston.

Winter] [Preston.

LIEUT.-COL. R. H. HALL,
Now commanding 1st South Lancashire Regiment.

Birtles] [Warrington

LIEUT.-COL. ADAM,
Second in command 1st South Lancashire Regiment,
(Adjutant 1st V.B., 1888-1892.)

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THE COMPANY OFFICERS.

Kisch] [Ladysmith.

LIEUT. H. H. LEWIS.

Birtles] [Warrington.

LIEUT. E. ROBSON.

Birtles] [Warrington.

CAPTAIN
F. M. APPLETON.

Munro] [Pretoria.

LIEUT. C. F. CARY.

Birtles] [Warrington

LIEUT. B. FAIRCLOUGH.

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ROLL OF THE SERVICE COMPANY.

No.	Army Rank.	Name.	Contingent.	Address.	Remarks.
7112	Captain	Appleton, F. M....	1st ...	Grappenhall, Warrington ...	Commanding Company.
7113	Lieut.	Lewis, H. H.	1st ...	Ditton Lodge, Widnes.....	Senior Subaltern.
7114	Lieut.	Robson, E.	1st ...	54, Manchester-road, Warrington.	Junior Subaltern. Served with Army Service Corps three months in S. Africa. Received Permanent Commission in 1st South Lancashire as 2nd Lieutenant.
	Lieut.	Cary, C. F.	2nd...	Laurel Lodge, Terenure, Dublin.	Took out 2nd Contingent to S. Africa. In command of Infantry details, Bester's, Natal, August to October, 1900. Served in Volunteer Mounted Infantry in Pretoria, November, 1900, to June, 1901. Capt. 1st V.B. S. Lancs.
	Lieut.	Fairclough, B. ...	3rd ...	Barryfield, Latchford	Captain 1st V.B. South Lancashire Regt. Now commanding 3rd Contingent in S. Africa.

*** *The number under the photograph of each man corresponds with his regimental number given in the roll of the Company.*

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ROLL OF THE SERVICE COMPANY—*continued.*

No.	Army Rank.	Name.	Contingent.	Address.	Remarks.
3636	Col.-Sergt.	KILLEN, J.	1st	Sergt. - Instructor 1st V.B. S. Lancashire Regt.	Pay Sergeant.
				No. 1 SECTION.	
7010	Sergt.	MOORE, T.	1st	Padgate-lane, Warrington	Senior Sergeant in Company. In command of No. 1 Section.
7126	Sergt.	WHITFIELD, T.	2nd	Napier-street, Warrington	Acting Quartermaster-Sergeant at Van Reenen's.
7016	Sergt.	HOWARD, J.	1st	3, Whittle-street, Warrington	Promoted from Corporal in S. Africa. Some time in command of No. 1 Section.
7127	L.-Sergt.	BAKER, A.	2nd	Park View, Penketh, Warrington	Promoted from Corporal in S. Africa. Did special duty at Van Reenen's.
7046	L.-Sergt.	HOUGHTON, J. J.	1st	3, Furness-street, Warrington	Promoted from Lance-Corporal in S. Africa. Gave up a stripe to go out.
7019	L.-Corpl.	ROGERSON, P.	1st	10, Jockey-street, Warrington	Company clerk. Christmas card artist.
7130	L.-Corpl.	LEE, J.	2nd	52, Leonard-street, Warrington	
7030	L.-Corpl.	ARMSTRONG, R.	1st	4, Ellis-street, Bewsey-street, Warrington	Promoted from Private in S. Africa.
7026	Private	ATKINSON, J.	1st	6, Worsley-street, Warrington	
7025	Private	ABBOTT, T.	1st	73, Chorley-street, Warrington	
7073	Private	BARKER, R.	1st	Battersby-lane, Warrington	
7140	Private	BATE, T.	2nd	42, Stamford-street, Warrington	
7036	Private	COLE, W. J.	1st	61, Longford-street, Warrington	
7144	Private	CASLIN, R.	2nd	46, Cockhedge-lane, Warrington	Served in Ordnance Department Ladysmith.
7040	Private	DALE, E.	1st	Padgate-lane, Warrington	
7041	Private	FAIRBROTHER, C.	1st	56, Wellington-street, Warrington	

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ROLL OF THE SERVICE COMPANY—*No. 1 Section continued.*

No.	Army Rank.	Name.	Contingent.	Address.	Remarks.
7042	Private	Fearnley, G.	1st	49, Dutton-street, Warrington	Served in Military Railway Police, Ladysmith.
7043	Private	Griffiths, W.	1st	39, New Houses, off Mather-street, Warrington	
7044	Private	Heesom, W.	1st	7, Hamilton-street, Warrington	
7047	Private	Heath, G.	1st	Admiral-street, Warrington	
7049	Private	Hassall, C.	1st	39, Priestley-street, Warrington	
7050	Private	Heaton, R.	1st	31, Howard-street, Warrington	Served on Garrison Transport, Tin Town, Ladysmith.
7055	Private	Jones, F. E.	1st	40, Cairo-street, Warrington	
7057	Private	Lea, H. W.	1st	43, Winwick-street, Warrington	
7059	Private	Massey, T.	1st	Eastford-road, Lower Walton, Warrington	
7060	Private	Massey, T.	1st	3, Gleave's Row, Hamilton-street, Warrington	
7064	Private	Spencer, W.	1st	Admiral-street, Warrington	
7069	Private	Taylor, F. W.	1st	45, Back Pinner's-brow, Warrington	
7048	Private	Warburton, W.	1st	17, Albert-street, Warrington	
7070	Private	Warburton, H.	1st	30, Leonard-street, Warrington	
7071	Private	Woodward, J.	1st	7, Forster-street, Warrington	
7147	Private	Catterall, S.	1st	52, Dudley-street, Warrington	Bugler, 1st V.B. South Lancashire Regt. Stowaway on board ss. *Avondale Castle* with 1st Contingent and enlisted in Company at Elandslaagte, Natal.

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ROLL OF THE SERVICE COMPANY—*continued.*

No. 2 SECTION.

No.	Army Rank.	Name.	Contingent.	Address.	Remarks.
7115	Sergt.	Rooke, P.	1st	5, Jolley-street, Warrington	In command of No. 2 Section.
7015	L.-Sergt.	Hunt, J.	1st	20, Wakefield-street, Warrington	Promoted from Corporal in S. Africa. Transport Sergeant on Company Detachments.
7018	L.-Sergt.	Robinson, J.	1st	2, New Wellfield-street, Liverpool-road, Warrington	Promoted from Lance-Corporal in S. Africa. Ration Corporal on Company Detachments. Corporal in charge of Prison Transport, Tin Town, Ladysmith.
7143	L.-Corpl.	Chadwick, R.	2nd	3, Scotland-road, Warrington	
7039	L.-Corpl.	Dean, A.	1st	224, Earle-street, Earlestown	Promoted from Private in S. Africa. Some time in charge of Base Kits at Maritzburg.
7027	L.-Corpl.	Ashton, W.	1st	Bridge Foot, Warrington	Promoted from Private in S. Africa.
7029	Private	Allen, T. B.	1st	17, Kendrick-street, Warrington	Served in Military Department, Ladysmith Post Office.
7028	Private	Allen, J.	1st	18, Lovely-lane, Warrington	
7125	Private	Attwell, T.	2nd	13, Longford-street, Warrington	Servant to Lieut. Cary.
7032	Private	Bevan, E.	1st	18, Rathbone-street, Earlestown	
7111	Private	Bracegirdle, W.	1st	27, Bank-street, Widnes	
7035	Private	Brocklehurst, F.	1st	89, Padgate-lane, Warrington	Groom to Captain.
7033	Private	Booth, C.	1st	49, Regent-street, Earlestown	
7037	Private	Corless, T.	1st	3, Aiken-street, Warrington	Ration Orderly on Company Detachment, Sunday's River.
7038	Private	Davies, T. S.	1st	10, Carlisle-street, Warrington	Served in Volunteer Mounted Infantry, Pretoria, Nov., 1900, to June, 1901.
7136	Private	Grady, M.	2nd	68, Ellesmere-street, Warrington	

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ROLL OF THE SERVICE COMPANY—*No. 2 Section continued.*

No.	Army Rank.	Name.	Contingent.	Address.	Remarks.
7045	Private	Hughes, F.	1st	Railway Inn, Milner-street, Warrington	Company barber.
7051	Private	Houghton, A.	1st	36, Bickerstaffe-street, St. Helens	Served in Volunteer Mounted Infantry, Pretoria Nov., 1900, to June, 1901.
7052	Private	Horton, A. L.	1st	50, Marsh House-lane, Warrington	Served in Ordnance Department, Ladysmith.
7129	Private	Higham, H.	2nd	7, Laira-street, Warrington	
7054	Private	Irons, R.	1st	38, Eagle and Child Yard, Warrington	
7056	Private	Lowndes, J.	1st	4, Raddon Court Cottages, Latchford, Warrington	
7135	Private	Lowe, T.	2nd	14, Catherine-street, Warrington	
7058	Private	Moore, T. A.	1st	90, Haydock-street, Earlestown	Captain's servant.
7061	Private	Nixdorf, M.	1st	40, Golborne-st., Warrington	Telephone operator, Gregory's Nek, Sunday's River, and Tin Town, Ladysmith.
7062	Private	Parker, G.	1st	38, Ashton-street, Warrington	Servant to Lieut. Cary in Mounted Infantry.
7137	Private	Riley, E. G.	2nd	1, Derby-street, Battersby-lane, Warrington	Company cook.
7066	Private	Salt, E.	1st	2, Mill-lane, Warrington	Stretcher bearer.
7063	Private	Shallcross, T.	1st	34, Rathbone-street, Earlestown	Served in Volunteer Mounted Infantry, Pretoria, Nov., 1900, to June, 1901.
7065	Private	Singleton, G.	1st	31, Silver-street, Flint, N. Wales	Company tailor.
7131	Private	Thomas, R.	2nd	Eustace-street, Warrington	Employed on Filters in R.E. Department, Tin Town. In charge of Company filter, Albertina. In 1st Batt. Grenadier Guards.
7068	Private	Taylor, W.	1st	19, Dudley-street, Warrington	
7072	Private	Wadsworth, W.H.	1st	15, Cartwright-street, Warrington	Concertina player, organist to Company, and accompanist at concert; Christmas pudding maker.
7053	Bugler	Ince, T. A.	1st	5, St. Mary-street, Latchford, Warrington	

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ROLL OF THE SERVICE COMPANY—*continued.*

No. 3 SECTION.

No.	Army Rank.	Name.	Contingent.	Address.	Remarks.
7011	Sergt.	Marsh, L.	1st	29, Railway-street, St. Helens	In command of No. 3 Section. Sergeant in charge of Rest Camp, Ladysmith.
7013	Sergt.	Dutton, A. W.	1st	The Grove, Cowley Hill, St. Helens	Promoted from Corporal in S. Africa. Some time in command of No. 2 Section.
7014	L.-Sergt.	Gardner, H.	1st	St. Anne's, St. Helens	Promoted from Corporal in S. Africa. Some time in command of No. 4 Section.
7026	L.-Sergt.	Allen, J.	1st	82, Kirkland-street, St. Helens	Promoted from Lance-Corporal in S. Africa.
7141	L.-Corpl.	Moss, S. F.	2nd	District Schools, Earlestown	
7142	L.-Corpl.	Payton, F. W.	2nd	80, Church-street, Warrington	
7074	Private	Almond, S.	1st	32, Stanhope-street, St. Helens	
7077	Private	Boardman, S.	1st	85, Lyon-street, St. Helens	Served in Military Police, Ladysmith.
7081	Private	Corden, J. W.	1st	5, Havelock-street, St. Helens	
7133	Private	Cole, G.	2nd	9, Winwick-street, Warrington	
7085	Private	Dingsdale, G.	1st	1, Ormonde-street, St. Helens	
7119	Private	Earle, W.	1st	5, Margaret-street, Warrington	Now serving in Prince of Wales's Light Horse, S. Africa.
7087	Private	Gillon, J.	1st	35, Lower Parr-street, St. Helens	Armourer on ss. *Avondale Castle* and ss. *Custodian*.
7089	Private	Goalen, G. H.	1st	49, Rigby-street, St. Helens	Served in Military Police, Ladysmith.
7134	Private	Gregory, J.	2nd	62, Wellington-street, Warrington	
7132	Private	Green, H.	2nd	25, Victoria-street, Warrington	

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ROLL OF THE SERVICE COMPANY—*No. 3 Section continued.*

No.	Army Rank.	Name.	Contingent.	Address.	Remarks.
7091	Private	Hayes, E.	1st	61, Stanhope-street, St. Helens	On water piquet on long march.
7121	Private	Hughes, F.	1st	3, Derby-street, Warrington	Served in Military Department of Ladysmith Post Office.
7092	Private	Jones, F.	1st	38, Mill-street, St. Helens	
7093	Private	Kitts, J.	1st	9, Frederick-street, Sutton, St. Helens	
7094	Private	Lowcock, J.	1st	19, Francis-street, Sutton, St. Helens	Armourer on ss. *Custodian.*
7122	Private	Longworth, A.	1st	38, Laira-street, Warrington	
7123	Private	McMillan, J.	1st	10, St. Peter's-place, Gleave's-row, Warrington	
7097	Private	Maudsley, T.	1st	Sutton, St. Helens	
7098	Private	Ouseman, S.	1st	24, Weymouth-street, Sutton, St. Helens	Stretcher bearer.
7100	Private	Smith, J.	1st	77, Top Albert-street, St. Helens	
7101	Private	Stenchion, J.	1st	1, Vernon-street, St. Helens	Colour-Sergeant's batman.
7104	Private	Taylor, W.	1st	73, Manor-street, St. Helens	Served in Volunteer Mounted Infantry, Pretoria.
7139	Private	Vernon, W.	2nd	39, Greenall-street, Warrington	Served in Volunteer Mounted Infantry, Pretoria, Nov., 1900, to June, 1901.
7108	Private	Westerman, T.	1st	52, Back College-street, St. Helens	Served in Volunteer Mounted Infantry, Pretoria, Nov., 1900, to June 1901.
7110	Private	White, J.	1st	75, Manor-street, Peasley Cross, St. Helens	Served in Volunteer Mounted Infantry, Pretoria, November, 1900, to June, 1901.
7023	Bugler	Sephton, H.	1st	306, Robin's-lane, Sutton, St. Helens	Christmas pudding maker.

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ROLL OF THE SERVICE COMPANY—*continued.*

No. 4 SECTION.

No.	Army Rank.	Name.	Contingent.	Address.	Remarks.
7012	Sergt.	Hodgson, J.	1st	87, Oldfield-street, St. Helens	In command of No. 4 Section.
7017	Corpl.	Thomas, W.	1st	Fern Villa, Bold, Widnes	
7116	Corpl.	Massey, J.	1st	17, Mason-street, Warrington	Gave up a stripe to go out. Promoted from Lance-Corporal in S. Africa. Ambulance Corporal on Company Detachment.
7021	L.-Corpl.	Seabury, A. E.	1st	4, Millfield-road, Widnes	
7107	L.-Corpl.	Mercer, R.	1st	71, Hamer-street, St. Helens	Promoted from Private in S. Africa. Company master cook.
7076	L.-Corpl.	Atherton, J.	1st	Lancaster-terrace, Prescot	Promoted from Private in S. Africa.
7075	Private	Allen, J.	1st	Liverpool-road, St. Helens	
7117	Private	Appleton, B.	1st	2, Robson-street, Warrington	
7079	Private	Byrne, T.	1st	5, Eleanor-street, Widnes	
7080	Private	Booth, J. E.	1st	5, Robert-street, Widnes	
7078	Private	Beesley, J.	1st	48, Lyon-street, St. Helens	Pioneer.
7082	Private	Cowley, B.	1st	7, Denton-street, Widnes	
7083	Private	Critchley, W.	1st	10, Stanhope-street, St. Helens	
7109	Private	Crosby, J.	1st	66, Lord-street, St. Helens	On Company Transport.
7084	Private	Dwerryhouse, W.	1st	Eversley, Highfield-road, Widnes	

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ROLL OF THE SERVICE COMPANY—*No. 4 Section continued.*

No.	Army Rank.	Name.	Contingent.	Address.	Remarks.
7138	Private	Dakin, W.	2nd	292, South View, Knutsford-road, Warrington	
7145	Private	Davenport, A.	2nd	86, Bostock-street, Warrington	
7086	Private	Egan, T.	1st	Wilmere-lane, Bold, Widnes	
7088	Private	Gerrard, R.	1st	67, Raglan-street, St. Helens	Now serving in Canadian Scouts, S. Africa.
7090	Private	Harrison, W. T.	1st	47, Gladstone-street, Simm's Cross, Widnes	Lieut. Lewis's servant.
7120	Private	Hill, W.	1st	25, Lythgoe's-lane, Warrington	
7096	Private	Marsh, W.	1st	45, Albert-street, Widnes	
7095	Private	Marsden, E.	1st	35 Campbell-street, Widnes	
7099	Private	Pendlebury, W. H.	1st	17, Kirkland-street, St. Helens	Company cook.
7124	Private	Ratcliffe, S.	1st	105, Orford-lane, Warrington	
7103	Private	Thomason, W.	1st	134, Merton Bank-road, St. Helens	
7102	Private	Taylor, T. H.	1st	54, Widnes-road, Widnes	Now serving in Royal Navy.
7105	Private	Wilson, J.	1st	180, Warrington-road, Appleton, Widnes	Lieut. Robson's servant.
7125	Private	Walker, C. H.	1st	3, Robson-street, Warrington	
7106	Private	Yates, J.	1st	13, Lacey-street, Widnes	

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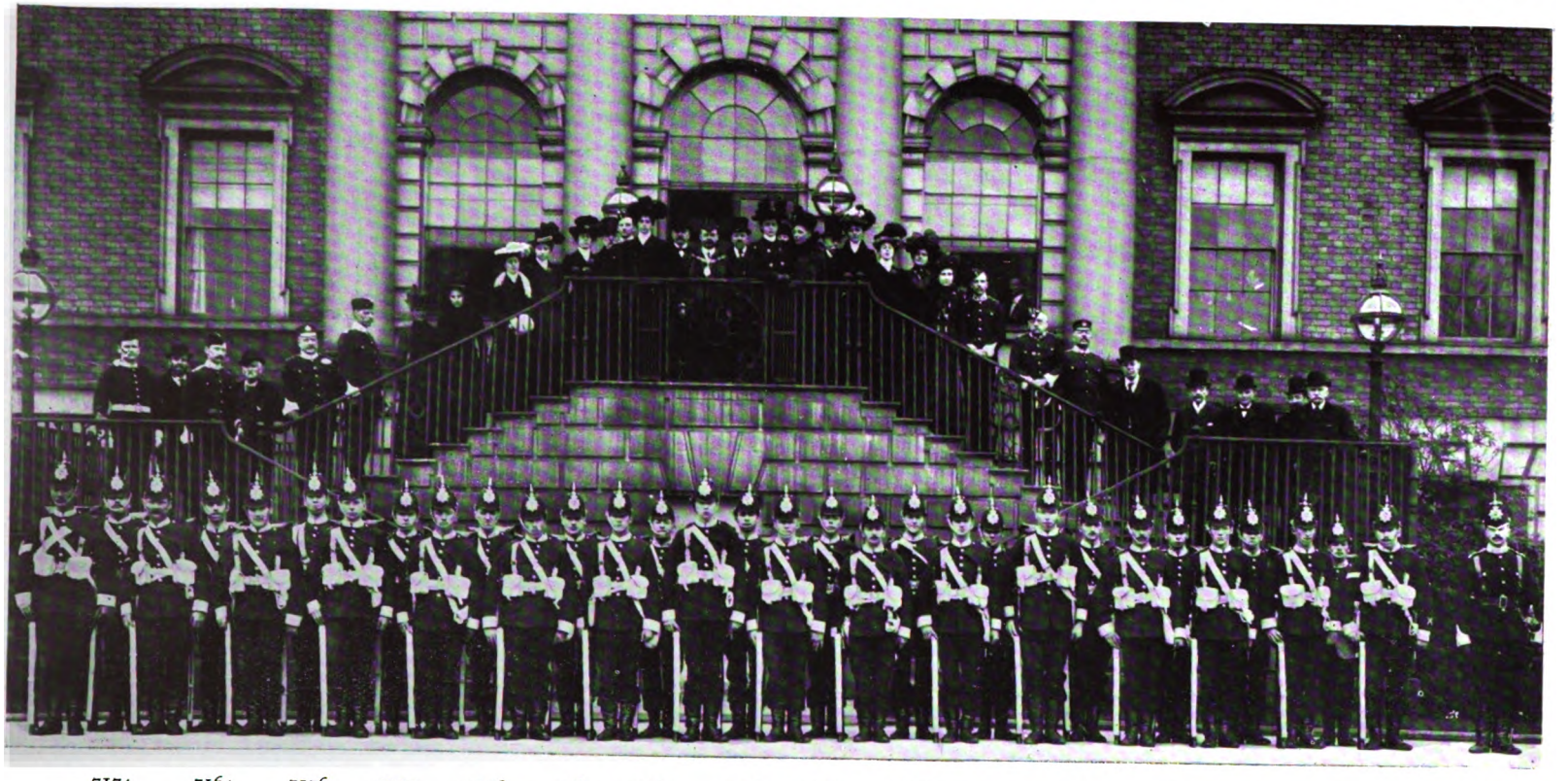
THE THIRD CONTINGENT,

NOW IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Birtles] AFTER HAVING TAKEN THE OATH BEFORE THE MAYOR OF WARRINGTON, AT THE TOWN HALL. [Warrington.



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Lieut. B. Fairclough.

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ROLL OF THE THIRD CONTINGENT.

No.	Army Rank.	Name.	Address.
	Lieut.	FAIRCLOUGH, B.	Barryfield, Latchford.
7148	Sergt.	THORNLEY, J. T.... ...	10, Porter-street, Warrington.
7149	Corpl.	SEWELL, E.	49, Legh-street, Warrington.
7151	L.-Corpl.	GREEN, W.	56, Regent-street, Earlestown.
7150	Drummer	BRAMHALL, J.	27, Fairclough's Avenue, Warrington.
7152	L.-Corpl.	BLACKBURN, C.	7, Glasshouse-row, Warrington,
7153	Private	BIRD, J. T.	236, Manchester-road, Warrington.
7154	Private	BURROWS, A.	17, Dudley-street, Warrington.
7155	Private	CLARKE, E.	4, Heaton-street, Warrington.
7156	Private	CROZIER, J.	37, Lythgoe's-lane, Warrington.
7157	Private	DUTTON, J. H..... ...	8, Bluecoat-street, Warrington.
7158	Private	DAVIES, T.	15, Wellington-street, Warrington.
7160	Private	FORSTER, M.	19, Farrell-street, Warrington.
7161	Private	JOYNSON, S.	30, Lythgoe's-lane, Warrington.
7162	Private	LITTLEWOOD, R.... ...	13, Howley-lane, Warrington.
7163	Private	LAWTON, W..... ...	10, Greenbank, Wilderspool, W'gton.
7164	Private	LEA, J..... ...	4, Clare-street, Warrington.
7165	Private	LEWIS, G.	16, Manley-street, Warrington.
7166	Private	MORGAN, W.	148, Longford-street, Warrington.
7167	Private	MCWHIRTER, W... ...	33, Albert-terrace, Warrington.
7168	Private	MORRIS, H. B..... ...	40, Elizabeth-street, Warrington.
7169	Private	OSBORNE, R.	38, Manchester-road, Warrington.
7070	Private	OXLEY, J.	22, Milner-street, Warrington.
7172	Private	ROGERS, A.	20, Fairfield-road, Stockton Heath.
7173	Private	ROUGHLEY, G..... ...	18, Parr-street, Warrington.
7174	Private	THOMAS, W....	20, Eustace-street, Warrington.
7159	Private	WALSH, M.	5, York-street, Warrington.
7176	Private	WADE, G. F.	52, Sharp-street, Warrington.
7178	Private	WHITFIELD, H.	237, Wilderspool-road, Warrington.
7177	Private	WOODHEAD, J.	3, Hughes-street, Warrington.
7175	Private	WHELAN, J.	29, Fairclough's-avenue, Warrington.
7171	Private	RICHARDSON, A.	Victoria-street, Stockton Heath.

(Died at Heidelberg, from dysentery, May 7th, 1901.)

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Birtles] [Warrington.

THE LATE PRIVATE T. G. SUDLOW.

Birtles] [Warrington.

THE LATE PRIVATE F. WOODS.

Parkinson] [Warrington.

THE LATE PRIVATE W. BLACKWOOD.

Griffin & Son] [S. Helens

THE LATE L.-CORPORAL J. FISHWICK.

Nevett] [Padgate.

THE LATE L.-CORPORAL T. HODGES.

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DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

No.	Army Rank.	Name.	Contingent.	Address.	Remarks.
7034	Private	Blackwood, W.	1st	Mrs. Blackwood, mother, 63, Orford-lane, Warrington	First member of the Company, and of 1st V.B., to die on active service. Died 2nd April, 1900, from pneumonia in Addington Hospital, Durban. Buried same day in Military Cemetery, Durban. Armourer, *Avondale Castle.*
7067	Private	Sudlow, T. G.	1st	Wm. Sudlow, eldest brother, 164, Church-street, Warrington	Died 3rd June, 1900 from enteric, in Princess Christian Hospital, Pinetown Bridge. Buried in Pinetown Cemetery, Natal.
7118	Private	Woods, F.	1st	Mrs. M. E. Povey, sister, the Tannery, Orford, Warrington	Died 15th September, 1900, from enteric and complications, after a long illness, in General Hospital, Howick, Natal. Buried same day in Military Cemetery, Howick.
7022	L.-Corpl.	Fishwick, J.	1st	Father, 179, Westfield-street, St. Helens	Died 18th April, 1901, in Garrison Hospital, Ladysmith, from enteric. Buried same day in Military Cemetery, Ladysmith. First Member of 2nd V.B. to die on active service.
7020	L.-Corpl.	Hodges, T.	1st	Widow, 58, Leonard-street, Warrington	Some time in charge of base kits at Maritzburg. Died in Warrington, after a long illness, 3rd September, and buried in Warrington Cemetery, Sunday, 8th September, 1901.

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PRIVATE BLACKWOOD'S GRAVE,
MILITARY CEMETERY, DURBAN.

LANCE-CORPORAL FISHWICK'S GRAVE,
MILITARY CEMETERY, LADYSMITH.

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THE DEATH ROLL.

Sherwood] [Pietermaritzburg.

SISTER A. B. NOBLE,

Who nursed Lance-Corporal Fishwick, and many other members of the Company, at Ladysmith.

THE Service Company have erected over the graves of their four comrades at Durban, Pinetown, Howick, and Ladysmith, white marble crosses, having the crest of the 40th in the centre of the cross, and the following inscription on the base:—

IN MEMORY OF

No....., PRIVATE.....,

Volunteer Service Company,

Died on Active Service, ... (date).

Erected by his Company.

The stones are all exactly alike, and were nearly complete when the Company left South Africa. It was expected that the photographs of the gravestones, in position, would have been received ere this, but only two have come to hand in time to be reproduced here.

A memorial is also to be placed in the Parish Church, Warrington, to the memory of all those in the South Lancashire Regiment who have lost their lives during the war, including these four members of the Service Company, and also the late Private Richardson (3rd Contingent). This is being erected by the five battalions of the regiment—the 1st (40th), 2nd (82nd)) 3rd (Militia), 1st V.B. (Warrington), 2nd V.B. (St. Helens), their dead comrades thus forming another link in the already strong chain binding these five battalions together.

The friends of the late Private Woods have placed in his old school, at Orford, a beautiful white marble tablet with the crest of the 40th and the following inscription:—

TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

IN MEMORIAM

PRIVATE F. WOODS (OF ORFORD),

1st V.B. P.W.V. (South Lancashire Regiment),

Who volunteered for Service in South Africa, and died of Enteric fever at Howick,

On the 15th September, 1900,

AGED 26 YEARS.

This Tablet is erected by his old Schoolfellows and Friends.

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This was unveiled by Canon Willis, in the presence of Colonel Ridgway (commanding 1st Volunteer Battalion), the Mayoress of Warrington (Mrs. H. Roberts), and a large number of Private Woods's old comrades in the Service Company in khaki. His name is also on a large marble cross erected by his family in Padgate Churchyard.

There is also a memorial tablet to the memory of the late Lance-Corporal Fishwick, put up by his family in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Westfield-road, St. Helens, which he used to attend. This bears the following inscription :—

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
JAMES FISHWICK,
Who died and was buried at Ladysmith, South Africa, on April 18th, 1901,
AGED 21 YEARS.
Rest in peace.

This was unveiled by Captain Appleton, on Sunday, 28th July, 1901, Colonel Pilkington (officer commanding 2nd Volunteer Battalion), Lieutenant Lewis, and many of his old comrades in the Service Company being present in khaki, after being entertained to tea by Mr. and Mrs. Fishwick.

These men are the first members of their Volunteer Battalions to die for their country on active service, and were all of them worthy of such an honour.

The words written by the late Mrs. Ewing, after describing the death of a young soldier, seem to be very appropriate here :—

A sorrowful story, and ending badly ?
Nay, for the end is not yet.
Lives wasted that might have been useful ?
Men have died for men in all ages.

There is an heritage of heroic example and noble obligation, not reckoned in the wealth of nations, but essential to a nation's life ; the contempt of which, in any people, may, not slowly, mean even its commercial fall.

Very sweet are the uses of prosperity, the harvests of peace and progress, the fostering sunshine of health and happiness, and length of days in the land. But there be things—oh, sons of what has deserved the name of Great Britain, forget it not—"the good of" which and "the use of" which are beyond all calculation of worldly goods and earthly uses—things, such as love, and honour, and the Soul of Man, which cannot be bought with a price ; and which do not die even with death.

We would conclude in the words of the late Lord Tennyson :—

Not once, nor twice, in our rough Island's story,
The path of duty was the way to GLORY.

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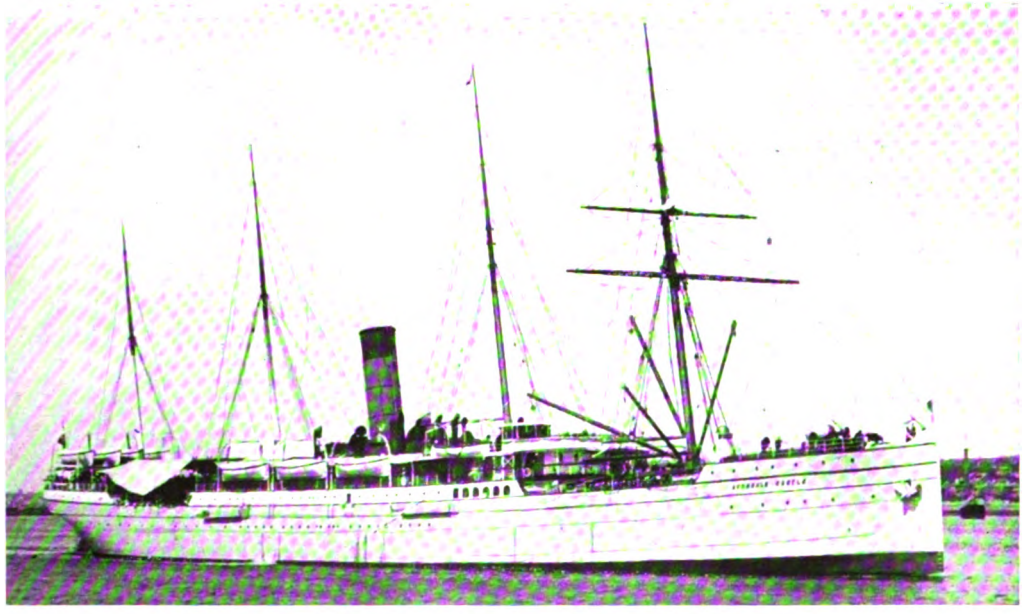
THE DEPARTURE.

By an Outsider.

WHEN in the dark days of December, 1899, it was seen that something out of the ordinary would have to be done to shake off the grip the Boers undoubtedly had of our available forces in South Africa, the Volunteers of Warrington, St. Helens and Widnes were among the earliest to offer their services and to become "Soldiers of the Queen" in real earnest. The



THE SS. "AVONDALE CASTLE."

Active Service Company, which was raised by these three towns, numbering three officers and 113 non-commissioned officers and men, went into barracks at Orford, in January, 1900.

Captain F. M. Appleton was not the only officer who offered his services to take charge of the Company. Several were anxious to go to the front, but the choice of the authorities ultimately fell upon Captain Appleton, who, besides having been connected with the 1st Volunteer Battalion South Lancashire Regiment, since

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1887, possessed the fullest confidence of the Colonel, the Adjutant, his brother officers and the men generally; and was looked upon as a most efficient officer. The other officers, supplied by H (Widnes) Company of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion South Lancashire Regiment, were:—Lieutenant Henry Haselden Lewis, Ditton Lodge, Widnes, and Lieutenant E. Robson, 54, Manchester-road, Warrington.

The Warrington men attended divine service at the Parish Church on Monday, 19th February. The church was crowded, and it was estimated that nearly 1,000 persons were unable to obtain admission. The service was, naturally, of a most impressive character, the Rector (the Rev. Canon Willis) preaching, and subsequently handing to each man a specially printed prayer, given by Mr. Birtles, photographer, for their use while away on active service.

The service was followed by a patriotic demonstration in Parr Hall, where the men were entertained to dinner. The march from the church to the hall was quite a triumphal procession, headed by many torch and flag bearers, and the town was suitably decorated.

The large building was crowded, the body of the hall being filled with those who were joining the Volunteers at dinner, and the platform and galleries with spectators; a charge made in aid of the Volunteer Fund having only had the effect of sharpening competition for places at what was rightly felt to be an historic gathering. The Mayor (Mr. Henry Roberts) presided, and amongst those present were Mr. Robert Pierpoint, M.P., Colonel Ridgway, Major Roome (Adjutant), Major Adam, Major Seel, Major Buckton, Captain Edelsten, Captain Hutchinson, the Rector, the Rev. John Yonge (the Mayor's chaplain), Aldermen Sutton and Fairclough, Councillor Monks, the Town Clerk (Mr. J. Lyon Whittle), the Borough Treasurer (Mr. J. Fairhurst), Mr. A. H. Crosfield, Mr. William Owen and Mr. Herbert, who were at the Mayor's table.

Speeches bubbling over with patriotism and containing unreserved expressions of confidence in the ability of the men going to the front to maintain the honour of this portion of Lancashire were made. So good had been the response to an appeal made to the town on behalf of the men, that the Mayor was able to hand over to each man a field glass and a life policy for £100 in favour of his nearest relative, and to Captain Appleton a field glass. The field glasses were suitably inscribed similar to the following:—

To Captain F. M. Appleton, 1st Volunteer Battalion Prince of Wales Volunteers (South Lancashire Regiment). From the Mayor and townspeople of Warrington as a memento of their warm appreciation of his patriotism in volunteering for active service in the war in South Africa, 1900.

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The portion of the Company supplied by St. Helens and Widnes were entertained to dinner by Colonel W. W. Pilkington, commanding the 2nd Volunteer Battalion South Lancashire Regiment, for the purpose of personally bidding them farewell. At this function, which took place at the Fleece Hotel, St. Helens, on Saturday, 13th January, 1900, there were present among others:—The Mayor of St. Helens (Councillor J. Beecham), Lieutenant-Colonel R. Pilkington, M.P., Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. White, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. McTear, Major W. J. Cook, Major J. H. Dickenson, Major W. R. Thomson, Major R. Lewis, Major R. W. H. Thomas, Captain J. T. Hopgood, Captain F. White, Captain A. Brewis, Captain J. Masson, Surgeon-Captain F. J. Knowles, Surgeon-Lieutenant C. Barlow, Captain and Quartermaster C. Balshaw, Captain and Adjutant R. K. Price, Lieutenants J. P. White, R. A. Pilkington, with Lieutenant Lewis and Second-Lieutenant Robson (the officers for the front), &c. It was explained by Colonel Pilkington how it came about that no officer from St. Helens accompanied the Active Service Company. The 1st Battalion furnished the Captain, and the six St. Helens officers who volunteered were of equal rank, with the exception of Lieutenant White, who volunteered conditionally upon his brother, Captain White, being included. Captain White proffered to accept a lieutenancy, but this was prohibited; and so the choice fell upon two subalterns of the Widnes H Company.

On Monday, 15th January, the detachment left for Warrington to join their future comrades in that town, and to enter barracks. Never before in the history of the borough had there been such a demonstration as was made in connection with this departure. Earlier in the day there had been a storm, and further trouble in the same direction was threatened, but this did not prevent the streets from being crowded by thousands upon thousands of the most enthusiastic sightseers. The works were temporarily stopped; places of business closed; the school children were given a holiday; flags and other decorative devices were used to effect upon the Volunteer Hall, the Town Hall, the Gamble Institute and other lofty buildings. A parade at the Volunteer Hall was attended by 500 men of the Battalion who, after a brief address from the Colonel, accompanied by their own band and that of the Volunteer Engineers, escorted the detachment to the Town Hall and then to the railway station. At the Town Hall the men were met by the Mayor of St. Helens (Councillor J. Beecham), the Mayor of Widnes (Alderman George Ingram Neil), and a representative gathering of townspeople, who wished them "God speed." Then followed the ever-to-be-remembered march to the station, and the "send off," which was as cordial as it was demonstrative.

On the evening of the 20th February, the Widnes men were entertained by the

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Mayor of Widnes, and their subsequent departure was the scene of a tremendous demonstration, the like of which had probably never been witnessed in the borough before.

On Friday, 23rd February, in the early hours of the morning, the Company left Warrington, amid scenes of great enthusiasm; and later in the day embarked at Southampton, the *Avondale Castle* being the good ship that was to bear them on their fateful journey.

Time wore on and it became necessary to call for reinforcements. A second contingent was, therefore, raised and, after having been fêted and presented with field glasses and insurance policies, as in the case of the first contingent, they left for South Africa under the command of Lieutenant Cary, Carlow, Ireland, on Friday, 11th May, 1900, and sailed from Southampton the same day on board the steamship *Assaye*.

A third contingent was sent out in April, 1901, under the command of Captain Brereton Fairclough, of the 1st Volunteer Battalion South Lancashire Regiment, to relieve the first and second contingents. They sailed from Southampton on 6th April, on board the *Norman*, after having been accorded a similar send-off to those given their predecessors.

RICKSHAWS, DURBAN.

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THE VOYAGE OUT.

By Lance-Corporal S. F. Moss.

HAMMOCKS.

TOMMY ATKINS, on board a troopship, is put to rest in a hammock. These are slung to the roof of the mess deck, and are packed as closely together as sardines in a tin. Many of them are hung over the tables, but others are not. The men who are unfortunate enough to sleep in the latter have rather an unhappy time on a first night. One poor uninitiated warrior, intent on slumber, approached his hammock with no slight misgivings. He carefully placed various articles under it, and slowly made the ascent. He was high enough, but the hammock remained closed, and it required arms, legs, tooth and toe-nail to maintain this position. He was practically attempting to lie on a clothes line. As he had only two hands, and as every spectator was so interested in the situation as to be incapable of rendering help, the hammock refused to open sufficiently for him to fall into it. One of the poor fellow's hands relinquished its hold for a moment, with the result that he quickly found the floor.

A second trial found the would-be slumberer holding out one side of his cot, but not able to prevent his sliding out at the other. He now held a council of war with himself, and decided to adopt entirely different tactics. He clung to the racks up above and gradually worked his "trilbies" and then his whole body into his resting place. Still he was much perturbed in mind as to his remaining there, but sleep eventually ended his troubles. When everyone has retired for the night, the hammocks, being light in colour, look like nothing more than rows of pigs hung up, back downwards. The sight tempts a fellow to perform with a stick underneath. One thing is generally missing—the stick. What price a slipper?

EVENING ON A TROOPER.

Darkness comes on early, and many are the devices for passing the long evenings. Music hath charms for the savage warrior's breast and music is one of Tommy's greatest sources of amusement. We seek our usual happy hunting ground, near the stern of the vessel. The men sit, lie or lounge in various and innumerable attitudes. Pipes, cigars, cigarettes are in plenty, and are at once lit. Songs are sung—and murdered; yarns are told, and general conversation indulged in. The men are in a peaceful mood. The night may be as black as pitch. It is impossible to see anything over the rail except the white foam made by the ship cutting through the water. When one knows that the land is hundreds of miles

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away on the one side and thousands away on the other, the situation, as one gazes into the darkness and lapses into reverie, approaches the ideal to the sentimental mind. Alas—or shall I say happily ?—Tommy is not much given to sentiment.

To proceed; in course of time the orderly brings in the rations for supper—biscuits and cheese. These biscuits, or wooden platters, are very good so far as digestion is concerned. The teeth must be firmly set in them, and then, with both hands, the eater must press heavily up and down. Everything comes to him who waits. So in the present case. In process of time the biscuit gives way, the bits fall all over the shop from the sudden breaking of tension and a resounding snap is heard for miles. Repeat *ad lib.* It is rather difficult to eat too quickly. This diet may be varied by feeling down the stocking and paying a visit to the canteen.

Afterwards smoking, singing and lying (with the mouth and also with the whole body) is recommenced.

"Lights out" breaks up the party at 9.30.

TENERIFFE.

THE finest sight of the voyage, to those who are fortunate enough to come within view, is that of the Peak of Teneriffe.

We saw the summit first in the clouds. It presented a most curious appearance, as this was our first intimation of it. The Peak appeared to be entirely without support as the base was enveloped in cloud and mist. As we approached, the foot of the mountain came gradually into sight and the whole scene was lovely in the extreme. The weather was beautifully fine, the sky intensely blue, and the water a similar hue. The most striking part of the picture was the top of Teneriffe. Snow could be seen radiating in silver streaks from the point as centre, and brilliantly lit up by the sun's rays. The middle of the mountain remained hidden by delicious-looking clouds, which afforded a pleasing contrast—clouds, vast, thick, rolling masses. Then, as a happy medium, were green slopes inclining gently to the blue waters of the sea. The whole picture will long live in mind.

Whatever else may go wrong, the engines of the ship do not. We are carried steadily onwards, and the scene fades, dies, and becomes a thing of the past.

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LIFE AT THE FRONT.

By Lieutenant H. Haselden Lewis.

ABOUT Christmas, 1899, when the war had been in progress some three months, and things were looking serious in South Africa, the British Volunteers offered themselves for active service, and were accepted by the Government. The numbers required were one company of 116 to join each line battalion in South Africa.

In the case of the South Lancashire Regiment, which consists of two battalions—the Old Fighting 40th and the 82nd—the former only was at the front, the 82nd being in India. Hence our Company was chosen from the two Volunteer Battalions. The conditions were that the men were to be between the ages of 20 and 35, medically fit, good shots, to have been efficient Volunteers for the two years previous to enlistment, and preferably, unmarried. These conditions were not carried out to the letter in the anxiety to be included in the chosen 116. To suit them, ages suddenly rose or fell to the limit, and were rarely questioned. The men were not all "first-class" shots. Some were hardly up to the required chest measurement, some were recruits, and some were married. However, on 13th January, 1900, a detachment of the 1st Volunteer Battalion entered Orford Barracks for training, followed on the fifteenth by a detachment of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion, the two practically making up the requisite strength of the Company. On that date our status was changed from Volunteers to Regulars and, knowing our time for preparation was short, we started work in earnest. The Company was in barracks until 22nd February, during which time—five weeks—our work was under the supervision of Major F. A. Adam, who later joined the regiment in South Africa as second in command. The greater part of our work was of the physical nature—bayonet and rifle exercises, with at least one hour per day in the gymnasium. Finishing work at 4 p.m. daily, the evenings during those five weeks were spent in a succession of dinners, &c., of the farewell order, which included the excitement of getting through a succession of crowds. Our first experience of such was on leaving St. Helens for Warrington. The march from the Drill Hall to the station was by no means the easiest of the campaign. Then followed many expressions of enthusiasm in Warrington, St. Helens, and Widnes, the series culminating in the scene during the march to the station (at midnight on 22nd February) *en route* for Southampton. Our last impression of Warrington was 70,000 or 80,000 people vainly trying to reach the platform at Bank Quay Station. With all our regrets at leaving, we were glad when the train started, and we were

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out of the crowd. Starting at 1.30 a.m., we arrived at Southampton at 9 a.m., surprised to find we had left no one behind in the crush. As a matter of fact it turned out later that we had an extra man—one patriotic youth doing the first part of the voyage as a stowaway. We were taken by train into a huge dock-shed, within twenty yards of the gangways of the *Avondale Castle*, which was to be our floating home for the next three weeks.

Eight other Volunteer companies arrived during the morning, each immediately proceeding with the work of embarkation. All were on board shortly after midday, and about 3 p.m. the good ship sailed away. The troops on board consisted of Volunteer Companies of Northumberland Fusiliers (two), Liverpool, West Yorks, Worcester, South Lancashire, Derby, Yorkshire Light Infantry, and Durham Light Infantry. The ship also carried a number of first and second-class passengers.

Things went very quietly at the start. Personally I was not quite certain of my sailing capabilities, and I fancy the quietness was to some extent due to a general feeling of the same sort. The first day was Friday. Saturday morning a lot of us were not exactly lively, and tackling breakfast proved, in many cases, a useless piece of bravado. The number of vacant chairs increased at each meal. It was not what one could call rough, but it blew hard enough to give the *Avondale* a considerable "roll." Sunday morning it blew still harder, and towards noon walking became an exciting form of exercise. Church Parade was ordered for Sunday morning, but was abandoned, as the appearance of the troops was anything but dignified. The gale improved merrily during the afternoon and evening, and I think that Sunday night is still remembered by each and every member of those nine companies. The morning was still rough, but visibly calming down, and as the day wore on, so did the calming process. People began to appear on deck, some for the first time, and beamed on one another as though there was much humour in a storm, and *mal-de-mer* quite an unheard-of complaint. The men, in hammocks slung close together on the troop decks, had a decidedly unpleasant night of it. The next morning, ninety per cent. looked as if they thought life hardly worth living. Once over it, however, and the ship going along smoothly, many weird stories were told. A few members of our Company are credited with having donned life-belts. This turned out to be the only thing in the way of a storm during the voyage, and its unpleasant memories were soon dispelled by the calm of the following days.

We called at Las Palmas for a supply of coal, and from here to Capetown the voyage was an enjoyable holiday. Games and concerts were regular, and a

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successful sports filled two or three days. We also did a fair amount of work. Kit inspections were frequent, and physical drill done daily so as not to spoil the effect of all we had done in barracks, and some musketry at floating targets over the stern of the boat.

One other item was of interest during the voyage, and that is the much discussed inoculation against enteric fever. As one who tried it I will try to describe it. The actual operation is quite painless, simply a needle arrangement stuck into your side, and something syringed in. You are then told to lie down for a couple of hours. During those two hours you develop a feeling that a hot half-brick is sticking in your ribs. After that, for a period varying from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, life is a misery. Moving is a trial. With luck you are just able to hobble about in a doubled-up condition. Laughing is a particularly painful task, hence we were visited periodically by bosom pals and told the latest thing in jokes. Such was our light-heartedness that we saw a deal of humour even in inoculation.

We anchored in Table Bay 16th March; the Bay, Capetown, and Table Mountain, in brilliant moonlight, being a sight not easily forgotten. The ship, even at that hour, quickly became a scene of wild delight on the news being brought to us of the relief of Ladysmith. As, during the voyage, we had previously heard of Cronje's defeat at Paardeberg, we began to think we were too late to see any real active service. Quite a mistake, as it turned out. Disembarking at Capetown on 17th March, we pitched our camp by moonlight at Green Point, a couple of miles outside the town.

THE BLUFF, DURBAN HARBOUR.

Two days later we suddenly received orders to embark on the morning of the twentieth for Natal, on board the Union ss. *Guelph*. We sailed at noon on the twentieth, called at Port Elizabeth and East London *en route*, and eventually disembarked at Durban on 28th March. Landing shortly after midday, we marched to the station and entrained for up country, not knowing exactly where our regiment was stationed. Left Durban at 3.30 on a long and interesting train journey. As such, it was distinctly different from any previous experience of railway travelling, more like a huge switchback, than what

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our English-bred minds were used to calling a railway. On we went through the "Garden" Colony, that had so lately been in danger of falling into the hands of the Boers, round endless curves, down valleys, over hills, the train at times seeming to hang on the edge of a mountain. In the early hours of the morning we crossed the temporary bridge over the Tugela, stopped in Ladysmith Station for a few minutes at 6.30 a.m., and then were taken on to a siding near Surprise Hill, where we found the 11th (Lancashire) Brigade encamped, resting after the grand part they had played in the relief of Ladysmith. We marched up to the camp, and were given a most hearty welcome and acceptable breakfast, were inspected by the Officer Commanding,

THE MAIN STREET IN LADYSMITH.

and took our place as No. 9 Company of the 1st South Lancashire Regiment. So finishes what might be called a preliminary stage of the campaign, as far as we were concerned.

We stayed in camp at Surprise Hill for a week, during which time we had our first taste of real soldiering in the shape of outposts. If there is one duty we should know something about it is outposts. After that first experience, we took our share of it throughout our stay with the regiment, and whether in a standing camp or on the march it had to be performed nightly. On the average, about one night in three was our share. Our previous knowledge of this important part of warfare was the result of annual camps at Conway, or some other equally peaceful place. Practice there was done in full daylight and with a more or less good idea of the country. The real article is widely different. It was often dark when the positions

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were taken up, and that after a hard day's march. Even when the country had been seen in daylight, finding the posts after dark was a matter of some difficulty, and not always without an element of danger. On some of the endless kopjes, "walking" at night is quite a misnomer. The movement is more like a mixture of climbing and stumbling. At the end of the first week with the Regiment an order was received to be ready to move.

On the morning of 4th April we started our first march. Between the fourth and thirteenth we camped in various places in the region of Elandslaagte, arriving at the foot of Jonono's Kop on the latter date. This march altogether was under thirty miles, but quite long enough to give us a good idea of what marching meant, dressed up in full marching order, under a South African sun, and on South African roads. We were in camp at Jonono's until 14th May. During this mouth we did outpost duty every third night and worked at trenches and road-making in the mornings, with the afternoons to amuse ourselves as we liked. The month passed quietly and quickly. Boers could be seen with the aid of a telescope, but neither side attempted an attack.

Towards the end of our stay at Jonono's, preparations for a big move were apparent—baggage to be lightened as much as possible, tents not to be taken, and other evidences of some work to come. These evidences quickly bore fruit and the Brigade left camp on the evening of 14th May, and joined in a movement of General Buller's force which lasted till the end of June, the movement which cleared Natal of the enemy. During the six weeks we were continually on the move, marching close on three hundred miles, and were without tents through

MOVABLE OFFICERS' MESS.

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practically the whole of a Natal winter. We marched close to the railway, all the bridges and culverts of which had been destroyed by the Boers in their retreat, as far as Newcastle. The railway was temporarily repaired as we went along and supplies for the huge column brought up by rail from Durban. At Newcastle the force was divided into three columns for a further advance. The Lancashire Brigade with Cavalry and Artillery, under the command of General Hildyard, moved off to the right with the idea of outflanking the enemy at Laing's Nek.

While thus engaged, our Company came under fire for the first time; the time, and place being the taking of Botha's Pass on 8th June. That day I shall remember as long as my memory holds out, as I fancy will be the case with most of those who were present. Some opposition was expected, as the place was naturally adapted for defence, but, luckily for us, it turned out to be very half-hearted. Starting from camp after breakfast we marched some miles in fours, our Artillery shelling the ridge we were to take during the march. About noon, the Infantry extended and began the assent of the hill. Our Company formed part of the second line. The firing line were on the crest of the hill, we about 250 yards behind; when, just as we began to think we had drawn blank, the crack of Mausers rang out and bullets whistled over our heads. The natural feeling being to give them every chance of continuing to whistle over our heads, every one immediately got that part of his anatomy behind the nearest rock.

This lasted a very few minutes and we advanced. When just on top of the hill, half a dozen reports went off in quick succession, dust was knocked up within a few yards of us, and we realised that the dreaded Pom-Pom was turned on and that the first round was far too close to be pleasant. A second never came, however. Our first line was getting nearer to "Brother" Boer than suited his style of warfare, so after lighting the scorched grass they retired at considerable speed under cover of the smoke.

The actual fighting was over by 3.0 p.m. and we were on the hill, elated at having got there so easily, but the most unpleasant part of that day had still to come. From early afternoon there was a cold wind blowing. Towards evening a thick mist came on, and our wagons were miles away with the hill to climb. From about six to one a.m. was about the most wretched seven hours I ever spent. I lay behind a stretcher with several other officers in an attempt to get out of the wind, and shivered. Shortly after 1.0 a.m., weird shrieks and crackings of whips were heard—sweet music on that occasion—and up came the wagons guided by a subaltern who had pluckily gone off in search. No time was wasted when they did

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arrive. Coats, blankets and a ration of rum were quickly served out and, to those not on guard, the horrors of that day were soon lost in sleep.

The next day we moved forward. On the eleventh, two days later, there was an important fight at Alleman's Nek, during which we acted as supports and took no part in the actual fighting. From here we kept almost daily on the march, by way of Volksrust and Wakkerstroom, eventually arriving, on 24th June, at Standerton, where the 11th Brigade was split up for "lines of communication" duties between Standerton and Volksrust. We had two days' march back along the road we had come up by, and bivouacked at Leeuw Spruit with half the Regiment, under the command of Major Adam. This was the end of six weeks' "foot-slogging," during which time we covered nearly 300 miles. The Boers retreated the whole way, never making a stand except on the few occasions mentioned, and on these it was anything but determined. Everyone was "fed up" with marching, and thankful for a change of work.

The days had been hot, and the nights frosty. The marches had begun at times varying from 3 a.m. to 9 a.m., and to dress oneself to be comfortable through the variations of temperature in twenty-four hours was impossible. Bully beef and biscuits were the staple foods. Such things as washing, shaving, and changing clothes were luxuries seldom indulged in. These were some of the reasons for our thankfulness. Two days after our arrival at Leeuw Spruit, trains began to run up the line, and on one of these our tents appeared. A tent seemed a perfect palace, and we settled down once more in a standing camp, gradually coming to the conclusion there was still some pleasure in life.

For the next two months, July and August, our Company was part of this same detachment in three different camps. We stayed at Leeuw Spruit a fortnight, our work consisting of digging trenches for the defence of the camp, occasionally escorting convoys, and patrolling some four miles of railway day and night. For the latter half of July we moved about six miles to Kromdraai, and were similarly engaged. While in these camps we obtained our first insight of the personal character of

DIGGING TRENCHES, LEEUW SPRUIT.

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the Boer farmer, which is also the Boer fighting man. There were several farms scattered about, some with their owners resident—surrendered or too infirm to fight—others still on commando. These farms were all well searched for arms, &c., and well watched. As to their tenants, the inclination was to trust them less the more we saw and knew of them. Their sympathies were either

TYPICAL BOER FARMER.

openly anti-British or too much the other way to believe, a feature, I am sorry to say, more marked in the Boer women than the men. In several cases in the neighbourhood, farmers, after taking the oath of neutrality, were found with rifles and ammunition hidden on their premises, or in some way aiding the fighting Boers. Their stock was confiscated and the farms burnt—strong measures, no doubt, but as just as they were strong. There would be much less talk of "inhumanity" in such cases had the talkers' own bodies been in the neighbourhood of those particular farms.

Several expeditions to farms some ten miles from camp were not without excitement. In one such expedition our Company played a part. A farmer asked for his stock to be bought by us before the Boers took it. A bargain was made and a small force started from Leeuw Spruit one morning with wagons to bring it in. The said force consisted of I Company, a squadron of Bethune's Mounted Infantry, and two field guns; the whole under Major Adam. We rode in the wagons the greater part of the way. The men, singing away, were laughingly told it was not a picnic they were out on. Many a true word is spoken in jest. We arrived at

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the farm without incident, finding "all clear." About 11.0 a.m. the majority of the men, with their coats and rifles lying about, were peacefully engaged loading wagons, when there was a shout of "Bethune's Mounted Infantry to your horses!" After a moment's thought there was a general rush for rifles and ammunition, but before half of us found them, Mauser bullets were dropping about the farm. We replied as soon as possible. After some minutes' rifle fire, "bang" went one of our guns from behind the farm, and the shell shrieked over our heads to the Boer position. Others followed quickly. Mauser bullets suddenly stopped and Boers were seen galloping for dear life. No sooner had they left the hill than the mounted men skirmished out and took possession, and we went on loading wagons. The Boers had evidently been informed of our presence at the farm, but just as evidently were not aware of the presence of the gun. They appeared on both flanks during the afternoon, but at such a respectful distance that they did not prevent our getting safely back to camp in the evening. The Company luckily emerged without a scratch. From the amount of "buck" in the lines of I Company that night a stranger might have thought the Boer army broken and the war over.

NOVEL RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

We left these parts on 1st August, moving this time by rail to Sandspruit, and the next morning marched to Gras Kop, a huge hill some six miles from the line. The journey was another novelty in railway travelling. Starting about 3 p.m. we spent four hours in open trucks. The start was pleasant enough, but the last hour "anything but," as the evening was frosty. Once on Gras Kop, still part of

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the same detachment, we spent the most enjoyable month since our arrival in the country. The spot, from a health point of view, was just about perfect. Most of us rapidly and visibly increased in weight. The work was comparatively light, as the position had been well entrenched by its previous occupants. From the top of the hill we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country and, almost daily, Boers could be seen some six miles away. They hovered about one spot so consistently that a small force of mixed arms, including twenty men of our Company, was organised for a reconnaissance. For this little show we were up at 3 a.m., started off an hour later, and marched, under cover of the darkness, to a spot close to where the enemy had been seen. We expected some fun as the dawn broke, but not a shot was fired until 8 a.m., from which time till afternoon our Horse Artillery gave the Boers a hot time in a running fight. The Infantry, 60 men, and three subalterns, were taken out chiefly to escort the guns during the dark hours. We were soon left behind when the chasing operations began. We spent a few hours at a deserted farm, chiefly in catching all the eatable live-stock on the premises, and returned to camp in the afternoon. After this, things were very quiet during our stay at Gras Kop. There were one or two scares at night, when we rushed to our posts with a rifle and bloodthirsty feeling, but found nothing more serious than horses or cattle to be the disturbers of our peace. Much of our spare time was spent walking round the country with a rifle, not so much as a protection as on the chance of shooting something eatable. "Something eatable" on active service is a somewhat wider term than at home. In the event of nothing in the game line being procurable, a goat roasts into very respectable joints, and the Kaffirs keep large herds of goats. It was a very

CAMP AT GRAS KOP.

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pleasant month, except the last two days, which were wet. Being some thousand feet up we lived in clouds and mist, compared to which the Scotch article is mild. Luckily, it cleared for us to pack up our tents and kit, and do the six mile march to Sandspruit on the evening of 30th August.

On our arrival at the last-named place we once more joined the remainder of the Regiment, and found ourselves part of a large force preparing for a long "trek." The preparations were quickly made, and we started on 4th September and marched by way of Wakkerstroom, Utrecht, and Vryheid, leaving each town garrisoned. This march, about ninety miles, was an experience very different from our previous long "trek." In the first place the force was composed differently, the proportion of mounted troops being much greater. The work of the Infantry consisted almost entirely of escorting guns and baggage while on the move, and outposts when encamped. The escorting was a painfully tedious business, with a baggage train three or four miles long, the most difficult of roads, and the oxen worn out. The poor beasts dropped in hundreds, and were left on the veldt to die. The marching, at times, was hard work as, while the wagons moved along such road as there was, we were out on the flanks, going up hill and down dale all day long. Another difference, to our advantage, was that this time we carried tents and slept under cover such nights as we were not on outpost duty. Arriving at Vryheid on 19th September, we were camped close to the town until 6th October, when the column moved along the Dundee Road as far as Blood River.

This finishes our life with the Regiment. During a week at Blood River, violent rumours were afloat as to the going home of all Volunteers. The rumour developed on 12th October, into an order to start for England the following morning at 4.30 a.m. We started off by road for Dundee in the best of spirits and with the good wishes for a *bon voyage*, the envy of the regiment. We marched thirty-five miles in two days, but alas! on arrival at Dundee a big shock was in store for us. Marching boldly up to the station and asking for our train to Durban, we were informed instead that the services of all Volunteer companies were still required in the country. As it turned out they were required for another six months.

So instead of starting for home, we again pitched our tents and started work. We were camped in the vicinity of Dundee for nearly two months. First at the foot of Talana Hill, where the memorable battle was fought in the early days of the war; and the later, and greater, part of the time at Gregory's Nek, about six miles from the town along the Vryheid-road. Life here was much different from

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our previous experiences. We were left pretty much to ourselves, as a permanent outpost. We acted as part of a force for the defence of Dundee and guarded a long stretch of road, along which numerous convoys passed to the troops we had left in the Blood River and the Vryheid districts. Another experience we gained at Gregory's Nek was that of a South African thunderstorm. They came two or three times a week for a month or so, and were widely different from, and much more dangerous than, the home variety. They started very suddenly, vivid flashes of lightning, above and on all sides a continuous roar of thunder and rain that no tent can keep out. Beyond the unpleasantness of having our little all in a decidedly damp condition, however, we escaped; but men and horses were killed within a few miles of us more than once during the month. The effects of the rain after months of dry weather was wonderful. The dried-up rivers were suddenly transformed into raging torrents and the temporary streams down the hills increased the number of the already innumerable dongas that traverse the country. Gregory's Nek, a comparatively pretty place at any time, as it possessed some trees, in the course of a few days became a veritable flower garden.

OFFICERS' MESS.

During our stay here the ranks of the Company were swelled by the arrival of a draft of twenty men from the 1st Volunteer Battalion. They had been in the country some months but not allowed till now to join the Company, the invalided men of which they were enlisted to replace.

We left here on 8th December, marched into Dundee, and the next day moved by train to Sunday's River Bridge, where we relieved a company of the Royal

SUNDAY'S RIVER BRIDGE.

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Irish Fusiliers. Our duties here were to guard the line, and a three-span bridge over the river in particular. As no attempts were made to break the line during our ten days' stay we continued to have a happy and quiet time. A good deal of the time of those not actually on duty was spent in the river. The swimming capabilities of the Company were of no mean order, and two days before leaving we arranged and carried out successfully aquatic sports—racing, polo and diving competitions. The sport was extremely good and what rivalry there was, was, happily, of a most friendly description. I am happy to say that this sportsman-like spirit existed between the men of Warrington, St. Helens and Widnes through the whole of the campaign, even down to football! More, perhaps, than can be sometimes said of their friends at home.

A ROOM IN TIN TOWN PRISON.

Rather to our regret we left Sunday's River for Ladysmith on 20th December, where, after being shunted about the station for a few hours, we detrained and marched to Tin Town, our home for some months to come. As I said, we left Sunday's River with some regrets, but Tin Town certainly had advantages. As its name implies, it consists of a collection of corrugated iron buildings, which were used before the war as a barracks for the troops stationed in Natal. These buildings were far more effective than tents in this season of thunderstorms. Another thing we were pleased about was that we were back to comparative civilisation a few days before Christmas, and able to spend the festive season with a little of the home-like joviality. Plum puddings, made by the men themselves, and beer, were welcome additions to the fare, and many smoking concerts made

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merry the evenings. As an example of the resourceful tricks Tommy learns on active service, I found some men engaged decorating for Christmas as I was going round the barrack rooms one morning. Thinking they might be damaging the walls I asked if they were using nails or gum.

"Jam! sir," was the reply.

A large part of Tin Town was enclosed in a barbed wire entanglement, and inhabited by Boer prisoners, the guarding of whom was our chief duty here. The other duties were the everlasting outposts, for even so far from any actual fighting as Ladysmith was at this time, the chance of Brother Boer paying a surprise visit was not altogether impossible, although highly improbable. Towards the end of our stay—which lasted four months—guarding prisoners became a decidedly

THE TOWN HALL, LADYSMITH.

monotonous occupation. The monotony was never once relieved by any attempt to escape. We were kept in good spirits, however, by the thought that we were practically on our way home, and had, at any rate, done all the trekking and living on "bully and biscuit" fare required of us for some years to come.

The long expected order to move came at last towards the end of April, and although in the opposite direction to home, it did not include these undesirable conditions. On 20th April, we left Ladysmith for Albertina, a small station in the Orange River Colony some twelve miles from Harrismith. We here relieved another Volunteer company, who left for home, and took up their duties with great hopes of following them at an early date. We were not kept in doubt for

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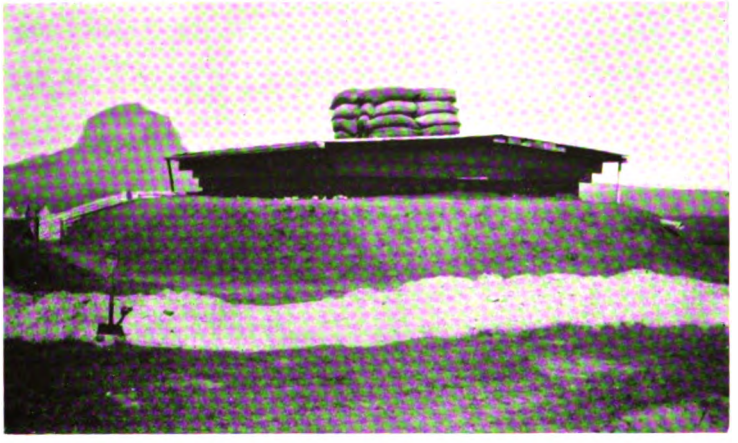
long. After an enjoyable and uneventful fortnight at Albertina, we had orders to proceed to Durban on 7th May.



THE BLOCK-HOUSE, ALBERTINA.

Staying in Ladysmith two days, *en route*, for further orders, we eventually reached the sea on the afternoon of 10th May, and embarked at once on H.M. transport *Custodian*. She was not exactly a first-class passenger ship, but quite enough for our serene happiness was the fact that we were going home. On the tenth and eleventh, the human cargo was made up by Volunteer Companies of the Devons, Middlesex, East Surreys, and Dorsets, and, on the evening of 11th May, the "good ship sailed away." Our feelings, as we sailed, are well described in a verse of a song written by an Engineer officer in South Africa :—

Farewell and adieu, ye stony-topped kopjes,
  Ant-hills and locusts, dust-storms and rain,
Pom-Poms and Mausers, enteric and bully,
  For a long time we hope not to see you again.

With the exception of the first few days, during which we got into a bad storm off the coast between Durban and the Cape, the voyage was most enjoyable. As little work and as much amusement as possible was the idea of all, from the Commanding Officer downwards. Many concerts were held in the evenings. On one occasion we had a farce, written out from memory by a non-commissioned officer on board, and very well acted. The cast included two of the fair sex. We had none

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of the real article on board, but two smooth-faced Tommies "made up" and took the parts in such a life-like manner that they were asked to supper with the officers after the performance.

Two full days were enjoyably passed by sports, which comprised obstacle races, boxing, tug-of-war, &c. We called at St. Vincent, in the Cape Verde Islands, for a supply of coal and again sighted land—the coast of Devonshire—on the morning of 7th June.

We stood and gazed on the green fields and stately homes of Good Old England in ecstacies of delight and thankfulness. We arrived at the quay, in Southampton, in the evening and travelled by train to Warrington the following day, 8th June. The scenes that followed in Warrington, St. Helens and Widnes I need not try to describe, as they are as well known to my readers as myself. Sufficient to add, that, amidst all that indescribable outburst of enthusiasm, nobody could be more devoutly thankful than we were ourselves for our safe return to home and friends.

STANDERTON HOTEL.

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A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE BOER PRISONERS AT TIN TOWN.

By Captain Appleton.

WE were four months at Tin Town, and generally got a Prison Guard (twenty-four hours), one day in three and had to visit two outposts (Leicester Post, 1¼ miles, and Advanced Ration Post ¾ mile), once by day and once by night. The prison enclosure was surrounded by a barbed wire entanglement and wire fences, with a dead space intervening, and orders to the sentries, whose bayonets were always fixed and magazines charged, were to shoot without challenge any prisoner seen within same. The enclosure had electric

PRISON ENCLOSURE, TIN TOWN.
(Showing wire fences.)

light and alternative oil lamps (many of which blew out soon after being lighted), and each post communicated with the guard room by means of an electric bell corresponding to number of post.

All the prisoners, except those on their way down country for exportation, were surrendered men who had no wish to escape from their comfortable quarters where their life was by no means an unhappy one. Food was good and well cooked and games were many and varied—tennis, cricket, football—and there were concerts, and frequent entertainments in their recreation room. The officers had a mess and included some exceedingly gentlemanly men, one being a Botha, brother of Louis Botha. They were often allowed out on parole and used to ride round the

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OLDEST BOER PRISONERS AT TIN TOWN.
(Photographed by a Prisoner.)

Ladysmith battle fields with our officers and explain the fights from the Boer side, which was most interesting.

The prisoners had to do all their own fatigue work, cooking, &c., and had to keep their rooms and persons scrupulously clean, which was an amusing novelty to

YOUNGEST BOER PRISONERS AT TIN TOWN.
(Photographed by a Prisoner.)

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many of them at first. They occupied much of their spare time in making curios, &c., and got very expert. They held an exhibition on 18th April, Mr. Lewis and I being included in the list of judges consisting of officers and their wives in the garrison. There were six classes, A to F, and these included slate carving, beautiful models of ox wagons, snake models, knitting, wood-carving, photography, netting, painting, sculpture, &c. The articles were afterwards sold by auction and realised a considerable sum, as did the articles sold privately.

They had a great Psalm-singing, morning and evening, which was very monotonous; all in unison and in a minor key, and they apparently only knew two tunes. Their parson gave them a long address, during which an interpreter was usually present. The Dutch parsons are in a great measure responsible for the prolongation of the war and have a very great influence over the burghers; they are very bitter against the British and not over scrupulous in their attacks upon us, nor always very partial to the truth.

The prisoners were of all nationalities, many English, Scotch and Irish, and a good many Germans, being among them. They gave some very good concerts, and a capital nigger entertainment in excellent taste. Some very good vegetables were grown in the prison, and pancakes, &c., were made in the confectionery department. Major Foster, D.A.A.G., who commanded all Boer prisoners in Natal, was in command of the prison and had a staff of officers, clerks, and interpreters, to assist him. Their work was very heavy and all letters, papers, in

GUARD ROOM, TIN TOWN PRISON.

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and out of the prison, had to pass through the Censor's office. Each prisoner had to be classified and his history ascertained and recorded.

All non-commissioned officers and men employed in the prison wore a red band on their arms and were admitted without a pass, but no one else, except the officers and men on guard, could be admitted without a pass. There was an excellent hospital in the prison and two nursing sisters as well as orderlies.

Lance-Sergeant Robinson was in charge of Prison Transport and gave great satisfaction to Major Foster. Private Crosby was a prison orderly for a long time. There were always two officers on guard, who slept in their own small (and very hot) guard room. They were allowed to get their meals in the mess and to go about the barracks, but only one could be absent from the guard. The hardest worked non-commissioned officer was the gate sergeant, who kept the gate key. Guard mounted 9 a.m.

USES OF A BAYONET.

By Lance-Corporal S. F. Moss.

1. Original purpose.
2. Digging trenches, in absence of trenching tools.
3. Substitute for tent peg in bivouac.
4. Cutting bread.
5. Opening tins of jam.
6. Sharpening knives.
7. Making holes in leather equipments.
8. Marking centre of tent when pitching camp.
9. Suspending canteen or other articles on when marching.
10. Suspending canteen, thrust in wall of bivouac or hut.
11. Cutting or chopping wood for fire.
12. Peeling and cutting up pumpkins.
13. Hammering.
14. Ornaments—crossed swords (Ladysmith).
15. Killing goats, sheep, &c.
16. Stirring up tea, coffee, &c.

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GEN. BULLER'S ADVANCE THROUGH NORTH NATAL:

WITH THE LANCASHIRE BRIGADE.

By Lance-Corporal W. Ashton.

A POPULAR METHOD OF RELIEVING THE MONOTONY.

CAMP life at the best of times is very dull and monotonous, and the monotony is only relieved by the arrival of the weekly mail or an occasional false alarm. Everybody welcomed the order to move out on what eventually proved to be a series of brilliant and successful flanking movements. Rumours had been freely circulated during the previous week of the intended forward movement, and everybody was on the *qui vive*, waiting anxiously for the word to advance. At last the order came whilst the Company were on outpost. Retiring quietly, we arrived in camp to find that the troops were already on the move. Hastily gathering together what little kit we possessed (some simply had a wash and donned the same things again inside out), we sallied forth into the gathering gloom, leaving tents and camp equipment standing, and joined the Brigade at Elandslaagte.

The road was none of the best. The dust rose up in clouds, making it extremely difficult to pick one's way along, besides filling one's mouth, until it felt like a miniature dust-bin, to say nothing of the awful thirst. It had, however, its recompenses. Towards one o'clock the Brigade halted and formed the bivouac, our Company going on outpost. Next morning we were under weigh again at five. Some three miles on the road we passed Sunday's River. The Boers, in their retirement, had blown the road bridge up, so we had to ford across at a drift just below Sunday's River Falls. After a stiffish climb we emerged into the open veldt, where a halt was determined upon to allow the troops to partake of a hasty meal. Unfortunately for the officers, their cart had broken down whilst crossing the spruit, and they had to partake of some of Tommy's scanty rations. It was amusing to see them munching bully and taking an occasional nibble at a biscuit.

Away on the skyline, like a huge black cloud, the Biggarsberg heights could be

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seen. There lay our destination. We were going to force a passage through the position which we had been wearily watching some six weeks whilst at Jonono's Kop. The Brigade now opened out into skirmishing order, the Cavalry leading the advance, followed by the Infantry in skirmishing order, with an extended front of a mile, the guns bringing up the rear with an Infantry escort. After several hours' fatiguing march in the broiling sun, which caused hundreds of men to drop out, the Brigade arrived at Wessel's Nek, meeting with slight opposition, the enemy falling back on to the berg after exchanging shots with our Cavalry. Next day the Brigade moved out to Meran, our Company remaining behind with two naval 12-pounders to cover their rear. Nothing, however, happened. That night our Company were again on outpost. During the night several of us went out on a commandeering expedition, and came back laden with chickens, &c.

The following day we escorted the guns to Waschbank and, after a very trying march, we rejoined the Regiment. Waschbank lies at the foot of the Biggarsberg, nearly surrounded by lofty peaks with a lovely stream of icy cold water, which was very much appreciated by the troops. Next morning reveillé sounded at 2.15 and by 3.0 we were marching towards the berg. In the pale moonlight it was difficult to see very far, but as daylight advanced we obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country. Mount Hlatikulu and the Impati Range, with their snow-capped peaks, looked very stern and forbidding in the cold morning air, whilst on every side, huge towering crags and precipitous mountain slopes were passed without opposition, which, had they been held by a handful of resolute men, would have probably resulted in another Colenso. After a stiffish climb we arrived on top of the berg, the temperature, owing no doubt to the altitude being over 5,000 feet, was very cold, though dry and bracing. Hoar frost covered the veldt, giving it the appearance of an English winter. An hour's marching brought us to Glencoe, where, after a short rest, we continued our advance to Hatting Spruit. The following morning, whilst crossing the spruit, one of our men (J. Lowndes) slipped whilst jumping from one stone to another, and fell headlong into the water. We pulled him out, wet to the skin, amidst roars of laughter. We always refer to that place now as Lowndes's Spruit. After a short march we arrived at Dannhauser, where we caught the first glimpse of Majuba.

Our progress up to now had been very rapid, an average of twenty-two miles per day in mountainous country being maintained, and hopes were entertained that we would join General Buller's main body, who were operating on our right flank and who were now pushing forward to Majuba. The Boers in their retreat had blown up all the railway bridges in North Natal, which necessitated some of the troops being

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sent back to repair and construct new ones. Unfortunately our Brigade received orders to retire to Glencoe and there await orders. Disappointing as it was, we retraced our steps and arrived there two days later. Leaving Glencoe we once more traversed the same ground to a place called Ingagane, seven miles from Newcastle. Here a three-spanned bridge had been blown up. In a very short time we erected a rough wooden gantry across the stream, diverted the railway, and excavated the soil to provide an easier gradient, taking only seventy-two hours to complete the whole operation. Three days later we marched into Newcastle, where General Buller reviewed our Division and the Ladysmith garrison. Early next morning we marched eastwards to Utrecht, bivouacking for the night at Wools Drift on the Buffalo River, making our first entry into the Transvaal on 28th May. Next day, after a tedious march of twenty-one miles, we arrived and bivouacked three miles from the town. A staff officer rode in under a flag of truce, demanding their surrender. Unfortunately, twenty-four hours' armistice was granted to them, which enabled a commando of 800 to slip away into the hills.

BLOWN UP.

Several of us having seen a farmhouse while on the march, went out to bring some water back. Judge our surprise and disgust upon going to the pool to find a bullock rotting in one corner, whilst the water was inky black, with green moss growing over it. What we noticed particularly were seven fat geese, paddling about quite unconcerned as to what their ultimate fate would be. Here in a desert country, existing on three biscuits and one pound of bully beef per day, possessing an abnormal appetite and an easy conscience, with visions of a good feast before our eyes, who could resist the temptation? The sport which followed will live for ever in the memory of those who took part in it. Kaffirs were sent in with sticks to round them up. Just as they had them nicely cornered, the geese would dive and reappear some yards away. This was carried on for some time. By now the crowd on the bank numbered quite 1,000. The Artillery and Cavalry had also ridden up to water their horses. They entered the water and, drawing their swords, began to slash at the unfortunate geese, who proved too agile for them. Several of the Tommies now stripped and entered the water. The chase became very exciting. Now and again, when they were driven near the side, there would

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be a rush; several men would be pushed headlong into the water, and for a few moments nothing could be seen but a struggling mass of heads, legs, khaki, and overcoat. The excited cries of the half-drowned men, together with the roars of laughter from those on the bank, and the quacking of the frightened geese, made us forget for a time that we were in an enemy's country.

The Brigade now marched right across North Natal, passing within eight miles of General Buller's head camp at Mount Prospect, over the borders of the Orange River Colony, to De Wet's farm. Evidently the Lancashire Brigade were to work round the left, and to outflank the enemy on Majuba by a series of reconnaissances and exchanges of shell fire, in which the Company had a rough time of it. Our Cavalry occupied Van Wyk's Vlei, the key to Botha's heights. During the night eighteen 4.7 naval guns, together with a good many naval 12-pounders, were mounted on top of the kopje, whilst six batteries of Artillery took up a position in the Pass close under the heights. The following morning General Hildyard rode along the lines, and said to the officers with a grim smile:—"Good morning, gentlemen; a nice fine day to enter the Orange Free State." The Infantry advanced down the narrow road leading to the Pass, covered by the naval guns. The noise overhead was terrific and ear-splitting; the accuracy of the fire was magnificent, as shell after shell seemed to explode right amongst the trenches on top. Arriving at the bottom of the Pass and emerging into more open country, the Brigade shook itself out into skirmishing order preparatory to attack, the Royal Lancasters taking the centre of the position, the York and Lancasters the left, whilst we were on the right. The six batteries of Field Artillery now came into action, and soon were belching forth. It was a picturesque sight, and one calculated to make you feel a trifle excited, and your heart to beat a little faster, to see thousands of khaki-clad figures, their bayonets glistening in the sun. The mad gallop of the Field Artillery, clearing everything as they dash past into action; the mounted orderlies and staff officers galloping hither and thither; and the effects of the shells, which go screaming overhead, put vigour into your frame, and you feel possessed of superhuman strength. The order to advance was given, and up the steep rugged sides the troops mounted. In some places the ascent was so steep that the men had to dig their bayonets into the ground to help them up. After a very stiff climb we reached the top, meeting with no opposition, thanks to the splendid skill of the Artillery, which made the enemy's position utterly untenable. We were taking a well-earned rest, and complimenting ourselves on so hollow a victory, when the Boers opened a hot rifle, Pom-Pom, and shell fire upon us from a neighbouring kopje. Instinctively every man rushed for cover. It was here a rather humorous incident occurred. One of our men, a

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collier, who was a trifle deaf, hearing the bullets whistling overhead, shouted to his companion and said: "What's them, Jem, ar' na they brids?" One peculiar thing was that whilst we on top were practically untouched by their fire, the Artillery down in the valley had to limber up and gallop out of action, having a good many casualties. Our firing line now advanced by a series of short rushes, and the reserves were hurried up until they were within twenty yards of the supports. At this point Major Adam, who was in command of the reserves, gave the word for the line to right wheel, the right hand man standing fast whilst the left of the line swung round. Just at this moment a charge of five Pom-Poms fell within ten yards of the Company; had Major Adam's command come a moment later they would have annihilated half the Company. The Boers retired before our troops could get at close quarters, but not before they had set the grass on fire to cover their retreat. Our Regiment came out extremely lucky, only losing one man killed and several slightly wounded, whilst the Second Division on our right suffered severely whilst forcing Inkweloana. Night came on, and no signs of the convoy getting up the Pass. It was one of the coldest nights we had experienced. To make matters worse, a thick heavy mist came down, saturating us, and making things decidedly uncomfortable. Cold, hungry, and tired we relegated the Boers, the convoy, &c., to another sphere. At 2 a.m., however, the hoarse cries of the Kaffirs and the cracking of their huge whips heralded the approach of the transport. A tot of rum and the exertion of unloading the wagons somewhat restored our circulation. Other Regiments were not so fortunate, and did not see their wagons until on the move again.

For three days our Artillery shelled the enemy from ridge to ridge, the enemy falling back upon the approach of the Infantry. On the fourth day they entrenched themselves at a place called Alleman's Nek. This position gained and the flanking movement was completed. The previous night four squadrons of South African Light Horse galloped past our bivouacs to reconnoitre the ground in front. We gave them an encouraging cheer as they disappeared behind a kopje, but alas, little did we think that they would come back leaving eight dead on the veldt. Next morning the Artillery shelled the position. Our Brigade advanced to find the place vacated. The Boers had changed front. This change of tactics threw the 10th Brigade into the firing line. Our duty consisted of protecting the convoy, and to prevent any turning movement by the enemy. After a terrific artillery duel the Infantry advanced. The Dorsets and Dublin Fusiliers made a brilliant bayonet charge, clearing everything before them. The enemy left 112 killed on the field, the heaviest death roll said to have been since the opening of the campaign.

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The following day we marched into Volksrust, eight miles to the north of Majuba. We had now made an almost complete circle round the historic hill. The Boers, having their communications threatened, retired hastily, which allowed General Buller's troops to come through Laing's Nek. We halted here for two days, waiting for supplies, the time being spent searching the houses for arms and bedding for the hospital. Upon our entry into the Transvaal, the houses were found to be untouched; everything in apple-pie order; whereas in North Natal, it was pitiable to see the many acts of vandalism and house wrecking that had been committed by Brother Boer, for no apparent reason whatever. Bedding and sofas were ripped open, their contents thrown over the floor; furniture and glass were broken; indecent writing was scribbled over the walls; and, in some instances, houses were dynamited and burnt to the ground. Here we enjoyed the luxury of a good bath. Previous to this, our ablutions had been few and far between, it being the usual thing to go without a wash for nine or ten days at a time, which was very uncomfortable, especially after marching over burnt grass; the wind blowing the powdery black dust into your face, until both officers and men looked more like a crowd of out-of-work nigger minstrels.

OFFICERS' MARCHING KIT.

Continued trekking, on scanty rations and in all kinds of weather, began to tell a tale upon the troops, whose wearing apparel showed severe signs of wear and tear. We had better not go into details, but a motley crowd we looked, a mass of rags, dirt and filth. What affected us more than anything, was our extraordinarily large appetites. Nothing seemed to satisfy our craving but mealie meal, commonly called Indian meal at home, which is not bad eating, but forms into a hard ball when you have got it down. One is not, however, very particular what it is one eats or how it is served up whilst on the march.

Poor Fred Woods left the Company here, with a smile on his face. He said;

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"I'm only going for a short rest"; but man proposes and God disposes. It was a painful shock to us to hear of his death, and it cast a gloom over the whole Company.

Striking eastwards, we marched to Wakkerstroom, the enemy retiring before our entry into the town, which is one of the oldest in the Transvaal. Our Regiment took up a position on a range of hills to the east of the town. We were one of three companies for outpost that night. It was with great difficulty we climbed to the top encumbered with coats and blankets. To make matters worse, it commenced to rain, which developed into a torrential downpour. Everybody was soon wet to the skin. To attempt to rig a blanket bivouac up was

MARCHING KIT (OFFICERS AND MEN).

Back view. After six weeks' trek. Front view.

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futile as the wind blew them away as soon as they were finished. All through the night we lay huddled together like half drowned rats, praying for daylight. When day dawned the rain ceased, the sun came out and very soon we were fit for the road again, feeling none the worse for spending a most miserable night. Colour-Sergeant Killen met with a rather disagreeable experience during the night. He was left behind with instructions to follow on when he had drawn the rum issued from the Army Service Corps. He and one man set out for the different posts on top, finding all with the exception of the picquet. By some means or other they lost their way, and began to wander about; tired out, they waited till daylight in the pelting rain. The Colour-Sergeant's feelings can be imagined. We struck out for the line to Sandspruit next day, which place we made in two days' marching.

The weather during the march was very cold at nights; ice half an inch thick was to be seen where water collected. It was a pretty, though odd sight to see hundreds of motionless figures lying in all kinds of positions, thick hoar frost covering everything. Nothing is to be heard but the tramp of the sentry on guard and an occasional snore from a heavy sleeper. In a few moments a shrill whistle is heard.

With a grunt Tommy will roll over for another fiver. Then comes the rude awakening; probably he has been dreaming of home and beauty or of a good feast. With a shout the orderly sergeant pulls the blankets off him, and Tommy jumps up startled, to find all his dreams have vanished.

There are several redeeming features about sleeping in the open. You cannot fall out of bed; beside, you haven't the trouble of dressing yourself, or the anxiety of choosing what to wear.

The country now becomes very flat and our progress much quicker. Continuing our march we followed the Natal-Johannesburg line to Paardekop, Platrand, Katbosch Spruit, to Standerton, where the remnants of Buller's force formed up. Great hopes were entertained that we should march to Johannesburg, distant about six days' trek. All General Buller's force was, however, detailed to protect the railway in his rear. Our Regiment occupied the line between Platrand and Standerton by means of detachments. Our Company, with three others under Major Adam, garrisoned a place called Leeuw Kop.

The following Friday, 27th June, whilst friends at home in Warrington were enjoying Walking Day, we were also having a treat in the shape of bread, fresh meat, tents, and better than all, letters from home; and now, after nearly seven weeks on the trek and in the open, we were able to rest our weary limbs for a time.

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ON DETACHMENT: LEEUW KOP, KROMDRAAI, AND GRAS KOP.

By Sergeant J. Hodgson.

AFTER doing some heavy marching through Natal into the Transvaal—which lasted about six or seven weeks—having a little fighting to do as we went along, we arrived at Standerton, weary and worn out, for want of food and clothing. We found to our surprise we had to make "a turn about" and proceed back on the lines of communication, where we were split up into three parts.

Leaving headquarters, under Colonel Hall, at Katbosch, and a company under Captain Lynch, at Kromdraai, we went on to Leeuw Kop, arriving on 3rd July, under Major Adam, a gentleman whom our Company deeply loved.

THE TRENCHES, LEEUW KOP.

We bivouacked here all night. Next day, however, we had better luck. We got our tents, which seemed like camping once more with our Volunteers at home. We stayed there a fortnight, doing guard and outpost in our turn with the other companies. It was not long before our Major found it necessary to have some trenches dug for our own protection. We at once set to work, each company having to dig its own. When the trenches were finished we were highly praised for them by the G.O.C. 11th Brigade. We were kept very busy navvying in the trenches, every one, including our Captain and Lieutenant, having to work very hard. But, with all the hard work, we were kept cheerful and had plenty of fun amongst ourselves, especially when the alarm sounded at night, and we had to make a rush for our trenches, with scarcely anything to cover us.

On 16th July we moved to Kromdraai, leaving all our good work behind us. It was not lost, of course, because the York and Lancasters took our place. We landed at Kromdraai at 4.30 p.m., and our Company went on outpost duty, this making the second night in succession out of bed. However, we did not grumble,

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as we knew it was our duty, and in a good cause. We came off outpost next morning, and then commenced work digging trenches. We did some very good work here as when at Leeuw Kop. Kromdraai was a very responsible position to hold. Boers were pretty well all about us, and were very anxious to tear up the line.

On the 1st August, we again received orders to pack up and proceed by train to Sandspruit. We landed there about 9 p.m., had our tea, and retired for a good night's rest. Next morning we rose early, partook of a little breakfast, and then packed up and proceeded to Gras Kop, where we relieved the Dorsets. We stayed about a month, doing guard and outpost. I think this place was one of the best. We were entirely under our Captain's command. He gave us time to get cleaned and fed up, ready for going on the march again. The scenery of the surrounding districts was really splendid. By what I have heard it is not unlike Gibraltar.

THE TRENCHES, GRAS KOP.

On the twenty-seventh we made a reconnaissance, and soon forced the Boers to move from the hills that were situated round Gras Kop.

On the thirtieth we moved to headquarters, Sandspruit Station.

OFFICERS' NIGHT QUARTERS.

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A FARM FIGHT ON THE VAAL RIVER.

ON DETACHMENT AT KROMDRAAI.

By Sergeant Howard.

JULY, 1900, saw the Service Company encamped at Kromdraai, in the Transvaal. We were guarding the lines of communication along with three other companies of the 1st South Lancashire Regiment. Shortly after breakfast on the twenty-seventh, the Company was ordered to fall in. We started off about forty-six strong, the remaining portion of the Company being on duty. Some half-dozen transport wagons accompanied us, and after we had walked for a mile or so the Officer Commanding gave us the privilege of riding in the wagons. This order was a most

KROMDRAAI STATION.

welcome one, as it was about the only chance we had given to us since our arrival in the country, and it naturally raised our spirits. We commenced to sing, but making such a noise was hardly suitable to Major Adam, who rode up and politely informed us that we were not having a picnic to Blackpool. We had been on our way about an hour, when we were joined by a squadron of Bethune's Mounted Infantry and some gunners of the 86th Battery with two guns. On reaching our destination, which was a Dutch farm, I was told off with three other men for observation duty alongside the Vaal River, and about 900 or 1,000 yards in front of the rest of the party. The three other men's names were Boardman, Lowcock, and Almond. Captain Appleton came with us to show us our post. Just across the

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other side of the river there was a kopje, and our orders were to particularly watch this, and a farm on our right, as the enemy had been reported there in force early that morning.

DETACHMENT CAMP.

Our Captain had left us, and had got about half way back to the farm, where our men were loading the wagons with farm stock, when our attention was drawn by Lowcock, who was on sentry, to the fact that there was a mounted party riding up the kopje in front of us. They had got up on the other side. We looked round to see if those at the farm had noticed it, and saw quite a commotion there, everybody running for cover. The Boers had spotted us, and, before one could say Jack Robinson, they started firing. Down we dropped, and for a minute (which seemed a week) we were under the impression that we should have to throw our checks in, but we were very agreeably disappointed, for the enemy were firing too high. Bang went one of the guns, and we knew the gunners had begun to work. There was a lull in the Boers' fire when the shell came over, and our only chance lay in taking advantage of the slackening of their fire, for they were getting a little nearer the range. We made our minds up when the next shell came over to put ourselves as far away as possible. Another shell, and we tried our best to break the record for about 80 or 100 yards, when we had to drop again owing to our friends on the hill trying to make us carry some pieces of their lead in our bodies. Our Captain was in a worse position than we were, for being further away he ran the risk of all their bullets. We never expected to see him safe and sound even if we managed to get through all right. Under cover of the artillery fire and our men at the farm keeping up a heavy rifle fire, and dropping and running alternately, we managed to get cover in a cattle kraal belonging to the farm. On going to report, the first man I saw was Captain Appleton, and I was very glad to see that he was unhurt as we were. He asked me if any of the four were hit, and on being answered in the negative, he exclaimed, "Thank God." Bethune's Mounted Infantry received orders to clear the kopje, and the way those men did it was a treat to see. They cleared the hill, and the wagons were loaded. We got into camp about 8 p.m., without any more interference beyond sniping our rear-guard, with 150 head of cattle, the wagons fully loaded, and a few turkeys for the hospital.

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ON OUTPOST AT WESSEL'S NEK.

By Sergeant P. Rooke.

DAWN ON OUTPOST.

We arrived at Wessel's Nek on the 16th May, 1900, after a very trying march from Sunday's River. Previous to our arrival the enemy had been there in strong numbers, but had "scooted" when we approached. We bivouacked for the night in the open, as usual, and in the morning our Company was told off for outpost. We then moved out with one day's rations. The right half of the Company, under Lieutenant Lewis, took up a position in a mealie field; while the left half, under Captain Appleton, went as escort to two naval guns which were posted on a kopje on our left.

During the day, word came to us to the effect that we had to stay till the following morning while the Brigade moved out on trek, leaving us in charge of a good position and guarding the two guns. After we had posted the look-outs, I was told to take one man and look for water. I took Private W. Ashton with me. We went to some Kaffir kraals and asked the niggers for some *mangy* (which is the native term for water); but they would not tell us where we should find it. However, we found a spring in a garden and helped ourselves. We also came across some orange and lemon trees loaded with fine fruit, and you may guess we were not long ere we were up those trees. We carried as much of the fruit back as we could to the piquet, where we divided it.

Towards dusk I was sent on detached post with twelve men and one corporal close to the kraals, where there seemed to be an abundance of fowls. When it was dark, and we had got our sentries posted, four of the men were having what seemed to me a quiet conference together, and they took good care not to let me know anything. Towards morning I missed those four men, so I began to make inquiries about them. Of course, nobody knew where they were, and I was just making up my mind that there was evidently something wrong, when they came crawling in on their hands and knees. I asked them where they had been. They told me "they were having a quiet stroll by the kraals, when a nigger came out,

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and that they had bought two hens and half a dozen eggs from him." However, I was rather inclined to doubt their story, for I knew there was not much money in the Company, as we had not received pay for some time. When they joined the remainder of the Company, they gave me an invitation to dine with them, which, I may add, was readily accepted. I went to see how they were going on with the cooking, and I found them very busy cutting the fowls up like sheep. The place presented the appearance of a miniature slaughter-house. They had unearthed an old roasting tin which they found in a mealie field close by, but alas! when it came to cooking them, they were a bit puzzled as to where the fat was coming from to keep them from burning. However, one of the number was possessed of a little ingenuity, and the thought flashed across his mind that a little fat from the bully beef was just the very thing to answer the purpose, which, I may say, it did admirably, and I can assure my readers it was the best meal we had had for a long time.

Of course, good-natured like, the men made a present of the eggs to Captain Appleton, and I have no doubt he thought he had a luxury. Well, he looked it; but he came to me shortly afterwards and, in a stage whisper, said to me, sadly but truly, "Sergeant Rooke, those eggs were bad!"

MY FIRST OUTPOST.

By Lance-Corporal S. F. Moss.

A NUMBER of piquets were warned for duty, and after they had paraded for inspection and received instructions they were marched to their respective posts.

I was now in charge and felt a world of responsibility. I felt assured that, to a very small extent, the safety and honour of the British Empire rested upon me. I was almost overwhelmed. Our position was near the bed of a dried-up water-course commanding the approach from two valleys. The spot was level, with a few trees scattered about, about a mile from camp.

We set out at four o'clock, landing at our destination about 4.30, p.m., an hour before sunset. We were to return about an hour after sunrise.

I spent the remainder of daylight as a would-be "Bobs." I took careful note of our surroundings, the most probable approach for an enemy, and of the safest way back to camp, the latter combined with the greatest ability to check any hostile advance. Of course we chose a spot from which we could see and be unseen.

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When darkness set in the night turned out very clear, but without the moon. The hills were outlined in black against the sky. Objects on the level could not be distinguished more than ten yards away, but imperfect sight was compensated by perfect hearing. Sound travels a tremendous long way in the clear atmosphere when all is quiet.

I don't think I can describe my feelings on this, my first outpost. Here we were, a mile from camp, alone on the veldt, with slumbering comrades trusting in us. Should this confidence be misplaced? Ah, no! Never should watch be more diligently kept. Nothing should escape me. My eyes commenced an earnest strife with the blackness of night, but the latter yielded nothing.

After what seemed to be years had elapsed I resolved to rest awhile. Of course the men take turns of two hours in keeping a look out. I laid out my blanket and armed myself with a woollen helmet. My ordinary helmet served as pillow.

I looked upwards and beheld "the dark blue canopy of heaven" studded with a myriad gems. I couldn't resist the fancy that the stars directly overhead would fall upon me. They were so bright they seemed to have become detached from their setting in the blue, standing out as crystals.

My thoughts fled homewards. What were all doing? Sleeping on warm, soft beds, while I was sleepless on the hard veldt, cold; nevertheless as happy as they, perhaps happier.

The night passed without incident, and I was able to report, on returning, "Post correct."

OUTPOSTS: A PRIVATE'S POINT OF VIEW.

By Private W. H. Pendlebury.

OUTPOST duty has to be done by all "Footsloggers" (Infantry) during the whole of their time in South Africa at least one night in three, and often every other night. Coming as it often did, at the end of a long day's trek, it was a pretty tough job. I do not think it is realised at home what a strain this duty is on soldiers, and the troops out there are still at it.

I remember very well my first outpost, a few days after joining the Regiment, 4th April, 1900, on Surprise Hill, Ladysmith. The hill was very rough, steep and rocky, and not bad for a first experience as a sentry in front of a real enemy. Although sentries are generally double at night, they are often a little distance

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apart in order to watch two different bits of ground; they generally have to sit or stand quite still behind a rock or tree, and only occasionally do they have to walk about. This sitting still, often in sharp frost and drenching rain, with little or no shelter, is fairly trying. In the intense stillness, a feeling of loneliness comes over you, with nothing but the frogs or night birds to break it. The next feeling I remember was the responsibility resting upon me—the lives of my comrades were really dependent upon my unceasing vigilance. Then I would think of home and all there, and wonder if I should ever see them all again. I had to be ready to give the alarm on having the slightest suspicion of any one approaching, knowing that if I roused the sleeping piquet only to get my imagination cursed or to be jeered at because my enemy turned into a harmless sheep or goat passing across my front, I should probably be repeatedly reminded of the fact next day.

There are many outposts which the Company will never forget. One I remember well was after our first long march in South Africa, from Surprise Hill to Modder Spruit, about twelve miles, in a scorching sun and blinding dust, when we were still quite soft from our long voyage out. That night we had to go as support company to the outpost. The night was very cold, and we only had our ground sheets and no great coats, and had to march off to Elandslaagte in the morning without any breakfast, as the order to go into camp had not reached us.

On 10th April, 1900, we were camped just south of Battlefield Ridge, Elandslaagte, and General Clery's Division, camped just north of the ridge, was heavily shelled. We were all ordered to the trenches and sangars we had been busy making on the ridge, expecting to be attacked. We remained there all day, and at 6 p.m. marched until about nine o'clock towards Jonono's Kop. We were just in our "beauty sleep," lying in our clothes on the bare ground, when we were roused up to build sangars all night with only our hands for tools, which suffered pretty severely in the process. The expectation was that we should be heavily shelled at dawn. The enemy had, however, evacuated their position in the night, so our work was not tested.

Many other outposts come into my mind, but perhaps enough has been said to give an idea that two hours on sentry go, with a watchful and cunning enemy in front of you, is not all beer and skittles. You certainly get to know a bit more about stars, sunrises and sunsets, thunderstorms, animals and insects, snakes, &c., which I shall never forget. My sight and hearing are probably a bit better than before I went out, but I never turn over in my comfortable bed at home without feeling thankful that I am not on sentry go on a kopje in South Africa.

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A DAY'S TREK.

By Lieutenant E. Robson.

ALL is still and calm. The whole camp is sleeping, except the ever-vigilant sentry. He walks up and down his post, then halts, looks at his watch, and arouses a comrade in the Guard tent, who emerges sleepily into the chill gloom, and makes his way through the lines of tents, and at last stops at one, calling out "Sergeant-Major, it's 3.30!" Then out comes the ever indefatigable Sergeant-Major, the Adjutant's right-hand man, and blows one long shrill whistle. This is at once taken up by the sentry on the Quarter Guard, who repeats it. Then men begin to appear

OFFICERS READY FOR THE START.

from tents, and "grouse" about the cold and the early hour of rising, but Thomas Atkins always "grouses" on service, so nobody thinks much about it. The Transport Sergeant now begins to shout out at the top of his voice: "Great coats and blankets this way!" for these articles have to be loaded on wagons. About this time officers appear and begin to shout lustily for their servants, and these, in return, shout back "Coming, sir!" and so add to the general row that always takes place when the Regiment moves off at daylight. The tents are now struck, rolled up, and placed upon the wagons. By this time every one is very cold and hungry, but the Master Cook anticipates this, and has had his minions at work since reveillé, preparing camp kettles, or, as

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"Tommy" calls them, "dixies" of coffee, which is known as "gun fire." With this and his day's rations, which consist of 1lb. bully beef, 1lb. biscuits, and ¼lb. jam, the soldier makes his meal, keeping, of course, sufficient for the remaining meals. At the officers' mess, the Mess Sergeant has a "dixie" of rolled oats and one of coffee, and each officer holds out a tin bowl and cup to be filled. Having obtained his portion, he makes for the fire and sits down and eats his oats, and munches bully and biscuits, until he is somewhat warm, and has a comfortable feeling inside. Two shrill whistles sound, which mean half an hour before parade. There is a general bustling up on this sound by sergeants, who see that all papers and rubbish are cleared away, for the ground must be left clean and tidy. Oxen are inspanned and mules harnessed to wagons, and the machine gun, ammunition, and signallers' mules are loaded. The Colonel's horse gets a sort of a "lick-and-a-promise" grooming. The quarter now sounds, and men begin to get their equipment on, and give their rifles a hasty clean. The officers leave, with great reluctance, the mess fire, and adorn themselves in their equipment, and put on water bottles, field glasses, and cameras, generally making themselves resemble a Christmas tree as much as possible.

The Adjutant and Sergeant-Major go off to the parade ground. The "Fall-in" is sounded, each man goes off to his proper place, the roll is called, and each company reported present to its commander. "Left markers" is sounded, and they are dressed; each company quickly marches on its marker and stands easy, until the Colonel appears, and receives the report that the Battalion is present. A staff officer gallops up with orders from the Brigadier General, and we get the word to march, and off we go, to do eighteen miles, or, perhaps, only five. We don't know, but all hope that it is the latter, as marching at 5.0 a.m. is not pleasant after a meagre breakfast, in semi-daylight. However, pipes are produced, and after a few minutes a feeling of comfort, if not perfect peace, comes over the whole Battalion; the men begin to talk without "grousing;" and even a few commence to sing. The officers form little groups of twos and threes, and trek along chatting and laughing. This goes on for about an hour, when a halt is ordered,

ON THE MARCH.

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and men sit down on the veldt or road, if there happens to be one. Cardigan jackets and sweaters are taken off, and strapped on to one's back, as every one is warmed through by this time; water bottles are filled, if there happens to be a spruit close at hand; the "Fall-in" is sounded, and off we go again. There is not much chatter this time, as each man knows that he has a long day in front of him, and he will want all his breath and strength to see it out, so they slog along, drinking sparingly at water bottles, for there may be no water at the next halting place. A few men begin to show signs of lagging. The section commanders tell them to "stick it a bit longer, and don't give in just yet, lads," and on these brave fellows go, trying not to feel their red-worn heels and splitting heads till at last they cry: "I can't walk another step, sir!" and sit down and wait for the wagon. After a few short halts and long treks, it is mid-day, and the Battalion is formed up, rifles piled, and equipment taken off, for there is to be a halt of an hour and a half. Fires are quickly started, for each careful Tommy carries a bundle of sticks on his back. Tea is made, and a meal of bully and biscuits partaken of. The officers collect together and have a meal of the same delightful viands, and the whole sit down and smoke or sleep, with the exception of a few men from each company, who are sent off to replenish the water-bottles of their comrades. This welcome midday halt soon comes to an end and the Regiment starts off to do the second half of its day's march. The afternoon is passed very much like the morning. A few men fall out, while the rest trudge along, wondering when they will see the place that is to be our camping ground for the night. At last the Advance Guard of the army is seen formed up in the distance. It is 5.30 p.m. and dusk when we get there, and we sit down to await the wagons that are two hours behind us. The outposts are now told off to go and take up their positions at once. Three companies out of the nine fall-in, charge magazines, receive final orders, together with the countersign, and march off to their posts. Tommy marches away cheerfully to do his arduous duty after a long eighteen-mile march, and woe-betide Brother Boer if he expects to catch him napping. On arriving at their post the men are numbered off, sentries posted, cardigans and sweaters

THE MID-DAY HALT.

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donned, while the remainder sit down to await the arrival of the great coats, blankets, and tea, which is made in camp and generally cold when they get it. At last out of the mist, several forms emerge carrying big bundles, and a sharp eyed soldier shouts out "Hurrah, boys, here's the blankets and tea!" Everyone jumps up and grabs his blanket and coat, gets his tea served out, and starts munching biscuits. The officer of the piquet begins to take a little more interest in life and shouts out "Is my servant there?" "Yes, sir," comes the answer out of the darkness. "What have you got for dinner?" "Soup and biscuits, sir," answers the trusty retainer, as he comes in sight. So down the officer sits on the veldt, to drink cold soup, and break his teeth on biscuits. Presently his belt begins to tighten, and, feeling better, he produces a much-charred pipe, while his servant finishes the remains of the meal. Now our officer has become experienced in the little ways of trekking, so last night he saved half of his rations of rum, which comes in very useful on outposts. Having drunk the precious liquid he starts off to visit his posts, gives them final orders, then goes to have a chat with the other officers of the Company, who are further along the line.

Suddenly a shot is fired. "Turn out the piquet!" bawls the sentry. We grab our rifles, and spring up. "What did you fire at?" asks the officer. Ah, there they are! Bang go two more shots, and a transport mule goes galloping past. With a laugh and a curse we all get under our blankets again, this time not to get up again this side dawn—which soon appears—when we go back to camp hungry and cold.

A WORD FOR THE HOSPITALS.

By Sergeant Moore.

I WAS in three hospitals—the Field Hospital at Platrand, which was composed of bell tents; No. 4 Stationary Hospital, Newcastle; and Pinetown Hospital, which was built of corrugated iron, boarded inside. They were very clean and comfortable. Glee parties came from Durban once a week to entertain the sick Tommies, and right welcome they were to while away the weary time. The hospital stood in a splendid position. You could see the harbour at Durban on a clear day. The staff consisted of R.A.M.C. and civilian doctors, nursing sisters, also a staff sergeant, a few men of the R.A.M.C., and members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. The doctors were very courteous and did all in their power for the men. The nursing sisters were kind and untiring in their efforts to relieve their sufferers and comfort them. It was here our respected comrade, Private G. Sudlow, died. He was buried in the churchyard at Pinetown.

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THE BRITISH OFFICER.

AS HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE AT HOME.

DRAWN FROM LIFE AT THE FRONT.

By CAPTAIN SKINNER, 1st South Lancashire Regiment.

(Lent by Mr. Gilbert Dalziel, London.)

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WITH LIEUTENANT CARY'S DRAFT.

MARCH TO VAN REENEN'S.

By Private G. Cole.

BESTER'S is a small station on the railway running from Ladysmith into the Orange River Colony. The surrounding country is typical South African veldt and kopjes, with here and there a farm, or a cluster of Kaffir kraals. The station is also South African, built of corrugated iron. In the distance can be seen the range of Drakensberg Mountains, looking like a huge wall. We (the Second Contingent of 1st Volunteer Battalion South Lancashire Regiment) were longing to peep over that wall, which looked so awe-inspiring from Bester's. We were attached to the 1st Gloucester Regiment, with whom we had marched from Ladysmith. We reached Bester's about 6 p.m., and had not halted more than a few minutes when we had to run with our waterproof sheets to extinguish a grass fire. Before we could reach the fire, it had got complete hold of the camp of the 4th Mountain Battery. The men succeeded in placing their guns and mules in safety, but lost most of their kit and tents, carbines and small arms ammunition. It suggested to me the infernal regions, seeing the men thrashing the flames with oilsheets, hearing them shout, and the ammunition crack as the fire destroyed the men's equipment. Eventually we got the fire out, but not before it had done a great amount of damage to the camp and its contents. The outposts were already posted, and we got to rest. We remained a few days at Bester's, and were thinking we were never going to see the other side of those mountains, but in that we were mistaken. On the evening of 4th August, our Company received orders to prepare for marching, and commenced at about 5 p.m. We were to escort the 4th Mountain Battery (whose damage by fire had been replaced) to Colworth. It was nothing—only about eight miles—but we did not know what

REVERSING STATION, VAN REENEN'S PASS.

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was to follow. We reached Colworth, the Volunteer Section as Advance and Flank Guards. We were there joined by the 5th Lancers, the 13th Hussars, and a section of the 73rd Field Battery. It was a moonlit night, and had become very cold. The Cavalry told us we were in for a stiff march, and a stiffer fight at the end. It was a stiff march, but the fight did not come off. Brother Boer was not waiting for it. He thought he would come off better in a race. We commenced marching again, the Lancers on the right and left, Hussars in advance. For some time all went well. We went with a good swinging pace. The moon sank lower and lower; still we trudged on and on, losing count of time and thinking only of getting to our goal, which we now knew was Van Reenen's Pass. We were now marching in total darkness. The moon's friendly light had failed us, and we got off the road. Our officers called a halt to take their bearings. While we were halted here a messenger from the General arrived with instructions to hurry us up with the guns. The messenger guided us on to the road again, and informed us that we had gone six miles astray, and that we must have the guns in the Pass before daybreak. It was about here that the first Volunteer dropped out.

Kisch] DRAKENSBERG, NEAR VAN REENEN'S. [Ladysmith.

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He fell down a donga, and sprained his ankle. We had to leave him there. We reached the foot of the Pass, and almost exhausted though we were, had still about five miles' continuous climbing before us. The Cavalry, who had been waiting for us, now dismounted and, leading their horses, advanced. After a few minutes' rest we followed, not marching now, but struggling, panting, and scrambling onward and upward, men occasionally falling and remaining down exhausted. It was now every man for himself. Some must reach the top, and some Volunteers must be among the first, and so they were. The Cavalry occupied the Pass at about 1.30 a.m. on 5th August. The first Infantry to arrive were Lieutenant Davidson and three Volunteers, who arrived shortly after two o'clock. We got down to rest, but were up again before daybreak. At daybreak we advanced in extended order on a hill (now known as Piquet Hill), which commanded the village of Van Reenen's. We were without food or blankets until Monday afternoon. The Gloucester Regiment arrived on Sunday at noon, 5th August. We found the village of Van Reenen's in a terrible state, not a sound piece of furniture in the place except a piano in the hotel. Some of the houses and stores had been used as stables. The station had been ransacked. Books, invoice-forms, railway tickets, &c., were thrown about the place. The Cavalry went on to Albertina, a station about nine miles further, where we joined them about ten days later.

ALBERTINA STATION AND RENSBURG KOPJE, DRAKENSBERG.

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WITH THE MOUNTED INFANTRY.

By Private T. S. Davies.

PRIVATE WESTERMAN,
ONE OF THE MOUNTED INFANTRY OF THE COMPANY.

On 4th November, 1900, along with six other men of the Company, I left Gregory's Nek to join the Mounted Infantry. On arriving at Newcastle, two days later, we were much surprised to see Lieutenant Cary and Private Riley of the Second Contingent, and found they were on the same errand as ourselves. After four days in the Rest Camp at Newcastle, we entrained for Pretoria. The first day's ride brought us to Standerton and we slept at night on the station platform. We were up early next morning expecting to reach Pretoria the same day but, on arriving at Heidelberg, we had to spend the night there and sleep in the engine shed, as the line was blown up three or four miles in front of us. We were also told that the Boers had done the same behind us soon after we passed. The damage having been repaired, we resumed our journey next morning and arrived at our destination about 3 p.m. on Sunday, 11th November. We were soon issued out with new clothing and saddlery, and shortly afterwards got our horses. We were in the riding school every day and learned to ride much better than we expected, though at times we cut some sorry figures.

One day we went to water our horses at some troughs half a mile from camp and before we could get back we were caught in a storm which came upon us so suddenly and with such force that all our horses stampeded. We arrived in camp (minus the horses), to find our tents blown down and everything wet through. Each man started out with three or four horses. Luckily, they all took shelter in a wood close by and we caught most of them next morning. Drilling on horseback and scampering across the veldt was rare fun to us, and a trip now and again into the town, visiting the different places of interest, made the time pass quickly and pleasantly until 13th December, when we had a change.

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We all turned out in full marching order and, soon after falling in, were dismissed with orders to get our dinner and be ready to march off in an hour to relieve General Clements who had been attacked by Delarey at Nooitgedacht. We started off at 1.30 p.m. and were travelling all night. About daybreak we met a few of the Northumberland Fusiliers with a 4.7 gun. They told us that four of their companies had been cut up. We retired to Rietfontein, which is close to Nitral's Nek, where we stayed till Sunday, 17th December, and then went on the march again.

On the following Wednesday we left our camping ground at 4 a.m., and about half an hour afterwards our artillery opened fire and were replied to by a Boer 15-pounder which was dropping over our heads and among our horses, but nobody was hit as we were opened out so well. A few hours afterwards we got within close range and fired a few rifle shots at them, after which they retired and we saw no more of them. We were guarding a hill and after being relieved by the outposts soon after sunset started for camp, two or three miles away. We had so many dongas to cross and hills to climb that it was ten o'clock when we reached it.

We started off early next morning, without any breakfast, and wet through, as Advance Guard, and later in the day came into touch with General French's column. After this we went through Oliphant's Nek and then came through Commando Nek on 25th December. What a Christmas! Stable piquet all night, reveillé 2.30 a.m., march off 4. a.m., halting about noon. On fatigue till 6 p.m., and then our Christmas dinner of biscuits, trek oxen, jam and tea. It was a hard day, as we were right Flank Guard to the column and had a lot of hills to climb. We had to dismount a good many times to enable our horses to get up the steep parts. We reached Pretoria on 28th December, and were just lying down to sleep when an order came for us to move out at midnight. We travelled over nearly the same ground as before, but had no fighting and reached Pretoria again on 5th January.

We all agreed that on the march, riding on horseback was much better than walking, though most of the time I was out with them was miserably wet. We were up at 2.30 every morning, and often we would wake up wet through and find all our horses and saddlery covered with mud. Having no tents we lay down close behind our horses' heels with one blanket for our bed.

On 6th January I was admitted into the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital suffering from enteric, and after two months there was sent down to Capetown where I was returned to duty. About a fortnight afterwards an order was issued for all Volunteers with twelve months' active service who were stationed at Capetown, to be sent home. We set sail on Good Friday and dropped anchor off Netley Hospital on 24th April. I was finally discharged at Warrington two days later.

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A TYPICAL RAILWAY JOURNEY.

By Sergeant A. W. Dutton.

I HAD the pleasure of journeying on the N.G.R. and the Z.A.S.M. from Dundee to Volksrust, and thence to Pietermaritzburg, my mission being to collect the spare kits the Company had left behind. I arrived at Dundee Station, in time for the 7.30 a.m. train, presented pass for a ticket, but on account of some small irregularity on the aforesaid pass, the Commandant, a true representative of British red-tape, refused to hand over ticket without a new pass. This occupied our time for an hour, and when we at length got the tickets, the 7.30 train was miles away. Of course we caught the next train (10.10), but it had no connection at Glencoe Junction, where we arrived at a little after 11. Here we had to wait over three hours for the next train going up country, which happened to be a mule train carrying remounts to Volksrust. Glencoe Junction is a fine little country station on the edge of the Biggarsberg Mountains, and almost all traces of Boer destruction had been removed. A fine refreshment room and bar was one of the features of the station; the room would indeed be a credit to a first-class English hotel. A four-course dinner can be had here for a modest half-crown. One ceases to wonder why and wherefore this wayside buffet is situated in a district that does not contain a dozen white people when one considers that it is on the principal line to Pretoria and Johannesburg from Durban, the journey from point to point occupying several days. Well-dressed Hindoos are chiefly employed in the district, as in Southern Natal. The small refreshment we had here we obtained from a store close by. Up comes the mule train we had been waiting for, which happened to have a couple of carriages with a few vacant seats, into which we managed to squeeze ourselves. The passengers were mostly German and Dutch refugees returning to Charlestown. What scenes met our gaze! What thoughts crowded upon our minds upon passing these once familiar spots: the camp, or rather, I ought to say the bivouac at Glencoe under the trees; the ditto at Hatting Spruit; the railway station, and the bridge, now a new

TRAIN PASSING MAJUBA.

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one; Dannhauser Station with reservoir, now empty, where we had dinner only, and then had to return to Glencoe. Further up the line was Allcock's Spruit, where we had a heavy march up a long and steep hill and where we caught first sight of Majuba. Then we arrived at Ingagane, where we had a short stay. This had been the scene of a few days' right down hard work, cutting, digging, and laying a branch railway line, with a wooden bridge over the Ingagane River. This result of our laborious duty, having finished its required service, is now destroyed, and the only trace left is the railway cutting and embankment, which only time can efface. A new and finer wooden bridge has been erected upon the site of the costly bridge destroyed by the Boers. A new steel bridge, I understand, is shortly to be erected. We stopped here for half an hour, as General Buller's train was coming down bearing himself and staff. The latter and the horses passed through first, then a whistle, and the General rushed through, all the military coming to attention, giving the recognised salute, while the natives and civilians cheered wildly, and the General himself, with smiles, acknowledged the same by appearing at the window of his carriage. During our short stay here the Cape boys lit a fire and we managed to brew a mess-tin of tea, which was quite refreshing.

Newcastle was next reached, but darkness had come on (7.15). This town appeared to have got into the hum-drum of civilian life again, but there were still many khaki figures about. It will be the principal military centre for the district, being healthier than Ladysmith and more easily fortified. Ingogo was reached at 9 o'clock, and the heights of Botha's Pass could be dimly seen in the grey starlight. Then the line went up and up hill in half circles, twice the engine changed ends, and at length Mount Prospect and Majuba Hill were passed, and Laing's Nek tunnel, not much damaged though traces of destruction were visible, was reached.

We got to Charlestown half asleep in the small hours of the morning. This now happy little frontier town is one of the principal hospital centres. Volksrust was reached at 1.30 a.m. on the morning of the 16th; we undid our roll of blankets and coats and bivouacked there and then on the platform till daylight. Woke about 5 a.m. and got to business; had kits, &c., ready for the 11 a.m. mail train down country. Train arrived with Lord Dundonald and staff aboard; kits packed and seats collared. Meanwhile about 150 of the worst-looking and the most typical Boers that could be found in the country, came along under escort, prisoners of course, posted and locked in the carriages on the way to exile. I afterwards heard they embarked on the *Yorkshire* en route for Ceylon.

Off once more, back again over the same ground, with a stop at Newcastle,

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where dinner was served. Glencoe Junction was reached late in the afternoon. Then we commenced viewing the scenes of our earlier marches:—The cold Biggarsberg Mountains; Waschbank Farm where we arrived one afternoon and marched off again on a 22 miles' tramp at 1 o'clock next morning; the station which has since and quite recently been burnt; the bridge with a new iron one alongside it, ready for fixing; Wessel's Nek, the scene of one of our first attacks; and Elandslaagte, where we could see the site of our camp at Battlefield Ridge; and then Jonono's Kop, at which place we were always erecting or strengthening defences. We got to Ladysmith at last, passing the new Modder Spruit bridge, brand new, at dark. We stayed at Ladysmith a short time while we had tea. Leaving here, our disappointment was intense, as we had to pass the Colenso and Tugela positions again in the dark. The new bridge over the Tugela could be dimly seen. Pietermaritzburg was reached at 5 a.m. without any further matter of interest.

Middlebrook] LAING'S NEK TUNNEL. [Durban.

CLEARED, AFTER HAVING BEEN DAMAGED BY RETREATING BOERS.

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NATIVES AND THEIR WAYS.

By Lance-Sergeant J. Hunt.

STEPPING ashore from one of the magnificent liners chartered by H.M. Government to convey troops to Africa, either at Capetown or Durban, one cannot fail to be struck by the large number of the coloured race swarming about the quays, in all kinds of dress, some in their own native dress, others with some parts of European garb, whilst others have made a sort of combination garment out of a sack with the edges all fringed with cords. The what at first appears unearthly noise which they make whilst carrying or lifting anything makes one feel for the moment that one is in the infernal regions; but, at the same time, one must admire their fine muscular and physical proportions, which, with their splendid teeth and closely cropped curly hair, give them a very fine appearance.

The native police are an exceptionally fine body of men and seem to know it too. Carrying, as they do, their stout knobkerries, and their ankles and legs decorated with buckshangers, they seem to be able to clear the gangways and regulate the traffic to their own and everybody's satisfaction.

The rickshaw boys themselves are quite a novelty with their peculiar head-dresses, a great many having horns fixed on their heads. They appear to think that the more hideous they can make themselves the more patronage they will get. They are extremely quick runners, and the merry tingle of the bells which decorate their legs makes the ride very pleasant indeed, the rickshaw appearing to glide along to the tune of the bells, reminding one of the famous sleigh ride in "The Bells."

But, of course, being bound for the front, Tommy has little time to study life at the base. He is hurriedly bustled by train up country, but wherever he goes he never finds himself without the Cape boy, Kaffir, or Zulu. Throughout the war these coloured people have been a most important item. The Cape boys have been particularly useful with the mules and they seem to thoroughly understand one another. The Kaffirs and Zulus have been mostly with the oxen and have done wonderful work, their loud shoutings—"*Umbargie!*" (hurry up), "*Ah no!*" (halt), &c.—being as familiar to Tommy as "Halt! Who goes there?" Day and night these "boys," as they are always called, even if they are getting old men, have been at their posts, forcing, persuading, coaxing, the often tired-out beasts to continue their journeys with what were the most important items in the campaign, viz., guns and rations, without which the columns could not go on. What our

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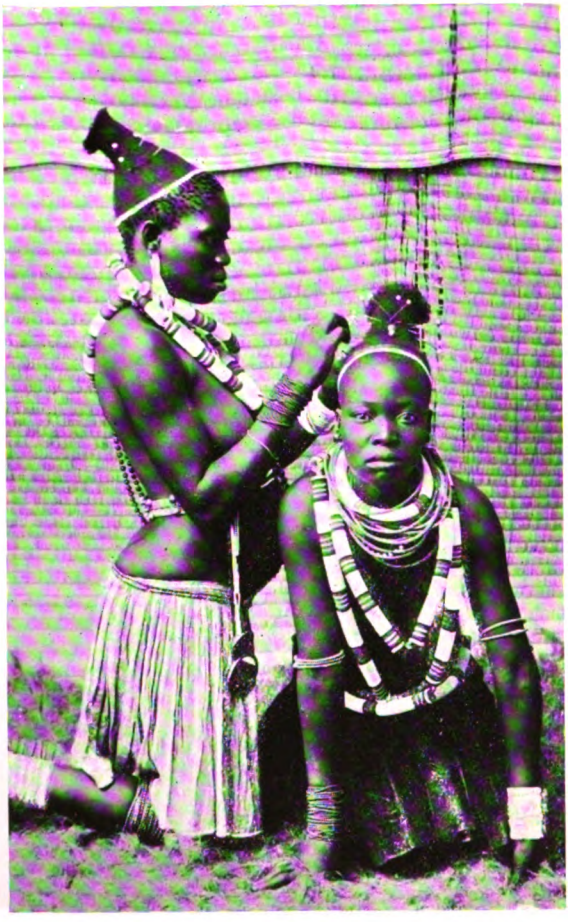
army owes to these men and beasts nobody will ever know, but they have done their duty well. The great difficulties they have overcome, the almost impassable drifts they have crossed, the heights they have attained, are now matters of ancient history, but will never be forgotten by the members of the South African Field Force.

Hughes] [Dundee.
A ZULU WARRIOR.



Kisch] [Ladysmith.
NATIVE LADIES AT THEIR TOILETTE.

An amusing feature connected with them was that you never met them unless they were at *lambele* ("grub"), and the enormous amount of "scoff" they could put out of sight was amazing. Jam they are particularly fond of, and many were the times that Tommy has been able to barter his jam for eggs, &c., on the line

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of march. These were a luxury of no mean order, and were eagerly sought after by both officers and men.

The natives are particularly fond of music, almost all of them having either a Jew's harp or concertina. The tunes they play nobody but themselves can make anything of. It is a very common thing, to see either a boy or girl playing a Jew's harp and going through one of their dances, which are exceedingly funny. Judging by the different positions and shapes into which they put themselves, one would think they were contortionists, going through a performance.

But strike away from the town, across the veldt and amongst the kopjes away from the madding crowd. Here you will find the native in all his glory. Here he has his own kraal, land, cattle, and goats, with always a decent pony or two, and, above all, his wives and piccaninnies. This is where you can study him and find that he is not at all a bad sort of chap. He certainly knows how to get through life without either care or worry, and nothing seems to trouble him at all. They have some very peculiar customs, and the richer a man becomes the more wives he has, each wife costing something like ten head of cattle. Natives, as a rule, commence courting very young, with the result that they marry early. They know nothing of the crime of bigamy; the more wives a man has, the more influence he has over his friends, and neighbours. Ordinary men have from three to four wives but chiefs have as many as a dozen. The form of marriage they go through is very short. A man may be engaged to a girl, and a week after the engagement, preparations are made for the wedding. The first thing the man does after getting the girl's consent is to make an agreement with her parents to keep her and protect her from all enemies, &c., and he hands over five head of cattle to seal the agreement. While this is being settled, a choir of young *intombies* (girls), of about 15 years of age, is got up, and songs are sung at the young bride's kraal. The bride's father promises to allow no one else to court her in the bridegroom's absence. A

A PICCANINNY.

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month or two after the wedding takes place. A day is appointed and huge pots of Kaffir beer (or *uhgwala*) are prepared, a general advertisement is carried about from mouth to mouth, and any one may turn up whether invited or not. One wedding feast, which some of our men had the honour of attending, will never be forgotten by them, I am sure. The bride, who was a fine representative of her race, was resplendent in her beads and different native ornaments; the bridegroom was all in his war dress, every part of his body was decorated with beads and love tokens from his bride, and he seemed to be as proud of his bride as any king of his queen. Quite a crowd was assembled, all decorated with beads, carrying shields, and armed with sticks, no European clothing being worn. The bride's father picked out the best beast from his cattle and had it killed. A strong young man was selected for stabbing it with an assegai. Only one stab is allowed and, if the beast does not fall, a fine of one shilling is put on the youth, the assegai is taken from him, and he is looked down upon as being good for nothing. A lot of romping, singing, dancing, feasting, and drinking, is carried on, "*Pousa wcana!*" being the continual cry until they get so drunk that they are unable to drink and eat any longer. The happy young couple are escorted to their new home in the evening by a selected party of young *intombies* (girls) and *umfawms* (boys).

When the men arrive at the age of forty they are expected to wear a black ring on their heads, but a great many of them do not know how old they are. One Kaffir, who had his kraals near us and who was very friendly and proved a good neighbour, could remember things that happened 60 years ago. He was the youngest of seven sons, and his mother was still alive so she must have been getting on in years. The Zulu war he remembered well, having fought under Cetewayo, in whose service he was wounded. He himself had five wives and a family of 28. Of course after a man gets married he does very little work. He may do a little ploughing, but his wife sows the mealies (Indian corn) and looks after them and the cattle, assisted by the piccaninnies, who begin to be useful at two years of age. It is no uncommon thing to see a little fellow about four years of age riding a pony bare back and galloping away as fast as the pony can go. They also tend their fathers' goats and cattle, and seem to be able to do almost anything.

Natives seem to be very fond of their children, and feel quite proud of them, their great aim being to train them to defend themselves, which they seem well able to do by the aid of the stout sticks they always carry. They are very good at throwing sticks, often being able to kill two or three birds at one throw. They are also very good at walking, covering immense distances. The time they are always able to tell you by the sun, and the days and months they reckon by the

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moon. If you ask any of them the distance to a place they will always tell you it is so many hours' walk, or ride, but the number of miles they do not seem to understand. Both men and women are expert swimmers and divers, and they spend hours in the water. Fish they do not like, having some kind of superstition about them. They are very generous to their neighbours, and always invite them to "scoff" and *pousa wcana* whenever they chance to pay them a visit. They, like all other people, are fond of *marly* (money), but copper they do not seem to like. Natives I have met have preferred to take a "ticky" (3d. piece, silver) rather than 6d. in copper. As regards death they have a very peculiar superstition. They never believe that one can die a natural death. Whenever a native dies they put it down to his enemies. They always say that the deceased has been drugged or poisoned in some way. Whether the death is caused by inflammation, or heart disease, or anything else, they always put it down to their enemies. A great deal of ill feeling is engendered, as may well be imagined, through this. If two young men are courting the same girl, the one that finds least favour, if he persists in his attention, is soon drugged and got rid of. They are very clever in dealing with herbs, and all their medicines are purely herbal. For every known ailment they have a medicine in the shape of some herb or root. They make their own snuff, which is very good and a very good remedy for a cold in the head. Their tobacco is altogether different from all others, being a sort of green herb with seeds attached to it. This they smoke in a way of their own. A hole is made in the ground, in which they put their tobacco, and a sort of pipe is sunk in the ground. After lighting the tobacco they take a mouthful of water and draw the smoke into their mouth at the end of the pipe and then let the water run from their mouth, down a long stick. It is a very funny sight to see them, but they enjoy it and indulge after every meal, and sometimes before, in the pipe. When a native dies he is buried a few paces from his kraal. A pit six feet deep is sunk and the body with all his belongings, such as pots, blankets, clothing (and, a few years back, his money) are buried with him. The reason they are buried so near their kraals is to prevent the witch doctors from exhuming the body and using it as a sort of drug for the people he has left behind him. They bury their dead in a sitting position, always facing the sun, for what reason they do not know, but it is a custom that has been handed down by their ancestors. The burials are always kept a secret and the place of burial is known only to their families. Of course these little customs are not in vogue amongst those natives who have become Christians and adopted European ways. The native is very slow, as a rule, to take to any change, but the arrival of the tremendous army in the country has made great changes. Everywhere the demand for native drivers, &c., has called

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from their kraals, many men who had never seen a town before. These men will never return and take up their old routine of life, which, in one way, seems almost a pity, as the uncivilized native is both moral and honest, and has a very distinct opinion of right and wrong. If these natives could be trained by some one who thoroughly understood them and their customs, they would most certainly make a fine body of men, and be a very welcome addition to the British Army. Every native village and district has its chief, and to him all quarrels and disputes are taken. His decision is always law and he is supreme in his district. Even family matters are taken to him for his advice which is always acted upon.

But orders to embark having arrived, we must leave our natives in their native land and speed down country again to the ship which will carry us back to the "home of the brave and free."

PIPE-LIGHTING.

By Lance-Corporal S. F. Moss.

THE methods of lighting a pipe are numerous and varied — enough to form a new science. Matches often became scarce and were sometimes an unknown article, so "necessity was the mother of invention."

If a chap had a match and wished to light up during a match famine, he gave warning of his intention to those around him. Those fortunate enough to possess ammunition immediately charged pipes, and then the match was struck. If the number of would-be smokers was large, several armed themselves with long pieces of paper, one piece being lit from another piece. In this way a brigade might light up.

If no one had a match, pipes might still be lit in several ways. We could go to the cook's fire (?), pick up a red hot ember and drop it on the tobacco. We could unscrew the object glass from our field glasses and use it as a burning glass. This method is handy, as the sun shines almost every day and all day long. We could take out the bullet from a cartridge and touch a pipe already lit with a piece of cordite and so light up ourselves. Then, again, a few embers are loosened in a lit pipe and dropped on another. The owner of the latter exerted his powers of suction to the uttermost, and by the time his complexion had taken a brilliant crimson hue, he was able to hide said complexion behind clouds of smoke.

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COMPANY DETACHMENT.

AT TALANA HILL, DUNDEE, AND GREGORY'S NEK.

By Lance-Sergeant Hunt.

"HALLO! What's this ragged and hungry-looking crew coming?"

"Where have they come from, and who are they?"

"Why, they are the South Lancashire Volunteer Company going home."

"They have been with General Buller and the 5th Division since last March and have left their Regiment at De Jager's Drift."

These, and sundry other remarks could be heard when, about 4 p.m. on the 14th October, we halted at Dundee. With what light hearts our Company did that march, full of pleasant dreams of home and friends and relations! But alas these dreams were soon cut short, as messengers speedily arrived with orders that the

DUNDEE CHURCH.

(GENERAL PENN SYMONS' GRAVE NEAR FLAGSTAFF.)

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South Lancashire Volunteers were to go into the Rest Camp to await further orders; all previous orders being cancelled.

Most amusing were the excuses made amongst us for the change in our plans. The one which seemed to be believed most was that Lord Roberts wished to review all the Volunteers at Pietermaritzburg before they left for England, and he could not arrive there for about ten days. This was, however, very soon upset, as we received orders to move out to Talana Hill on the seventeenth, and take up a position there. We took things as best we could, considering that it was, after all, something of a compliment to think that we were so valuable, that we could not be spared and that there was more work for us to do.

If we had gone home then we should have had a very trying time of it on active service, as up to this we had, almost without rest, been moving the whole of the time, never having been more than a few weeks in any one place, and having done two very long and trying marches with General Hildyard and the 5th Division. With our halt at Dundee we had a change, being placed on detachment; the work being possibly a little more dangerous, but not so trying as being continually on the trek, and rations were better and more regularly supplied.

Dundee! Who could arrive at Dundee without being struck with the change which must have taken place since the war commenced? Here, possibly more than any other place in Natal, the wholesale destruction and vandalism of the Boers could be seen. When General Buller entered Dundee in May, only two houses were left unmolested, and these had been occupied by two Boer officials, the Boers having made this their base of supplies. Many of their families came to reside here, took up their residence in the best houses, commandeered all they could see, burned the Catholic Church, and did all the damage they could to private property and mining machinery. The streets they even re-named. "Kruger Street," "Botha Street," "Joubert Street," were the names up when General Buller marched in, seven or eight months after General Yule's retirement. It was here in Dundee that President Kruger, after the relief of Ladysmith, begged the burghers to continue the war, even to the bitter end, telling them that victory was most certainly theirs.

All this, however, had changed on our arrival; Dundee was beginning to regain its usual appearance and was, without doubt, a very promising place.

Standing on Talana Hill what a magnificent panorama opens out before you, and what memories it can recall! In the distance can be seen Indumeni, 7,200 feet high, Hlatikulu Kopje, the Impati Range, whilst nearer can be seen the spot where General Penn Symons fell, which is now marked by a sort of pyramid.

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Close by is the donga where the first officer killed in the war fell, and Smith's farm, in whose grounds are the graves of the brave men who gave their lives in the first engagement in the war. Here also can be seen the open veldt, across which the Boers brought a lot of their artillery and munitions of war with which to besiege Ladysmith. Near here stands the farm from which Dundee loyalists, and the troops under orders from General Yule, commenced their night march of forty miles to Elandslaagte on 22nd October, 1899, and thence to Ladysmith. What

TALANA HILL.

this march was like it would be hard to realise. It certainly is one of the most remarkable on record for it was accomplished under most trying conditions, through a terrible country, most of the time in very heavy tropical rain, every man's clothes wet through, the roads deep in mud and the men on short rations, the last twenty-four hours being done with one biscuit per man. Truly these men were heroes, of which they gave many further proofs in the subsequent operations.

Men left their homes and property, the troops left a brave general buried in St.

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James's Churchyard, 221 comrades either killed or wounded, and 220 Mounted Infantry and Hussars prisoners. They also left their hospital with sick and wounded and their camp equipment in the hands of the enemy. Truly this was not a very good beginning of the war.

But here we are, twelve months after, doing honour to the dead. It is Talana Day, and all the graves bear silent testimony to the feeling of the people of Dundee and Natal, who have simply covered the graves with the choicest wreaths

CONTINUATION OF TALANA HILL.

and crosses that can be produced. Even the natives seem to enter into this tribute of homage to our departed heroes.

Our stay, however, in this now historic place was only to be very short as, on the twenty-third, we marched out to occupy Gregory's Nek, about eight miles away, situated between Dundee and De Jager's Drift, and through which all the supplies for Vryheid, Blood River, &c., had to pass from Dundee. This was an important place, as one convoy had already been captured nearer Vryheid,

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and the wagons burnt by the Boers. However, after several days of hard work, fortifying, trench making, sangar building, and making the place secure against attack, we were enabled to have some well-earned rest.

Often when on detachment at a place like this, we have been inclined to think that our Commanding Officer would make a good designer of puzzle gardens, as the places were full of tricky catches, it being impossible to find your way into camp at night without being caught by a sentry or some barbed wire, which would set a lot of tin cans rattling, or trap you in some way or other.

Rather a peculiar duty was the first we got on sighting Gregory's Nek. We received orders to go out to a bit of a wood, and bring in a man who had gone off his head and was not quite safe to be left to himself. This was done very nicely, and did not cause much excitement.

We, however, launched out into quite a big way here, having our own scouts and native despatch riders; also transport and water carts, mules, &c., together with native transport drivers. After a few days' stay we also boasted a couple of horses and a stray mule (who will be remembered by many members of our Company for years to come), and a canteen which would have made a good curio for the Brewers' Exhibition.

The canteen steward had a most difficult and trying time. His orders were not to sell a lot of beer, as is the custom; but the president, who was most exact, used to work out rather peculiar problems as to the number of days a barrel of beer would last, at one pint a man per day. Somehow or other he never got the barrel and his answer to agree. I am afraid he had not had sufficient practice in brewers'

GREGORY'S NEK.

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arithmetic. Just imagine Lancashire men, from towns like Warrington, St. Helens and Widnes, with despatch riders, messengers and Lancashire Tommies, calling and passing along this road, every day! Is it surprising that sometimes they were put temporarily on the strength of the detachment? I rather think this is how he got his figures mixed a bit; he never counted these.

It is most surprising wherever you go you almost always meet Warrington men. We met several here passing through; one had left home twenty-five years ago and made several inquiries about different places in the town and people he had known. He, like most Warrington men in South Africa, was serving his Queen and country (in the Natal Mounted Rifles), having been in the field since the war commenced.

How quickly the time seemed to go here! We had regular outposts and guards with, occasionally, a convoy to escort to De Jager's Drift, and every week a concert, with little shooting excursions, football matches, and visits to neighbouring Kaffir villages, collecting curios and exploring the country round. A new lot of clothing was issued to us; and, better than anything, we were joined by our draft, who, although landing in the country in June, only reached us here. They were exceedingly welcome as, in addition to coming from home, they helped us with our duties, and were all more or less good athletes, could sing a good song, and spin a good yarn.

Whilst we were here, General Buller took farewell of the Natal Field Force, which ceased to exist after the following order published 19th October:—

> The Natal Field Force ceases to exist as a separate command from this date.
>
> In making this announcement, General Sir Redvers Buller desires to express his grateful thanks to all officers, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the force, for their unvarying support and constant co-operation.
>
> The task set before the Natal Field Force was no small one. It has been successfully accomplished—though with the loss of many dear friends and gallant comrades—by the valour, endurance, and splendid discipline of the troops, and the admirable organisation of the lines of communication.
>
> To command such a force has been the greatest possible pleasure, and Sir Redvers Buller regrets deeply that he has not been able to tell each and all of them how much he has gloried in the honour of being their commander.

We were also visited by General Hildyard, with his staff, who expressed himself well satisfied with the dispositions of our Commanding Officer. We were, however, very soon to be on the move, as we received orders to march out to Dundee again, and entrain for Sunday's River Bridge, to guard it against possible railway wreckers, and relieve a company of Royal Irish Fusiliers. We were almost sorry to leave Gregory's Nek; but orders are orders, and Sunday's River was a very notorious place, and gave us still another opportunity of seeing the Boer positions and the battlefield of Elandslaagte.

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OUR SECOND LONG TREK UNDER GENERAL HILDYARD.

By Sergeant A. W. Dutton.

WE were still garrisoning the hill called Gras Kop, when the order came to move. We had been suffering from the severe stress of the weather, mostly wind and rain. Thunderstorms seemed to be quite the order just at that time with an occasional duststorm in between as a kind of variation. Anyhow, the air was moist with past rains, and clouded over ready for rains to come and I, for one, expected daily to record in my diary the gloomy entries "Rain;" "Rain;" "Rain." It was 29th August, in the year 1900 (it had been raining for over twenty-four hours), when our detachment, under Major Adam (happy detachment!) got orders to be ready to move at short notice. We were ready!—ready, even then. For who is not ready to move in South Africa, the land of treks and sudden actions? At noon, next day, we could see a small column of about three companies wending their way, with bag and baggage, up the fairly steep sides of the Kop, from the direction of Sandspruit, on the railway. It was a detachment of the Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment. Everything was soon handed over to them, including marked ranges, position of trenches, &c., and at 4.30 p.m., weather still threatening, we marched off, partly sorry at leaving the "old Kop," yet glad to go to "pastures new." The regimental headquarters were at Sandspruit Station, and there we made our way, pitching our tents, in the dark, alongside other companies of the Regiment, and as far as possible, in the same alignment as the ground and darkness would allow. The little march thoroughly fatigued us, as we had been on garrison duty and line of communications some seven weeks, and it was somewhat late the next morning when we rose—though reveillé sounded at the usual unearthly hour. The weather now had turned out much finer, and we were again under orders to move the camp to a position south-east of the present camp, where the Lancashire Brigade, with Cavalry and Engineers, was mobilising. Some of us unlucky boys had unfortunately collared a wrong tent, during the last move, which we found belonged to a certain lieutenant of the Regiment, and who insisted upon our making a speedy change for the worse (to us). Our tents, previous to the seven weeks' march, had not been marked in any way, and when the tents arrived we had to put up with any that had been left. If we got hold of a good one, some one always came and claimed it.

On Saturday, 1st September, we struck camp at noon, marching off at two o'clock to Clutterbuck Hill, where the mobilisation took place, and situate about

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half a mile from Sandspruit. Here the camp was pitched in regular and regimental order. The other regiments—Lancashire Fusiliers, York and Lancaster, and Royal Lancaster Regiments—arrived soon after. On Sunday, Church Parade for the whole troops—except those on outpost—took place at 10.30 a.m., and Generals Hildyard and Wynne inspected the troops who, by the way, looked quite smart as they marched past in column of fours, though they were the same ragged mob which arrived at Standerton a couple of months back. To facilitate the transport of baggage, &c., one blanket per man (leaving us still one each), was returned to stores, while all heavy baggage, and spare kits were sent to Volksrust, to be stored there until such time as they would be required. Monday, the third, was spent in preliminary drill and washing, and on the fourth, reveillé sounded at 4 a.m.; camp was struck half an hour later, baggage got ready, and then we had breakfast; after which, about 6.30 a.m., we marched off. We followed that familiar route—familiar because we passed over it in the middle of June—via Gras Kop, with its new garrison, towering on our left, noticing *en route* that one or two farm houses had been blown up on account of their having harboured Boers.

We arrived at Hout's Nek, once more encamping there for the night. A path was cleared of grass round the camp to prevent as much as possible the terrible effect of the grass fire. A grass fire is almost incomprehensible to the average Englishman. Here you have miles and miles of long sun-dried grass, of khaki colour, drier than the driest straw in England. Let a spark obtain a hold and fire even a square foot, you hear the roar of the flames, are blinded with smoke and scorched with heat, almost like a lightning flash. Nothing is safe from its destructiveness. If it captures the ammunition—bang!—it goes off. Animals and men will flee before it. Dead and wounded are burnt in it. Terrible is a South African grass fire! We had three small fires at Hout's Nek and with marvellous rapidity the troops slung off their waterproof sheets, and Swish! Swish! they went on top of each flame along the ever spreading line, till it was almost under, and then, with a loud howl of delight and a hundred "hurrahs," they rushed at it with renewed vigour, like madmen in a "last lap." *Then*, the fire was out and the troops smiled to each other and gently said, "Another bar for us."

Two companies of our Regiment were on outpost at Hout's Nek, one post commanding an ugly-looking ravine, where Boers and wild animals might lurk. The sides of the ravine were steep and rocky. Huge square stones lay at the bottom as if to obstruct the stream—a roaring torrent in the rainy season—which was placid and clear-looking from above. One was tempted to climb down the steep slopes to taste such transparent-looking water, but on arrival—ugh!—two dead

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"NONE OF *THAT* WATER FOR ME!"

sheep lay polluting the water and atmosphere alike. None of *that* water for me! So I trekked back waterless, hoping to get some from a smaller stream nearer camp.

Camp struck again 5 a.m. (5th September), marching off about 6.30 this time, with three other companies of the Regiment, to escort the 4.7 guns. Tedious work. They were drawn by 18 trek oxen apiece—not galloping horses or mules as pictured in the ideal of an advancing army—but by simple and docile trek oxen, strong as lions but quiet as lambs. The Engineers, in advance, smoothed the difficult parts of the road to Wakkerstroom, where recent rains had made awkward spruits, harassing to heavy baggage and guns. A halt was called at 8 a.m. to give the beasts rest and water.

Off again at nine. At this time, the lighter 12 and 15-pounders, under the charge of the Royal Horse Artillery, were firing at some of the enemy some few miles in front. Wakkerstroom was sighted in due course, and the two 4.7 guns drawn into position on the ridge covering the town, with their escort in front, in fighting formation. Nothing "came off" though, as the town surrendered, and we marched back to rejoin our Battalion, only to be under immediate orders for outpost duty.

Had hasty tea, and then a short trek towards an ever-vanishing sky line north-east of camp and town and about a mile out. One or two farms nestled in the hills which lay before us. Our imagination told us that some hundreds of Boers lurked in those rocky hills and ridges in front of our posts. Some of the Lancaster Regiment held posts on our right flank and Irregular Cavalry on our left. Shelters and hasty covers of cut sods and soil were erected upon the grassy plain for there were no rocks or stones in the immediate vicinity of our post as has often been the case. I, along with other non-commissioned officers, were on patrol during the night, *i.e.*, visited sentries and saw that each one was on the alert and knew his duty. The night was misty, and there were no moon, rocks, trees or landmarks for our guidance.

On patrol, with two others:—

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"Where is the left flank post?"

"Where are we?"

"Lost!" is the bewildering reply.

"Hark!"—a footstep. "Look!"—a shadow.

"Halt! who goes there?" I shout out with the trusty rifle ready.

"Friend," comes a reply in a faint voice, which I recognise as that of another non-commissioned officer of the Company, who was left in camp on duty, and had brought the stimulating rum out to the men on outpost, for the night was cold. He, too, was lost, owing to the mist. The only thing to do was either to wait for daylight or keep patrolling about till one post or another was found. I chose the latter alternative and went along with my two companions, leaving the non-commissioned officer, who chose to remain (the safer plan). I, of course, led the party, keeping extended, in case of sudden surprise or attack. On reaching a thicker part of the mist, to my surprise, I found myself alone. Alone and lost! What a predicament! I kept a good look-out for my other comrades, retracing my steps, but the earth seemed to have swallowed them up. I still patrolled and for the third time I passed a bone, white and clean, lying on the veldt. What did this mean? Why simply this: I was going round in a circle all the time. Happy thought! I had a magnetic compass with me, given to me by a considerate friend, and to guide myself by it was an easy matter, as the face of the compass was luminous. I knew the direction of the camp and "steered" my way there. A shadow appeared in front, white and full of life. It was a terrier; somebody quite near evidently. As I moved cautiously along, now and then lying flat on the ground, I saw a darker shadow—looking like a group of horses in the mist. Boers or friends? Ready for anything! With rifle at the charge, I challenge. "Friend," comes the reply.

It was the left flank piquet of the Royal Lancaster Regiment, and I was in front! It was an easy matter now to find my own piquet, the sentry pointing out the direction on his left. Arrived safely at the first piquet, I reported to the Captain what had occurred, and passed on to No. 2 (my own piquet in charge of the subaltern), having been away over four hours. The other two had managed to find the piquet an hour before, so all were safe. Such is one of the dangers of outpost.

We "stood to arms" at 4 a.m. till daybreak, when the greater part of the outpost retired to camp. Our (No. 2) piquet, being central, was selected for "observation," and was left out till relieved by another company at night, about 5.30 p.m. The Battalion had been under arms all day ready for any emergency,

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there having been a lot of snipers about. Mr. J. Taylor (S.C.A.), the indefatigable soldiers' friend, held a short and most impressive service at night.

The Orderly Sergeant, as "knocker up," came round the tents at 4.45 a.m. (7th September) for us to "stand to arms." There we stood, ready on the least alarm! From 5 a.m. till broad daylight (about an hour) standing to arms—a necessity, as recent attacks on British posts still show.

Camp was struck at 7.30, and the Volunteers marched off to escort the field guns to a new position to the south of the town, where the camp was to be re-pitched. We passed through the town, pretty looking on account of its numberless peach trees covered with blossom. Boer women and girls stood at the doors of their houses, speechless with wonder at the guns passing through. Arrived at new position and skirmished in front of guns till dark, when we retired and pitched our tents in line with those of the Regiment.

"Stood to arms" again the following morning (8th September), and at 6.30 a.m. the Volunteers paraded for town guard. The left half company took the bridge, examining guards and town patrol, whilst the right half occupied the various kopjes covering the north-east of the town. General Wynne (General Officer Commanding Lancashire Brigade) and his staff visited the post during the day. The guard being relieved by the York and Lancaster Regiment (who were garrisoning the town), we retired at 6.30 a.m. on the morning of the ninth, and found all tents struck and the Battalion ready to march off. Usual hasty breakfast, and off again "on the trek" at 8 a.m., forming the baggage and rear guard. Oh, what slow marching, overtaking the wagons, then halting (facing the rear); these numberless halts adding to the fatigue of the march. Steep hills and rough roads seemed to be the order of the day. It was, as usual, very hot and dusty. Curious columns of dust, called "dust devils," waved—or should I say stalked?—along, driven by the whirlwind. Tracts of grass here and there were burning briskly, fanned by the wind, and great hills and ugly kopjes stood threatening all round. The view indeed was splendid, but such as is only seen every day in the South-East Transvaal.

It was 8 o'clock and dark when we arrived on the outskirts of the camp, and we marched in whistling to the regimental march, "Cock o' the North," and such-like tunes, till we found our Regiment. This place was called Groenvlei (Green Valley), not a town or a village, but simply, as the name implies, a valley, with a farm and a few Kaffir kraals.

Up again in the morning (10th September) at half-past three. With two and

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a half biscuits and ½lb. bully beef for rations, we, the Volunteers, with H Company, marched off about 4 a.m.—after having packed away tents, blankets, and coats, on the wagons—to some ridges about a mile off our camp. Our duty was to relieve the outpost (Royal Lancaster Regiment), stationed there, for their breakfast. Of course we had not had ours—it was to follow later on. A stiff climb it was, up those rocky ridges. We retired about 8 a.m., and had breakfast (cold), and formed Rear Guard, the troops having marched off about an hour before. We were relieved, as a rear guard, by the Lancashire Fusiliers, and marched up in fours to join the Regiment. Several halts took place on account of continued sniping, and the heavy guns were firing somewhere in front. We arrived about 6 p.m. at a very narrow, steep and rocky road, called Langewacht Pass, where baggage, bullocks, horses, guns and soldiers straggled painfully along in indescribable confusion. Camp lights were seen ahead, but on account of the terrible winding of the road, we must have marched six miles before we got to the site of the camp. What a back-breaking journey it was, that awful scramble! Our Company was the first to arrive. We formed up in position (as rear company of Battalion in column), waiting for the remainder, who straggled in by twos and threes. Everything arrived safe and camp was pitched. We got tea about 12.30 midnight.

Next morning, the eleventh, after the usual "stand to arms" we managed to indulge in the luxury of a wash, in a stream running quite close to camp! Camp struck, we marched off again at 10.30 a.m., this time as Baggage Guard. The only thing to relieve the monotony of a Baggage Guard is to amuse oneself by listening to the blood-curdling yells of the Kaffir and Cape boys, with their long bamboo whips, which they crack now and then over one of the wavering animals. Baggage halted at noon to water the mules and bullocks. Up till now, this day's march had been on fairly level ground, but the last six miles was down a road something similar to the one on the previous day. Utrecht could be seen lying miles below us and the road, which was in fairly good condition, wound round and round. We managed to reach the town about seven in the evening; marched through and halted on a position to the south of the town. The people of this interesting village (for it is nothing more) wondered at such a mighty host, passing through their streets; indeed they asked if the British Army was passing through, though it was only one brigade. Baggage, &c., arrived towards 11.30 p.m., and camp was pitched about midnight. The next few days we were still stationed at Utrecht. The village is very pretty-looking, the houses are all of one storey and the principal building is the church—all the towns we have visited are similar in this respect. I noticed that the clock was made in London. Historical monuments are in the graveyard here, some pertaining to the Zulu War and others to 1881. A large

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spruit is situated on the edge of the town, which is entered from the Natal side by a sandy drift, dry at this time of the year. We obtained water for washing and cooking from this spruit. We had "hot fresh-meat dinners" whilst stationed here. Church Parade was held close to a Kaffir chapel on Sunday, 16th September, Generals Hildyard and Wynne attending.

The following day (17th September), we were up at 4 a.m., striking camps and marching off about an hour afterwards. The ground here was generally level, but numberless rain spruits interrupted the march. We halted for an hour and a half for dinner under an avenue (the first we had seen here) of blue gum trees, and gathered lemons from a neighbouring farm. Camp was pitched about eight miles further on, on a level stretch of country—the immediate district being known as Grootvlei.

The 18th found us marching as advance guard, and we arrived at Blood River, known historically through its connection with the Zulu War. A wooden bridge spanned the deep river, and a party of the Natal Border Mounted Rifles, under General Dartnell, watched us pass, they having ridden in with a convoy from Natal. A few miles further, and we passed a wooden cross erected to the memory of those poor fellows in Bethune's Mounted Infantry, who were treacherously cut up before General Buller's advance on Laing's Nek. Camp was pitched at about four miles distance from, yet within sight of, that modern looking town of Vryheid. The Volunteer Company were on outpost here, and upon the troops passing in the morning, they formed up as Rear Baggage Guard, and arrived and camped near the town, at the foot of a high ridge about noon. We stayed here for over a fortnight, taking our turn every three days, in climbing the steep and rocky ridge, to go on observation and outpost. One day, a Boer patrol came quite close to a farm in front, and was shelled by a naval gun on the top of a kopje which covered both farm and town. The Boers, of course, "scooted," as they usually do. Here, in the hills overlooking the town, defences were erected and trenches dug for the protection of the garrison to be left behind. Convoys from Dundee had to be met and escorted to Vryheid. Outgoing convoys also had to be escorted part way, the responsibility of escort being handed over to other parties when a certain distance (about six miles) was reached. We "stood to arms" every day at 4.30 a.m. till daylight, and usually Rifle Inspections (a necessity) were held. The temperature just at this time was very high, often running to 100degs. and 104degs. in the shade.

A reconnaissance was out on the 1st October from 4.30 a.m. till 9.30 and all arms were on the alert, the Boers having been reported rather close. On the 3rd

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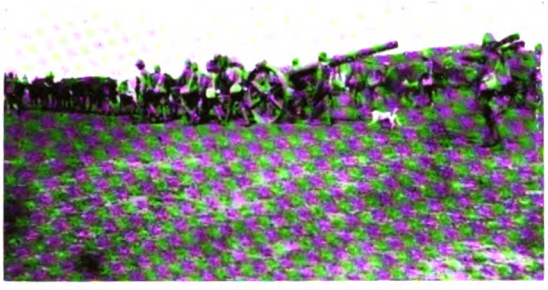
October, the Volunteers had to go on detachment on a few low-lying kopjes (dubbed "Appleton Hill"), for observation and defence. We moved in wretched drizzling weather, and erected defences immediately upon arrival.

On the sixth, all troops except the garrison (Royal Lancaster Regiment) struck camp and marched off to Blood River. The Volunteers' duty in this march was to escort the two 4.7 guns (left flank). Numbers of Boers were observed in the hills on the right flank just after leaving the town.



A 4.7 GUN ON THE MARCH.

We stayed encamped at Blood River for a week, but as Commandant Botha was reported in the vicinity, no one could leave the camp bounds. Everyone had to be ready. The duststorms seemed fairly thick in this district, and, day by day, we had the none too pleasant dust and sand pattering the sides of the tent—getting under the curtain and making it generally unbearable.

We heard here that the City Imperial Volunteers had gone home. "Were *we* going too?" was the question asked. It seemed like it, for anticipation reached fever heat when on Friday the twelfth all parades and fatigues were cancelled for our particular Company. Late at night we got the order to parade at 3.45 a.m. next day, to escort while *en route* for home, a convoy to Dundee.

Subsequent events, written elsewhere, will show whether we went or stayed—it is sufficient, for present purposes, to say that General Hildyard's Last March (to date) was over when we left our comrades, the Regulars.

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THE TREK OX.

By Captain Appleton.

TREK OXEN.

SOUTH AFRICA has introduced Mr. Atkins to a creature called the Trek Ox, to which noble beast he learns on closer acquaintance that he owes much.

Alive, in company with his pals in a team of twelve to sixteen, he, with the heavy yoke upon his great neck, drags along in his huge wagon, with patient majesty, many articles, some of which are necessaries and many of them luxuries to Tommy on Active Service—guns, great coats, blankets, reserve ammunition, biscuits, bully, bread, rum, (possibly) parts of his deceased brethren, now known as "fresh meat" are dragged over the veldt by that much-lashed, often "umbargied" (hurried up), seldom "ah noed" (halted), iron-muscled animal, the Trek Ox.

Dead, his poor body, tanned and toughened by his life of trek into something like leather, is issued to Tommy as one of his occasional luxuries—fresh meat.

His whole life, and perchance his death, seems like an object lesson to a soldier in patience and discipline. With patient eye and marvellous discipline, with scarcely a word from his Kaffir driver, he relinquishes the sweet veldt grass, only just drying in the early morning sun and so made palatable to him; falls into his place in the ranks of his team; and gently bends his giant neck to the yoke. Patient still are those great eyes when his parched and water-yearning throat must be verily tortured by drops of water splashed up by his weary feet in the spruit as he is lashed down one donga to force the strained rush of the team which must land the laden wagon or gun on the further bank. If perchance condemned to give his poor body for Tommy's fresh meat ration on the morrow, a bullet will flash between those tired eyes almost as soon as his yoke is slipped and he is dreaming of water and sweet grass.

And then as winter approaches, and grass becomes scarcer and less nourishing,

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and his iron muscles shrink to a mere flabby shadow of their former might, he drops from very exhaustion at his post of duty in the ranks; the yoke is hastily slipped, and now of no further use he sinks wearily down on the veldt too much worn out even to care to stretch his tired head down to the grass at last his very own. There he lies with no companion save the wheeling *aasvogel*, or South African vulture, scarce waiting for breath to leave his certain prey to begin his gorge. Then, with all he thought his friends growing into a mere speck on the horizon, begins that weary wait for the only possible relief—death.

As Tommy passes by, weary too and heart-hardened by his long trek, the liquid of those still patient eyes brings something like a moistening of his own, tired and dust-choked as they are, and teaches, perhaps almost unconsciously, a lesson of duty and discipline.

Possibly, as in the case of many of his human superiors, the virtues attributed to the Trex Ox are overrated or at least exaggerated; yet even so, who will say that one of God's noble creatures has lived and died in vain?

A SANDSTORM.

By Lance-Corporal S. F. Moss.

SOUTH AFRICA is deficient in moisture, causing those who live in the open to suffer both from thirst and from duststorms. If the wind blows at all strongly, clouds of dust rise from the veldt and in windy weather the life of Tommy Atkins is rendered thoroughly uncomfortable. The dust fills every cranny about him, his eyes, nose, mouth, hair, neck, and clothes. Rifles cannot be kept clean, and are sometimes so thickly covered that it is impossible to fire them. The dust finds its way into the rations and everything goes down with a gritty taste. A fellow feels something like a sandbag. Then it is impossible to see more than a few yards. Occasionally one can hear a biscuit tin about two feet long bounding in his direction, being borne along by the force of the wind. Judging from the interval between the bumps on the ground it sounds as if the tin were doing twenty yards at a leap. It cannot be seen as the dust is so thick, and all a fellow can do is to turn his back to the sound and trust in Providence. A sigh of relief escapes as the noise fades again. After a few hours' sleep a man is a mass of dust. If it be true that we are all compelled to swallow a peck of dust before dying then the troops in South Africa are qualified for an early death.

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SPORTS AND RECREATION.

THE COMPANY ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM, LADYSMITH.

THE Company were generally to the fore in sports and games.

On the voyage out, a good share of events in the sports fell to members of the Company.

In South Africa football was the favourite game, and rounders came second; cricket was very little played, except at Talana Hill, where a wave of cricket passed over the Company.

Fishing was popular, and especially so at Albertina, where three of our "posts" were on the river. A little eel (or snig) catching took place in the Klip River at Ladysmith. Swimming was always popular in the Company, and there were a good many fine swimmers in our ranks.

The following is a list of the chief football matches played by the Company:—

	Goals.			Goals.	Result.	Where played.
Company	1	*v.*	H Company, 1st South Lancashire	1	drawn	Leeuwkop.
,,	1	*v.*	Composite Infantry Company	0	won	Tin Town.
,,	2	*v.*	Edinburgh R.G.A. (Militia)	0	won	Tin Town.
,,	3	*v.*	Edinburgh R.G.A. and Composite Co.	0	won	Tin Town.
,,	0	*v.*	Royal Lancaster Volunteer Company	0	drawn	Tin Town.
,,	1	*v.*	Ladysmith Town	2	lost	Ladysmith.
,,	4	*v.*	R.A.M.C. (Tin Town Hospital)	0	won	Tin Town.
,,	3	*v.*	R.A.M.C. (Tin Town Hospital)	0	won	Tin Town.
,,	3	*v.*	Royal Lancaster Volunteer Company	1	won	Tin Town.
,,	1	*v.*	14th Hussars	0	won	Albertina.
,,	1	*v.*	14th Hussars	0	won	Albertina.
,,	0	*v.*	14th Hussars	1	lost	Albertina.
,,	4	*v.*	73rd Battery, R.F.A.	0	won	Albertina.
Total ...	24			5		

Matches played, 13; won, 9; lost, 2; drawn, 2.

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The Company was very conspicuous in the sports on board the *Custodian* coming home. Private S. Ratcliffe was our heavy weight boxer, and Private Caslin, who nearly succeeded in carrying off the first prize in his class, was our champion light weight.

We were also well to the front in concerts and other entertainments.

FOOTBALL PRACTICE.

SWIMMING GALA, SUNDAY'S RIVER.

The South Lancashire Volunteer Service Company determined that if they were permitted to spend Christmas on Sunday's River, in the company of their own Company, which they naturally preferred to any other, they would make it as enjoyable and as merry a day as possible. This, however, was not to be, and the Officer Commanding received orders to move into Ladysmith on 20th December. One of the items on our Christmas programme was a swimming gala, which we determined, however, to hold on Tuesday, Dec. 18th, 1900. Imagine, if you can, while shivering in Lancashire, an 18th December so hot that the rocks blistered your bare feet and the sand made you do "knees up" down the river bank in double time. The flies evidently thought a cannibal festival was taking place, and came in large numbers to feast on the roasting and blistered backs and necks of South Lancashire Volunteers; and fearing that the Boers might also arrive to join in the feast, in revenge for all their babies which they thought the "Rooinek Roasters" had devoured, we all went down to the river, with rifles and bayonets. We had simply lived in the water here, and donned with great regret even our scanty uniform of shirt, trousers and hat, which had been the regulation kit when off duty. We got up a small sick parade each morning to satisfy the conscience of our worthy doctor (Dr. Gilroy), a civilian doctor "from Birmingham," whose work mainly consisted in pulling out a tooth or two, or carefully examining a bruised big toe. He, however, smilingly administered a golden pill to the whole Company toward the swimming prizes, and kept remarking to the Captain: "You know I am no use here"; and to look at the brown and healthy limbs of the Company one could not help agreeing with him. We had a first-class bath in a long deep stretch of the river above the bridge for experts, with diving boards, &c., and a second-class bath in a

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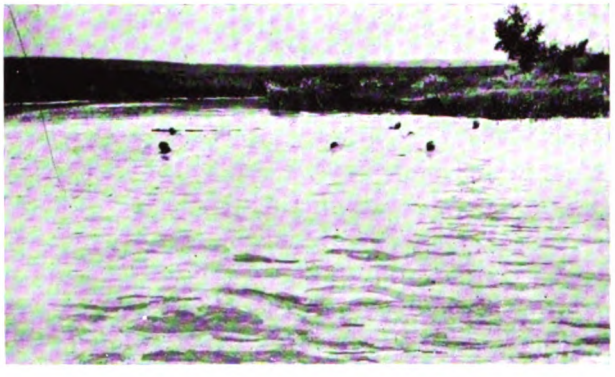
stretch of the river about five feet deep below the bridge, where those who could only swim a little struggled to improve themselves; and the non-swimmers soon began to throw away the non—in this way they were encouraged and helped by their more accomplished comrades.

The following was the programme of events :—

Costume Race.—Each man to swim about 60 yards in helmet, tunic, trousers, and boots: 1, Private W. Ashton; 2, Private T. Lowe.

Second-Class Race.—Fifty yards, swum in three heats: 1, Private W. Pendlebury; 2, Bugler Sephton; 3, Lance-Corporal Massey.

Novices' Race.—Across the river and back again: 1, Private T. B. Allen; 2, Private Dakin; 3, Private Lowcock.



THE RACE.

First-Class Race.—One hundred yards handicap: 1, Private W. Ashton, giving 20 seconds; 2, Lance-Corporal J. Fishwick, giving 12 seconds; 3, Private T. Lowe, giving 12 seconds.

Neat Diving Competition.—1, Private T. Lowe; 2, Privates J. E. Booth, Higham and Marsden.

Sectional Squadron Race.—1, No. 2 section, giving 40 seconds, Privates Ashton, Lowe, 7045 F. Hughes, Thomas, J. Allen, and Higham; 2, No. 4 section, Lieutenant Robson, Lance-Corporals Massey and Mercer, Privates J. E. Booth, Pendlebury, and Ratcliffe.

Grand Polo Match, under N.S.A. and South African Rules. Fishwick's Team v. Ashton's Team.—Fishwick's team: Lance-Corporal Fishwick (captain), 7045 Privates F. Hughes, W. Pendlebury, S. Ratcliffe, 7028 J. Allen, W. Taylor (goal), Byrne, and Woodward. Ashton's team: Privates W. Ashton (captain), T. Lowe, Lieutenant E. Robson, Lance-Corporal J. Lee (goal), Private T. Bate, Sergeant Dutton, Privates J. E. Booth, and H. Higham. Fishwick's team won by seven goals to four.

The programme was carried out with the usual good temper of the "Merry

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Men," so truly christened such by Major Adam, who knows them well. The costume race was most amusing, and was no easy task, especially for those taking part in the subsequent events. The dripping heroes were photographed by Lieutenant Lewis and the doctor on reaching *terra firma*. The novices' race was easily won by Private T. B. Allen, who has now left that class for ever. The second-class race was very well contested, and was won after a hard struggle by Private Pendlebury. The first-class race was won in magnificent style by Private W. Ashton, though heavily handicapped, and all agreed that he, who is undoubtedly the finest swimmer in the Company, thoroughly deserved it—and it was no mean feat to beat two such good men as Lance-Corporal Fishwick and Private T. Lowe. Private F. Hughes was a very good fourth. The diving competition, for which there were over twenty entries, was very hard to judge as the diving was very good throughout, and there was very little to choose between the four men receiving prizes and several others who ran them very close. The sectional squadron race was well contested, but there was little doubt that the best section won. The polo match, though perhaps not first-class polo, was most amusing, and caused much

Kisch] "THE PHOTO." [Ladysmith.

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fun to the teams and spectators, and will never be forgotten by either the one or the other. Lieutenant Lewis acted as M.C., and the Company thoroughly appreciated his energy and hard work and honest endeavour to make the gala the success it undoubtedly was. The photographers were busy during the day and the polo teams were duly taken. One photo (possibly for private circulation only) was a group of some of our most stalwart men in Kaffir full dress, which seemed to cause tremendous amusement to the real article looking on, as it did to the white spectators also.

Cooke & Son] [Warrington.

PRIVATE CASLIN, COMPANY LIGHT-WEIGHT.

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A CAMP CONCERT.

By Captain Appleton.

Gregory's Nek, Natal, October, 1900.

FOOTBALL, cricket, rounders, and quoits, are Tommy's chief recreations during the day, and, however scorching the sun may be, you hear the thud of a football, and your tent is probably shaken by a hurried and friendly visit from the ball careering among your tent ropes; and out you rush, hoping to get in a kick before its ardent and devoted follower.

Occasionally, however, when possible, an evening's recreation in the form of a "Camp Smoker" takes place and a description of one gives a fair idea of all.

The Junior Sub goes round collecting talent in the afternoon and calls for a wood-cutting party for a camp fire. It is a "Rum Night" and, when the fire is lighted two camp kettles, or "dixies," are filled with water, and put near the blaze until their merry and popular song summons the friendly spirit.

At 7.30, in a secluded corner among the rocks and trees, where the fire is screened from slim Brother Boer, the fun begins. Seated on rocks, with the Chairman (again our indispensable Junior Sub) enthroned on a mahogany horse-hair chair, and his brother officers supporting him upon wooden boxes, the programme is begun, and not until the concert is fairly launched does one realise what good voices and choruses can be produced from among a small garrison in South Africa.

"Grace Darling," "Marguerita," "Let me like a Soldier fall," "Off to Philadelphia," "The Irish Jubilee," "A Hunting Song," "The Diver"; two most dramatic recitations by the Gunner Trumpeter (aged 16) viz., "On sentry go" and "A Tragedy"; a Kipling Recitation—"The Church Bells"—with an impromptu topical verse by the Master Cook, were some of the items on the programme. The voices and execution, without any accompaniment, were wonderfully good from among about 60 men.

Here, on a South African kopje, some 7,000 miles from Old England, are seated a body of men, all of whom, of their own free will, have come out, proud to serve their Queen and Country and to take their small share in upholding the Empire. Their bronzed, sun and weather-tanned faces, lit up by the fire glow, seem to form a picture which could only have been painted by one master—freedom—the God-inspired freedom of our own dear home-land and those greater home-lands across the sea.

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One song introduces "Home, Sweet Home." Mark the softening of those war-hardened faces! Again, quite unexpectedly, comes into a song "Auld Lang Syne." Involuntarily all spring to their feet, and, with crossed hands, the circle is linked and the chorus twice repeated, and no old acquaintance is here forgot.

At nine p.m. the second issue of rum punch is dished out, and the senior officer proposes "The Queen." All spring to attention and drink that never wearying toast amid one true tuneful ring of "The Queen: God bless her!" Then follows one verse of the National Anthem, sung, as perhaps only soldiers or sailors on Active Service—realising as they never realised before the honour of serving, in their war-ragged uniform, her whom every Englishman loves and reveres the older he gets—can sing it. The anthem reminds them of that Queen, who as each hair silvers and each furrow deepens, seems to draw deeper and deeper still of the well of love and reverence in each of her children's hearts, and weaving into that love her golden thread, unselfish, pure and true—England, Home and Duty. No truer prayer than that heartfelt "God bless her!" from a South African kopje, ever went up to God.*

In a few minutes the fire is stamped out and "Lights Out" sounded on the poor little whistle, since bugles must be dumb whenever watchful Brother Boer and his innumerable spies (both Black and White) are round about. Nothing is heard but the quiet challenge of sentries to the visiting patrol and the chirrup of the cricket and the croak of the frog.

THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.

DIED JANUARY 22, 1901.

* We heard of the death of our dear old Queen on January 24th at Tin Town, Ladysmith; the feeling was that everyone had lost a second mother, and it was hard to realize that we were no longer wearing the Queen's uniform.

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A VISIT TO BULWANA.

By Lance-Corporal S. F. Moss.

IT was Sunday. Having no duty to perform, I proposed a ramble to Umbulwhana, or Bulwana, as we always call it. The expedition proved too formidable to all except one. You must know that this kopje lies four or five miles from Ladysmith, although it only looks half a mile distant. But copy books tell us that appearances are deceptive, so I try to believe what isn't true. That is true faith, is it not?

Well, we set out after due preparations—sloucher, glasses, stick, as little clothing as possible, smoking tackle (you bet). A bee line was made for the left corner of the hill—it is flat. After proceeding a short distance, we could not resist inspecting sangars and other fortifications. The amount of work in them is tremendous. It must have taken hundreds of men months to make them. When Long Tom was in his glory these hills were his nearest mark. The trenches and walls form a perfect labyrinth and the latter are often a couple of

Middlebrook] LONG TOM FIRING UPON LADYSMITH FROM BULWANA. [Durban.

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yards thick and sometimes even more. In this particular place both extend about a quarter of a mile. It will be seen from this that war doesn't consist merely of fighting. One man said that his work made his hands rougher, harder, and blacker than ever they had been at Dallam. We spent an hour here, looking around, looking at the names of soldiers and of regiments cut into the stones. We could have spent the whole day thus, but we tore ourselves away to accomplish the object of our journey.

Lower down the hills is barbed wire, and it also lies in several places on every kopje around Ladysmith. As the first man approaches he calls out "Wire," and then follows an exhibition of high-stepping. As we crossed the level country before reaching our goal we saw several old camping grounds. In one of the trenches we found over a hundred rounds of British ammunition. Notice my circumspect choice of the word "British," in order that no gentle reader may cavil. The next object of interest was a dried-up watercourse. The bed and banks were cut into all imaginable shapes. There were a few examples of perched blocks. Our ingenuity was fully exercised in inventing theories for all we saw.

The closer we got to Bulwana the higher and steeper it seemed to become. We were fairly in for it, but decided to take the hill by easy stages and not to kill ourselves—a wise resolution, all must admit. The climb began in earnest. We rested several times after rendering ourselves perfectly breathless. During one of the halts we saw half a dozen blacks pass along the foot of the mountain in real war paint. They carried shields and spears, feathers in their hair, and no superfluous apparel. We speculated on our chances should they attack us.

The last part of the ascent was almost perpendicular, and it required the use of tooth and talon to move upward at all. The view from the summit rewarded us for our trouble. Every hill around the town could be seen distinctly, so could farms, Kaffir kraals, and the winding course of the Klip and its tributaries. The first thing that surprised us was the extent of the top of Bulwana. It is about a mile and a half long and half a mile wide in parts. There were Boer sangars, remains of Boer camps, and the Boer platform, where the Boer Long Tom acted its part. We rested for half an hour on the sand bags which had protected

INTOMBI CEMETERY, UNDER BULWANA.
(Anniversary of the Relief of Ladysmith.)

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the big gun. It was now 3.30 p.m. (we set out at ten), and as we had brought nothing wet or dry with us, we hadn't added anything to our stomachical contents since 8 a.m. Then we did what the Red Indians do—had a smoke and tightened our belts. There was no prospect of getting anything until we landed in camp. On our return we saw the Klip River again. We dipped the leather cases of our glasses in the water and drank, the drink being rendered more delicious by the primitive drinking cup.

In town, to our unbounded joy and relief, we found an eating shanty open, nor did we scruple to spend our "tin" on this, the Sabbath Day. I had had my eye on a meal here all day, and immediately after collapsing on a seat I commenced to gloat. We had a royal tuck-in.

We had much difficulty in making out the various dining utensils placed upon the table, for we had been strangers so long. Then deep silence reigned and certain victuals disappeared—lost to sight though to memory dear.

We arrived in camp fully prepared to enjoy a good night's rest. Some kind soul had put down my blankets and into them I fell straightway. After a last smoke in this position I composed myself for slumber. Now for a jolly good sleep. Good-night all!

My pillow was a kit bag carrying all my worldly property. In a few minutes I was conscious of something hard pressing into my head piece. This proved to be merely the heel of a boot. Eventually I found a soft place. Now for sleep. I'm off. . . . Sleep won't come. After numerous tossings and turnings and much electrophising (coined) of the atmosphere, I gave it up as a bad job. The Goddess of Sleep rejected my suit. False jade! Wherein should I seek solace? "Ah, my Lady Nicotine, I woo thee." Pipe, tobacco, and matches were forthcoming, after many fumblings in the dark. No, another difficulty presented itself, for it was after "Lights out." Should I think of a good excuse or should I hide the light under the blankets? I decided on the latter as it is a bad thing to think and is not included in the duties of a soldier. The deed was done, and glorious clouds of ethereal film floated heavenwards.

Picture the scene. The canvas of the tent was lit up by a beautiful moon, which was just visible through it. Dim figures lay all around. All asleep, but not silent, for a harmonious trio was being rendered. Here, on the right, a deep sonorous snore escapes from some unconscious warrior's lungs. On the left, a gentle, almost inarticulate sound is perceptible, while over there an intermediate grunting smites the ear. A drowsiness crept over me. Her Ladyship's charms were working. All was oblivion.

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COMPANY COOKING.

By Lance-Corporal R. Mercer, Master Cook.

THE cooks of the Company have to be up early. On the march the time varies from 3 to 5.30 a.m., so as to get breakfast ready to enable the troops to march before the heat of day. It generally nears seven, eight, or nine o'clock before they can get to a camp ground and get tea ready. On one occasion, the cooks got breakfast ready at four and it was one o'clock the next morning before they could cook tea—nearly 24 hours. Then they were up again at 5.30 a.m. so as to be ready for another early march. The troops are served out with preserved beef or mutton and biscuits for the day, which is a luxury on the march.

In a standing camp it is more homely, as the cooks generally have to get "gunfire" (coffee) ready for 6 a.m., so that the men can go on working parade at 6.30 when there is work to be done, such as building sangars, digging trenches, making roads and whitewashing the stones, to make them visible to the patrols on dark nights. Breakfast is served at eight, when there is usually "maconochie," bacon and bread, with coffee if we are near the railway.

Dinner (at one o'clock) consists of fresh beef or mutton with potatoes, or compressed vegetables, or little tins of pea soup powder per man. The meat is cut up by the cooks into little pieces when the men have a stew, and at other times it is cut up in big pieces, according to the number of men in each tent, when they prefer to have steaks, or a roast. Tea has to be ready at 4.30 or 5 o'clock, and consists of bread and cheese. Cheese is in lieu of bacon.

After tea, the camp kettles are filled again, ready for "gunfire" in the morning, and the cook's work is finished for the day, except on concert nights, when it is a pleasure to light the big camp fire, made of branches from the trees, and see that two camp kettles are filled with water and boiled to make rum punch for the Company. This is a grand luxury—both the punch and the concert. When the concert is finished and "God Save the Queen" has been sung, the cooks see to the fire being put out. Then a jovial evening is finished, and the men seek repose with a hearty "Good night."

The senior cook always looks to the observation posts, the examining guard, and all other details getting their rations.

It is difficult to cook during rain, unless the cooks are lucky enough to get some corrugated iron, or some other sort of covering, to protect the fire.

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HOMEWARD BOUND.

By Lance-Corporal S. F. Moss.

GREAT were the rejoicings when we had definite orders for home. No one felt quite safe till the anchor was weighed and we were actually on the way home, for we had been disappointed so often. Many reserved their rejoicings till they were out of sight of the signalling station at Capetown, while our funny man said he would believe he was going home when he was inside the house with the door closed—and locked.

It was hard to realise that we were really homeward bound that we had almost finished our military life, that we were soon to see the dear ones at home.

The first day out was fine and all were flattering themselves that the sea fiend had been overcome. These hopes were rudely shaken, for the next three days were stormy indeed. First one and then another became aware of internal disquietude and sought a solitary spot far removed from the madding crowd. The wind gradually blew stronger and stronger, and the waves rose higher and higher. The ship was tossed about as if perfectly helpless, and the waves frequently washed over the deck. It was a work of art for us landlubbers to move from one part to another of the slippery deck. It was a case of grasping hold of some object on the ship for dear life, and then making a mad rush during the short time the vessel was in its normal position. Immense fun was derived from the awkward and ludicrous situations often arising from the rolling of the ship.

It was well nigh miraculous if a man preserved his equilibrium when he had both hands free. Judge, then, of the trials of the poor orderly. It was this man's duty to cross the deck from the cook-house with the tins containing the various meals. Both hands were occupied in the process. He would advance a few yards whenever the decks assumed a level position. In the intervals he planted his feet firmly, some distance apart, and performed a wonderful balancing feat, worthy of Cinquivalli himself. Fortunate was the

ORDERLY AND DINNER COME TO GRIEF.
(From a Sketch by Lance-Corporal Moss.)

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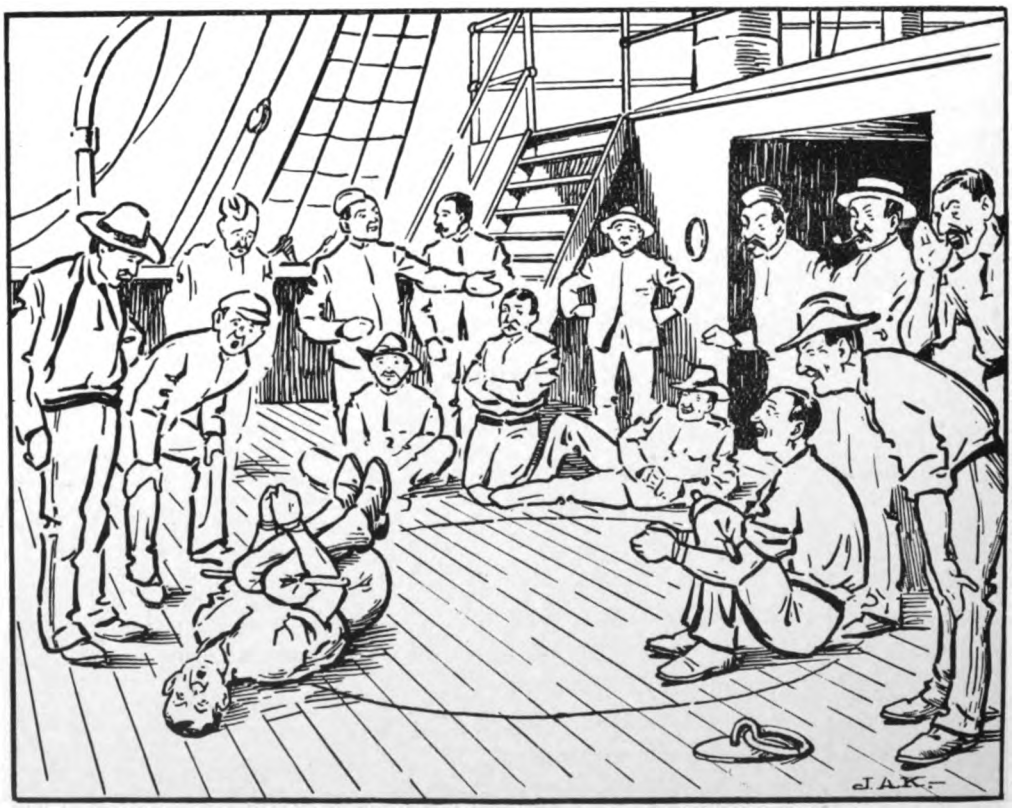
man who successfully crossed the deck. Often did his legs fly from under him and he sat down more quickly than gracefully upon the wet boards. Nor were his troubles over yet, for he had still to descend two flights of steps on his way to the mess deck, the steps practically swinging in mid-air.

The more uncomfortable things were, the faster grew the fun—a paradox. As the vessel lurched, all the dishes on the table at meals slid to the lower end. The bottom man had a good time for he had the opportunity of a choice of dinners. Kit bags were stowed up overhead, and these saw fit to fall on a fellow's head or into the middle of the table or perhaps on his plate.

The Captain of the *Custodian* brought the vessel to a standstill, so heavy was the sea, causing the propeller to rise above water. One wave struck the



COCK FIGHTING—"KNOCKED OUT."

(From a Sketch by Lance-Corporal Moss.)

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ship's side such a resounding blow that many thought we had struck a rock. Rumour says that several men gave utterance to prayers, so great was their terror.

The storm lasted three days. The remainder of the voyage was passed in fine weather and calm seas generally. We had a welcome quiet time, passing our leisure in reading, smoking, and a certain game of cards—cribbage. All day long could be heard the cry, "Fifteen two, two for a pair and one for his nob," and such like. One man—I'll name him not—used to patrol the deck with a crib board under his arm and a pack of cards in his hand. Rumour hath it that he slept with them thus. "No names, no pack drill." The long evenings were spent in attending concerts arranged impromptu, and in crib, crib, crib.

The second week saw a series of sports advertised. The events included obstacle races, riding the grey mare, cockfighting, tug-of-war, pulling the bar and boxing. The three first afforded endless amusement. About three-quarters of the entries were men of the South Lancashires, and six prizes out of eleven came to our Company, although there were five other companies on board. The scene during some of the events was a sight for the gods. The men were perched on every imaginable object; no spot which gave a holding was vacant.

Comments on the sights seen during the voyage were not great. Whales, sharks, porpoises and flying fish were looked upon with something like equanimity. So were the native divers at St. Vincent; so were the mass of jabbering humanity engaged in selling their wares at that place. Not so the first sight of England, however. Good Old England! Home at last!

RECRUITS.

By Lance-Corporal S. F. Moss.

TROOPS pass through a kind of probation during the first few weeks they spend in the country. Coming into a new land they naturally express their surprise at many things they see. If overheard by men who have been in the country some time they are immediately swooped down upon. Something ten times more wonderful is told them at full length. Should a recruit utter a single word of complaint, a whole list of most terrible woes is paraded before him. The poor fellow is lost in wonder or terror as the case may be.

During a heavy shower of rain, a recent arrival passed some remark anent the weather. He was shut up at once. About twenty older campaigners fell upon him—"Oh, this is nothing. Just wait till a couple of drops fill a canteen." For the enlightenment of the uninitiated, I may say that a canteen holds a quart.

As in this case, so it is in all others.

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Facsimile of Supplement published by the "Warrington Observer," June 15th, 1901.

Birtles] A LANCASHIRE WELCOME. [Warrington

WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE COMPANY AT THE CENTRAL STATION, WARRINGTON, JUNE 8TH, 1901.

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THE HOME-COMING.

By An Outsider.

DURING the week which ended 18th May, 1901, a good many hearts in Warrington, St. Helens, Widnes, Earlestown, and the district were rejoiced by the sudden intelligence that the First and Second Contingents had set sail for home in the steamship *Custodian*, which sailed from Port Natal, Durban, on Saturday, 11th May, 1901, the anniversary of the sailing of the Second Contingent. A meeting of the committee having charge of the reception arrangements was at once held, and a programme was drawn up with a view to giving the men a fitting welcome.

It was Friday, 7th June, before the *Custodian* reached England, and the South Lancashire Volunteers received their first welcome by means of telegraphic messages from friends and relatives who could not very well make the journey to Southampton. The following day, Saturday, was a day of great rejoicing in Warrington. The town was decorated after the Mafeking style, and the native crowds were swelled by visitors from the other places which had furnished men to the two contingents. Nothing was wanting in the heartiness of the reception that was accorded to the Company when it did arrive after hours of anxious waiting, owing to the late arrival of the train. They had a rousing cheer on arriving at the Central Station, and on their way to the barracks the huge crowds were most enthusiastic. The Mayor had requested that the public should not break into the ranks, but what is one Mayor against human nature? Mothers, sisters, brothers, and other friends of the men gave the Mayor credit for the best of intentions, but the Volunteers reached the barracks in driblets for all that. The band which accompanied them strove mightily to do its duty, and occasionally snatches of a tune could be caught, but the cheering, as a rule, held the upper hand all along the line of route.

The men were discharged and granted a month's furlough, and were allowed to proceed home on the night of their arrival. The St. Helens men reached home about midnight, and, late as was the hour and short as had been the notice of the fact that they were not to stay in barracks, there was a vast collection of townspeople in the streets to meet the wagonettes by which they travelled. Many were taken from the conveyances and carried shoulder high by their spirited admirers. When Sergeant Dutton, who led the Company, reached home on Cowley Hill, the crowd reverently joined in singing the hymn "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." There was a scene of great enthusiasm at the Volunteer Hall.

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Facsimile of Supplement published by the "Warrington Guardian," June 12th, 1901.

Birtles] THE COMPANY. [Warrington.

AFTER THE OFFICIAL WELCOME HOME BY THE MAYOR OF WARRINGTON.

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On Monday, 10th June, the whole town turned out to honour the returned men. The latter assembled at seven o'clock, and were escorted by the bands of the two regiments through cheering crowds to the Town Hall, where they were awaited by the Mayor (Councillor Forster), the Mayoress, Miss Forster, Alderman J. Beecham, Miss Beecham, Colonel McTear, Mrs. and Miss Pilkington, the Mayor of Widnes (Alderman G. Ingram Neil), and others. After a formal welcome the Mayor invited the men into the Hall, where they were entertained to dinner, and a programme similar to the one provided at Warrington was gone through.

The khaki-clad heroes who returned to Widnes witnessed a scene of great jubilation and enthusiasm. Indeed, never since Mafeking night had the wave of patriotic fervour reached such a height as it did on the evening of the 8th June, when the men were welcomed back to their native heath. At short notice the town was gaily decorated and brilliantly illuminated, and on the arrival of the Volunteers by wagonette from Warrington, about 10.30, there was a huge demonstration. A splendid reception was accorded them at the Drill Hall, the Volunteers being carried there shoulder high amid the deafening cheers of the crowds who thronged the streets. The men, a few days later, were entertained and publicly welcomed home by the Mayor.

After a pleasurable week-end spent at their homes, the Warrington men assembled at the Drill Hall on Monday and marched to the Town Hall, where they were welcomed home, and congratulated upon their services to their country by the Mayor, after which they attended a thanksgiving service at the Parish Church, conducted by the Rector.

A dinner, largely attended, and followed by such enthusiastic scenes as the occasion demanded, took place in the evening at Parr Hall. Captain Appleton, the hero of the evening, and Captain Crosfield (who had been out in command of the Manchester Company of Imperial Yeomanry) were presented with swords, and the whole of the men, including the returned ambulance volunteers, were presented with a souvenir of what must remain the most interesting portion of their lives, in the shape of a handsome framed certificate recording, in a martial setting, their valour and patriotism at a critical period of their country's history.

In making the presentation the Mayor, addressing Captain Appleton, said: "On behalf of the people of Warrington I have great pleasure in asking your acceptance of this presentation sword. I know you will receive it with great pleasure and that it will remind you of the manner in which your townsmen appreciate your devotion to your country and your services to the King."

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The memento which the town presented to the officers and men, took the form of a richly illuminated, artistically designed and capitally executed certificate, printed in many, but harmonising, colours. The top portion contained the Union Jack and the Royal Standard, the crest of the South Lancashire Regiment, and a graceful scroll showing the correct title of the Battalion to which the Company belonged. Underneath, were the portraits of Colonel Ridgway, V.D. commanding the Battalion, Major Roome (Adjutant), Captain Appleton and the Mayor, each photograph encircled by a chaste gold border. Side by side with the borough arms and motto, "*Deus dat incrementum*," was introduced the following little chapter of local history:—

Presented to

CAPTAIN APPLETON (&c.)

by his fellow townsmen, in grateful acknowledgment of his valour and patriotism, in volunteering for and serving his country in the war in South Africa. HENRY ROBERTS, Mayor, 1901.

The certificate, framed in green and gold, made a really handsome picture.

One of the events of the evening was the reading of the following letter from Sir George White, the defender of Ladysmith:—

The Convent, Gibraltar, 6th June, 1901.

DEAR MR. PIERPOINT,—

I was very sorry to miss you when you were good enough to call to say "good-bye." I wish I knew more of the services of the Warrington Volunteers, as it would enable me to be surer of my ground in meeting your wishes.

I can, however, say with perfect sincerity that, as the General Officer who commanded in Ladysmith during the siege, I feel for myself and garrison a deep obligation to the Lancashire Regiments for their splendid efforts to relieve our beleaguered garrison, and that, therefore, I can join heartily in any greeting that awaits the home coming of any sections of these regiments.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

GEORGE G. WHITE.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hall, the successor of Lieutenant-Colonel O'Leary, in the command of the 1st South Lancashire Regiment, has sent the following letter to the officers commanding the two Volunteer Battalions:—

From Officer commanding 1st South Lancashire Regiment to Officers commanding 1st and 2nd V.B. South Lancashire Regiment.

Near Vryheid, Transvaal, 15th October, 1900.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that the Volunteer Service Company under Captain Appleton left this camp on the thirteenth instant *en route* to England.

I have much pleasure in bringing to your notice the excellent service rendered by the Company, whilst attached to my Battalion; the conduct of the men in camp has been exemplary, and when in action, or on the march, they have invariably "done their duty." I attach the farewell order issued by the General Officer commanding 11th Brigade.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

R. H. HALL, Lieut.-Colonel, Commanding 1st South Lancashire Regiment.

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The following is the farewell Order (issued October 12th, 1900) referred to :—

Blood River. On departure of the Volunteer Companies for England the General Officer Commanding desires to place upon record his appreciation of the good service they have rendered, whilst serving with the Regular Battalion in South Africa. Their arrival in April last was a welcome addition to the Brigade and the cheerful and efficient manner in which they have always performed their duties has proved them to be reliable soldiers. Major-General Wynne wishes them a prosperous voyage and a safe return to their friends and relatives.

Captain Appleton, on June 14th, addressed the following letter to the people of Warrington through the Press:—

Sir,—Perhaps you will allow me, as the officer who has had the great honour of marching the first company of the Regiment (which is Warrington's as well as my own) through this town since the 1st Battalion sailed for South Africa in December, 1900, to acknowledge, on behalf of Major Adam (whom we almost claim as a Warringtonian), now in command at Vryheid, in the absence —unfortunately on sick leave—in England, of Colonel Hall, the more than enthusiastic, rather the overpowering, reception the people of Warrington gave us on Saturday and Monday last.

Only one greater honour could have been ours, and that would have been to have marched through these streets with the Battalion as I Company, as we so often marched over the South African veldt.

On behalf of my men and myself, I say that no words of mine can possibly express what we felt or what we owe to Warrington people for all they have done for us since 13th January, 1900, when we marched into Orford Barracks.

I cannot conclude without expressing my heartfelt thanks to all who have shown me such personal kindness, and to those who have written and expressed to me such kind words of welcome home.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

F. M. APPLETON, Captain, O.C. Volunteer Company, 1st S.L.R.

MEMENTO FROM CAPETOWN.

Since the men of the Company reached home they have each received, with the Mayor of Capetown's compliments, a card bearing the following words :—

SOUTH AFRICA.

BELMONT.	PAARDEBERG.	TALANA HILL.	JOHANNESBURG.
ENSLIN.	BLOEMFONTEIN.	ELANDSLAAGTE.	PRETORIA.
MODDER RIVER.	SURRENDER HILL.	PIETERS HILL.	MACHADODORP.
KIMBERLEY.	WEPENER.	LADYSMITH.	MAFEKING.

To the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of her Majesty's Volunteer Forces of

England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, Canada, Cape Colony, Ceylon, India, Natal, New Zealand, Rhodesia Tasmania.

Capetown joins with the Empire in feelings of heartfelt thanks for the signal services which her Majesty's citizen soldiers have rendered in upholding the Imperial authority in South Africa. The Empire is justly proud of the gallant conduct of the Volunteer forces during the engagements throughout the campaign, and Capetown congratulates the Volunteers upon the consummation of a service which has resulted in the consolidation of the Empire, and which has cemented the ties of affection between the Colonies and the Mother Country. The citizens of Capetown wish you a prosperous voyage and a happy home coming, where our hearts will join in the rejoicing welcomes which await you.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

T. J. O'REILLY, Mayor,

Monday, October 29th, 1900.

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The card, which is rather small but very artistically worked, contains a view of Table Bay, and, at the right hand bottom corner, the seal of Capetown which contains the motto, "*Spes Bona.*" In the tape attached to this seal are worked the names of the countries supplying Volunteers mentioned above.

On Monday, October 1st, the Warrington members of the Company presented a loving cup to the town in recognition of the kindness the Mayor and townspeople had shown towards them and towards their wives and families during their absence. The cup was made from the case of a naval 12-pounder shell fired at Gras Kop, with handles consisting of solid silver models of Lee-Metford and Mauser rifles. The lid of the cup represents a kopje, on which is standing a silver model of a member of the Company in full marching kit.

On Tuesday, October 9th, the Company received their medals from the hands of Lord Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief, at Liverpool.

THE MEDAL.

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MILITARY DEFINITIONS.

By Lance-Sergeant Baker.

Prisoner.—A man in the very pleasant state of temporary retirement from the duties and annoyance of the profession.

Dress (*Verb Active*).—To force a given number of soldiers into a continuous straight line by loud vociferations and considerable noise.

Drill (*Verb Active*).—To arrange human beings in unnatural positions.

Esprit.—The art of abusing and finding fault with every regiment but your own.

Infantry.—A branch of the service useful in macadamising roads.

Inspection.—An opportunity afforded by custom to soldiers of seeing a live General once a year.

Valise.—An ingenious contrivance, invented for the purpose of exemplifying how little it is possible to get into a small bag.

Leave of Absence.—A nice and pleasant existence—when you can get it.

Recruit.—A victim of delusion to be speedily undeceived by coal fatigue.

Roster.—A fabulous list of rotation kept by the Adjutant, in which you always appear last for leave and first for duty.

War.—A noisy and unpleasant substitute for diplomacy.

Officer.—A man who rises at an hour when the civilised portion of society are enjoying their first sleep, to find himself brought suddenly into contact with raw meat, a propinquity which might be productive of the severest shock to the nervous system; who intrudes upon the breakfast parlours and dining-rooms of beings intended by the all bountiful spirit of nature to enjoy the same advantages as himself and who pesters them with unnecessary questions as to the quality of their meals; who visits the cook-house to inhale odours and smells very different from those to which he has been accustomed, and in which grease and steam chiefly predominate; who leaves his dinner when a little more than half way through it for the purpose of ascertaining if a given number of individuals have retired to rest in a state of sobriety, a piece of information highly interesting when acquired; who sits up when rather sleepy and tired, in order to disturb the slumbers and threaten with palpitation of the heart the men on guard who are trying to snatch a few hours' rest.

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CAPTAIN APPLETON'S DIARY.

1900.

JANUARY 13.—Fifty-eight members of the 1st Volunteer Battalion P.W.V. (South Lancashire Regiment) enlisted before the Mayor, at the Drill Hall, for active service, and marched to Orford Barracks for preliminary training.

January 15.—Contingent from 2nd Volunteer Battalion from St. Helens and Widnes with Lieutenant H. H. Lewis and Lieutenant E. Robson, after having been sworn in, arrived in barracks and joined the Company.

January 13 to February 22.—Spent in Orford Barracks. Hard training under Colonel Spratt, Officer Commanding 8th and 40th Regimental Districts, Major Adam, Officer Commanding 40th Depôt, and his staff of instructors, headed by Sergeant-Major Delmage. Bayonet exercise for all ranks, lectures, gymnastics daily, and shooting at Widnes once or twice a week, often in blinding snow-storms soon altered our appearance, and by 22nd February had made us much more soldierly,very hard and fit. Company doubled twelve times round Barrack Square, a distance of three miles, and hardly turned a hair.

February 9.—Ten more members enlisted before the Mayor at the Town Hall, and joined the others at Orford Barracks.

February 22.—Men's friends allowed into barracks up to 6 p.m. Officers entertained to dinner by Colonel Spratt and officers of 8th and 40th Regimental Districts at 9 p.m. Lieutenants Lewis and Robson had the honour of carrying the 40th Colours from the messroom to the company barrack-room, where they were unfurled, and Major Adam, after describing them and pointing out large number of Battle Honours, spoke a few inspiriting words to the Company, trusting that its members in the Service Company would do nothing to disgrace what were now their own Colours too. After supper the Company fell in at twelve midnight in perfect silence and good discipline, upon which they were complimented by Major Adam, and faced the fiery ordeal awaiting them outside the barracks gates, and eventually reached Bank Quay in very much extended order.

February 23.—Embarked at Southampton, *Avondale Castle.*

February 25.—Very rough. Kit rolling about troop deck in all directions.

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February 28.—Arrived Las Palmas 10 p.m. Boat from H.M.S. *Arrogant* came to announce Cronje's surrender. *Denton Grange* still stranded there.

March 1.—Sailed at 3.30 p.m. Routine on board ship: Reveillé 6.30 a.m., hammocks stowed, decks cleaned; breakfast 8 to 8.30 a.m.; orderly-room 9.30, and Commanding Officer's parade 11 a.m.; physical drill half-an-hour each day for each company; musketry for each company in turns from the poop at boxes, &c., thrown overboard; men's dinner 12.30 to 1 p.m.; tea 4.30 to 5 p.m.; hammocks put up at 8 o'clock, lights out 8.30 p.m. Concerts at intervals. Sports: Tugs-of-war, cock fighting, pulling the bar, riding the grey mare; deck quoits for officers. Flying fish and porpoises seen about the Equator. Church Parade on Sundays. Church of England read by Adjutant on fore-well deck, Roman Catholics after-well deck, Nonconformists on the poop deck. Men allowed to sleep on deck in the tropics. Officers: Officer commanding troops, Lieutenant-Colonel B. C. Quill, York and Lancaster; adjutant, Captain W. B. Bucknall, Worcestershire Regiment; assistant-adjutant, Captain Lee, Derbyshire Regiment; quartermaster, Captain T. W. Simpson, Yorkshire Light Infantry. Volunteer Companies on board: Two Northumberland Fusiliers, one King's Liverpool, one West Yorkshire, one Worcestershire, one South Lancashire, one Derbyshire, one Yorkshire Light Infantry, one Durham Light Infantry. Health and conduct of Company good. Three officers and ten men inoculated against enteric.

March 16.—Meeting of officers in smoke-room. Health of Commanding Officer and staff drunk, with Lieutenant F. Manford, Northumberland Fusiliers in the chair. Annual dinner of officers on board arranged to be held at the North-Eastern Hotel, York, last Friday in February. Ship's officers who had won respect and affection of all, to be invited.

March 17.—(St. Patrick's Day.) Dropped anchor Table Bay 12.5 a.m. Sight of Table Mountain in full moonlight most impressive. News of relief of Ladysmith; cheers; "God save the Queen." Disembarked 5 p.m. Marched two miles to Green Point, pitched camp by moonlight, and in sand storm. Guns, including Pom-Poms, captured from Cronje, close by camp; also recreation ground, prepared for prisoners. Hospital-Sergeant Buckley visited camp, also other men from Warrington. Camp almost on solid rock. Very uncomfortable. Broke all our tent pegs.

March 19.—First Northumberland Fusiliers and Yorkshire Light Infantry left by train for Kimberley.

March 20.—Remaining companies, except Derbys and Worcesters, struck camp and embarked at 10.30 a.m., on ss. *Guelph* for Durban. Met Captains

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Marson and Lyon at Green Point Camp, also Volunteer Company 5th (Irish) Liverpool and Volunteer Company York and Lancaster from England on *Guelph*. Keeping a mile from coast, which was fine and rugged, arrived Port Elizabeth 21st March; officers went ashore. Sailed 4.30 p.m. for East London. Arrived East London 23rd March alongside quay; very wet here, first rain for six months. Second Northumberland Fusiliers entrained for three days' journey, to Bethulie.

March 25.—Left 6 a.m. for Durban.

March 26.—Arrived Durban noon. One case of scarlet fever in Liverpool Company; in quarantine till twenty-eighth. H.M.S. *Terrible* sailed for China.

March 28.—Landed in lighters; left by train 3.30 p.m.

March 29.—Arrived Ladysmith 7 a.m., joined Regiment in time for breakfast, received a warm welcome; inspected by Commanding Officer (Colonel R. H. Hall), camp being under Surprise Hill. An eventful day in the history of our Volunteers, for the first time being on active service with their 1st Battalion.

Middlebrook] LADYSMITH RAILWAY STATION. [Durban.

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Had our first night outpost here on Nicholson's Nek and Surprise Hill on April 1st.

April 2.—With great sorrow Company heard of death of No. 7034, Private W. Blackwood, from pneumonia, contracted, it was thought, in Green Point Camp, developed on ss. *Guelph*. He went into Addington Hospital, Durban, 28th March, and died 2nd April, and was buried in the Military Cemetery, Durban, 3rd April. He was a fine man, a good soldier, and quite worthy of being the first member of the 1st Volunteer Battalion South Lancashire to die on active service for his Queen and country.

April 4.—Regiment marched at 8.30 a.m. to Modder Spruit, ten miles. Weather very hot and trying. Company as support to outpost at night. No overcoat, only ground sheets; night very cold.

April 5.—Marched off without breakfast to join Regiment on road to Elandslaagte, about five miles. Camped Elandslaagte, fifth and sixth, and moved to new camping ground on 7th April, under Battle Field Ridge.

April 7, 8, 9, and 10.—Building sangars and having outpost on the ridge itself.

April 10.—Boers shelled camp of 2nd Division all day. All tents in both divisions were struck. Casualties on our side five killed, ten wounded. Lieutenant Kitson and one man, Volunteer Company Durham Light Infantry, slightly wounded. 5 p.m., marched to kopje four miles west. Spent night in building sangars, expecting to be shelled at daybreak.

April 11.—Boer attack did not come off. First taste of biscuit rations; happily plenty of rocks about for breaking same. 11 a.m., marched to and camped at Woodcote Farm, eleventh and twelfth. On Good Friday, thirteenth, marched to camp at Jonono's Kop, one mile distant. Defensive position taken up, work consisting of outpost one night in three, road-making, building sangars, digging trenches, route marching, and musketry.

MONTE CHRISTO, FROM LADYSMITH.

May 8.—Still here, *i.e.*, at Jonono's Kop. Boers reported to have been ordered to attack by Kruger, and in case of same being unsuccessful to retire into

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Transvaal. Battalion slept under arms Sunday and Monday nights. No attack.

May 10.—Four companies moved to a new outpost position; remaining five, including us, are still here; no attack yet. We did field firing (thirty rounds per man) this morning.

May 14.—No tents until 29th June. Battalion started at 7 p.m. by moonlight on General Buller's march up Natal. Eight miles to bivouac at Grogman's Farm; Company on outpost, no blankets, carried great coats, left half company, had no breakfast next morning.

May 15.—Battalion moved on at daybreak, 6 a.m., ten miles over Sunday's River, and was ordered to attack a hill at Wessel's Nek, and to support the York and Lancasters, who were attacking a hill between Sunday's River and Wessel's Nek. Both hills unoccupied; bivouacked on hill at Wessel's Nek above station. Started bully beef and biscuits regularly.

May 16.—Left half company under Lieutenant Lewis examining guard near colliery huts. Battalion marched at 3 p.m. to Meeran; our Company left behind to guard two naval 12-pounders during night, and escort same to Waschbank. Made a fire in colliery huts, and cooked supper and breakfast.

May 17.—Marched at 8.30 a.m. with guns to Waschbank, via Meeran, (ten miles) and re-joined Battalion about 3 p.m. Trying march, as gun pace was fast for Infantry.

May 18.—Reveillé 1.30 a.m., breakfast 2.15 a.m., marched from three to 8 a.m. to bivouac two miles beyond Glencoe Junction (16 miles). Followed railway through a very fine pass leading on to the summit of the Biggarsberg; scenery very fine; very strong abandoned Boer gun epaulment and trenches commanding Waschbank Station. Passed broken-down Boer wagon, also a Boer forge, showing haste in which they had retreated. Boer tents left standing near station.

May 19.—Reveillé 5.30 a.m.; marched 8 a.m. eight miles to Dannhauser; halted there an hour and a half for dinner expecting to march on, but received an order to march back to Glencoe. Marched back two miles, and bivouacked. Battalion here got as black as Kaffirs, owing to fine black dust from grass fire previous day blowing over them for some time, and no water obtainable to wash it off.

May 20.—Marched at 6.30 a.m. right to Glencoe Station (12 miles) and bivouacked in a fine position overlooking Junction. Heard that Clery and Buller were through the Drakensberg and Laing's Nek. Began bugles again, but heard

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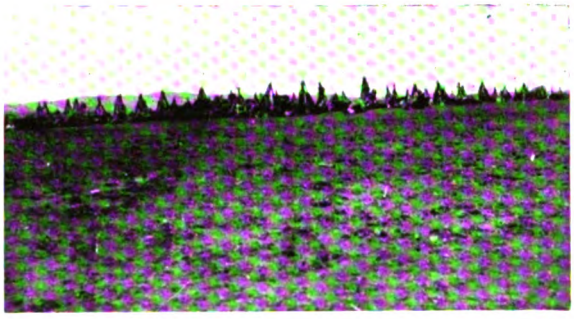

1ST SOUTH LANCASHIRE IN BIVOUAC.

later that report was false. Investigated station, found Mauser ammunition on platform, and heaps of dynamite cartridges and a detonator down the line, another sign of haste. Found Boer hospital house and flag; many drugs lying about. No rolling stock left. Station only wrecked inside.

May 21.—Just off down to Dundee on trolley with Dundee stationmaster and Captain Goren; sudden order to march again towards Dannhauser at 3.30 p.m., marched six miles to Hatting Spruit; bivouacked 6 p.m.

May 22.—Marched 8 a.m. through Dannhauser to Allcock's Spruit (sixteen miles), sighted Majuba for first time. Heard of the relief of Mafeking.

(Reuter's Special Service.)

Newcastle, undated (by Runner to Dundee, 22nd May.)

The following Army Order has been issued :—

"General Sir Redvers Buller, commanding the troops in Natal, congratulates all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of his force upon the result of their past ten days' hard work.

"The Third Mounted Brigade and the Second and Fifth Divisions have driven over Laing's Nek from carefully prepared positions on the Biggarsberg, including that which the enemy had christened the 'Gibraltar of South Africa,' a force of over 7,000 men, and are only checked at Laing's Nek itself by a fresh commando sent from the Transvaal forces in the Orange Free State.

"This result, which reflects great credit on all the troops, has been obtained by continous hard work, long marches, and steep mountain climbing, far more trying and wearisome than the most severe fights."

May 23.—Marched 8.10 a.m. to Ingagane (four miles). All had a wash in the river. Company out as support to outposts. Road bridge intact. Railway bridge three spans blown down. Piers intact. Thousands of men bathing in river daily, first real wash since march began.

May 24.—Worked at railway deviation for trestle bridge 1.30 to 5.30. Order from Buller to the effect that Queen's birthday would be kept in the best way by repairing railway with all speed; felt sure that troops would concur with him in this.

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May 25.—No rations for breakfast. Working party 8 a.m to 12 noon.

May 26.—Working party 1 to 4 p.m. Hairy Mary (armoured train) had arrived with fresh material for bridge, also searchlight worked by engine on trucks in front of train, Hairy Mary being behind. General Buller and staff came and looked at our work, standing near us for about five minutes. He was very anxious to get railway open again. Kaffirs and railway men worked all night by searchlight.

GENERAL BULLER AT INGAGANE.

May 27.—Infantry work on bridge finished. Marched seven miles at 7.30 a.m. through Newcastle and over river, and bivouacked 10.30 a.m. a mile beyond town, which was pretty well wrecked, including railway bridge.

May 28.—Cold morning. Marched eight miles at 7.30 a.m. to 11.40. Crossed the Buffalo River by a fine bridge into the Transvaal, and bivouacked above bridge at Wools Drift. Heavy guns heard in direction of Majuba and Pogwani; saw shells bursting.

May 29.—Marched 7 a.m. towards Utrecht, first as advance and then flank guard on the move, with trying halts, till 7.30 p.m. Bivouacked three miles from town near farm; no water, and difficulty in finding bivouac among large force there, having finished as Baggage Guard in rear of everything. (One of our hardest days.) Advance Cavalry, South African Light Horse, fired on with some casualties in South African Light Horse. Saw Captain Solly Flood, D.S.O. (South Lancashire Regiment), Adjutant S.A.L.H.

May 30.—Remained in bivouac.

May 31.—Lieutenant Robson left us to be attached to Army Service Corps temporarily. Our Battalion with York and Lancasters, naval 4.7 and Royal Horse Artillery advanced in attack formation, and halted in front of town, while General Hildyard went into it, to post proclamation and demand surrender. Saw Boers trekking on hills behind Utrecht. Town surrendered, certain number of arms given up. Returned to bivouac to a late dinner.

June 1.—Marched 8.30 a.m. fifteen miles back to Wools Drift, near Buffalo Bridge, where we found Major Adam and Captain Woods (brigade signalling officer, re-joined from hospital).

June 2.—Marched 8 a.m., eight miles direction of Ingogo. Crossed railway

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(up Laing's Nek); noticed more wrecked culverts. Outpost at night, guarding rear.

June 3.—Scanty breakfast on outpost. Our Company crawled along four miles as Baggage Guard to De Wet's farm, near Botha's Pass, and three miles south of Ingogo, where General Clery's Division was sitting tight in front of Laing's Nek and Majuba. Private Sudlow died in hospital of enteric fever.

June 4.—Pleasant and pretty bivouac, actually under trees, which, however, paid us out by dropping a kind of wet and sticky deposit over everything. First bread on march received with loud cheers, also report that Roberts was in Pretoria (that was premature however).

June 5.—Lieutenant Lewis won Brigade Derby Sweep with Diamond Jubilee.

June 6.—Marched two miles (three days' armistice with Botha up) to make epaulments for four naval guns higher up the pass. Battalion bivouacked; our Company on outposts guarding guns on right flank, with dangerous donga toward Spitz Kop to patrol. Not much sleep. Large grass fires in distance.

A TYPICAL BOER TRENCH.

June 7.—Remained all day with guns, taking what cover we could, expecting to be shelled, but were not. Our guns fired several rounds during the day at Boers making gun pits and entrenchments; towards dusk our guns fired a good many shots; last one seemed to hit the gun epaulment. Escorted guns at dusk to our bivouac three miles away at Yellowbroom Farm.

COMPANY'S BAPTISM OF FIRE.

June 8th.—Reveillé 6 a.m. Brigade ordered to attack Botha's Pass, after South African Light Horse had occupied Spitz Kop (without opposition). Pass here runs between two high ranges of Drakensberg. Valley between, along one side of which the road ran, valley about three miles wide. We followed road in column of fours, until opposite our portion of the opposite range (Boer position), which our Brigade was ordered to attack. All this time a tremendous bombardment from 4.7 naval 12-pounders and field batteries was going on all along our range and over our heads, which raked Boer position until we were almost on the crest line, with no reply from Boers. Our Battalion was on the right, Royal Lancaster centre, and York

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and Lancasters left. Our firing line was in two lines, and first line extended to ten paces, and we came as third line, or reserves, four companies, under Major Adam, and extended to one pace. We had a very stiff climb, and when just below the crest, Major Adam closed up to about 100 yards behind firing line. Just on crest were a Boer trench and gun epaulment, both happily unoccupied, or some of us would have caught it hot. Just as the firing line were well on top a tremendous musketry shell and pom-pom fire opened upon us, and the bullets whistled happily well over our heads. We advanced, and just after our line had got "right incline" from Major Adam, a pom-pom burst about ten yards in front of our Company, which if it had been advancing straight to the front, would have just caught it. Our Maxim, under Lieutenant Trousdale, was now in action, and after a few more minutes' firing the Boers retreated, and fired the grass to cover their retreat, according to their usual custom. The attack was successful all along the line, and the Pass was ours, the Boers failing to make anything like the stand they had done earlier in the war. We lost one man killed in the Battalion (Private Duffy). We remained in position till dusk, and after throwing out outposts bivouacked on the same ground. A thick cold fog came on, and as it was 1 a.m. before our wagons reached us with coats, blankets and rum, we had a miserable time. We had our baptism without firing a shot, and happily without any casualties. We were not a little proud of having received it under the command of our old Adjutant. Marched about six miles.

June 9.—Marched on towards Free State at 4 p.m. (six miles), bivouacked, and our Company went straight out on outposts.

June 10.—Back to bivouac in thick cold fog at 6.30 a.m. with fifteen eggs from Kaffir kraal near outpost. Marched at 9 a.m. twelve miles as Baggage Guard, with many halts, and attacks on Boers on hills in front, by our main body, guns, and Advance Guard.

June 11.—Marched two miles at 7 a.m. to occupy (without opposition) and hold kopjes on right flank, our Company again in third line under Major Adam. I spent the whole day in front of my Company, with Major Adam and Lieutenant Skinner, watching the attack on Alleman's Nek, a very strong Boer position, about five miles to our front. Lord Dundonald had a chat with the Major. Artillery opened fire from high ground three miles in front of us, about 2 p.m., while the Infantry advanced. We had a splendid view at a safe distance, and saw the Infantry gain the heights and take the position just as the sun went down. Boer position was very strong; Pass here went between two high ranges and at right angles to them, and with a conical hill in centre, upon which Boers had a big gun, shelling our Artillery. Our guns made splendid

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practice, and raked the whole Boer position with shrapnel and lyddite, setting fire to the left range of hills. Boers lost over 120 killed, and our casualties were about 85 killed and wounded. Boers fired the grass, as usual, and some of their wounded were found burned to death next morning; also a Pom-Pom smashed to pieces. Our Company on outposts.

REPAIRING ARMS.

June 12.—Returned to bivouac 5.45 a.m., marched with Battalion through Alleman's Nek at seven a.m., twelve miles, and bivouacked four miles north of Volksrust, and near the Laing's Nek Railway, only happily on the Transvaal side.

June 13.—Marched 9.30 a.m., four miles to Volksrust, which the Boers had just evacuated, and bivouacked outside. Charlestown, now occupied by General Clery, who had marched through Laing's Nek, after the Boers had evacuated it owing to our flank movement, was three miles away, with Majuba towering above it. Twenty men of our Company on Town Guard under Lieutenant Lewis. Had first square meal for a long time at Volksrust Station refreshment room.

June 14.—Remained at Volksrust.

June 15.—Spent all morning with Sergeant Moore and twenty of our men, going round empty houses, securing beds and bedding for the brigade hospital now established in school, owing to tents all having been burned out by grass fire at last bivouac. Saw two Boers among worst cases of wounded, also funeral of a Devon man who had died in the night.

June 16.—Started at 11 a.m., for ten miles' march towards Wakkerstroom, on Baggage Guard, under Major Adam. Bitter wind and long trying march till after dusk.

June 17.—Marched eight miles to Wakkerstroom. Our Battalion bivouacked three miles on right of town, under high hill, upon which we were outpost at night. After a long climb, we spent a wretched night, being wet through by heavy rain as we climbed up. Rum did not reach us until early morning; got what shelter we could by building small sangars. Frost and fog in the morning.

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June 18.—Returned to bivouac 7 a.m. Wakkerstroom surrendered. No one but General Hildyard allowed to enter town, which looked fairly prosperous and had a fine stone church.

June 19.—Marched 10 a.m., twelve miles towards Sandspruit; halted 5 p.m. Boers in position on Gras Kop, talking of surrendering in the morning to our advance Cavalry.

June 20.—Some Boers surrendered, but most apparently had bolted in the night. Marched eight miles to Sandspruit. Company on outposts.

June 21.—Marched 8.30 a.m. as Baggage Guard ten miles in direction and along railway, which was very little damaged in Transvaal, to Paardekop. Boer

A TROOPER OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

telegraph station in railway truck on line. Instruments seized by our telegraph section. Got in to bivouac after dark. Met Strathcona's Horse, who were very amusing, lassooing one another on horseback, &c.

June 22.—Marched 8.40 a.m. ten miles towards Standerton and bivouacked. General Clery was in front of us, and his Cavalry entered Standerton that night.

June 23.—Marched 9.30 a.m. twelve miles on and bivouacked.

June 24.—Marched as Rear Guard four miles, and joined Battalion at 4.30 p.m. who were bivouacked on high ground beyond town behind Clery's Division. Standerton is a town a little smaller than Ladysmith, with a fine bridge over the Vaal River, which we crossed. The centre of three spans of railway bridge was

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blown up by the Boers, but fifteen locomotives and a lot of rolling stock were left behind, but all north of the river. Deviation is being made (July 6th), and line will soon be open over river. Stone church, bank and post office, but houses mostly corrugated iron, as usual. Hotel and most of the shops open. General Buller occupied rather pretty house in Market-square.

June 25.—Company washed first time for many days, in fact since Ingagane. Good dinner at hotel, and met our Roman Catholic Chaplain (Father Collins) who is always near the firing line, and generally respected and loved in the the Brigade. He often calls on our mess.

June 26.—Brigade ordered back along line, which was being threatened by Boers. E, F, G, H, and I Companies marched eight miles, and bivouacked under Major Adam. C Company and machine gun to Kromdraai under Captain Lynch. A, B, and D under Colonel Hall, to Katbosch, where we all remain (July 6th).

June 27.—Our detachment marched as Advance Guard six miles to Leeuw Kop, which is three and a half miles from Brigade Headquarters at Platrand, and four and a half from Captain Lynch at Kromdraai. Started a mess again under Lieutenant Greene as P.M.C., and Lieutenant Marsh as forager-in-chief. After lunch began to entrench. Mess most successful under wagons with pigs, ducks, turkeys, hens, eggs, from Boer farm near, and table from platelayers' hut.

June 28.—Digging in morning. Leeuw, who owns the hill and all land round us, and who lives at Boer farm near us, came in and surrendered. He came in from beyond Standerton. Major Adam sent him on to General Wynne, and after taking the oath he returned to his farm. His wife bakes bread for us. Outpost at night, four and a half miles of railway and veldt telegraph to patrol during night, and two culverts to guard with detached posts. Leeuw, after we left, was found to have more arms buried, and to be in communication with his son, who was still on commando; and as he had sworn to having given up all his arms, his farm was burned.

June 29.—Company washing (one mile and a half away) in the morning, under Lieut. Lewis. Digging in the afternoon. Tents arrived and were pitched 5 p.m. First time we had slept in one for six weeks. Bread and fresh meat rations, &c., now valued as luxuries.

June 30.—Digging morning and afternoon.

July 1.—Real day of rest. Divine service 11 a.m., Major Adam read service for Church of England most impressively. First Church Parade for six weeks.

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Thirty men of Company under Lieutenant Lewis escort to convoy along our section of road 9 a.m. to 12 noon.

July 2.—Digging morning and afternoon. Inlying piquet at night.

July 3.—Digging in morning. Outposts at night (4.30).

July 4.—Rest in morning after outpost. Digging in afternoon.

July 5.—Digging morning and afternoon.

July 6.—Escort to convoy with E Company, Lieutenant Greene, 9.30 to 12 noon. Digging in afternoon.

July 7.—Digging morning, half holiday in afternoon. Company played H Company (Lieutenant Skinner) at Socker. Result, one goal all. Drawn game. Company inlying piquet. In command of reconnoitring patrol 11 p.m. to 1.30 a.m.

July 8.—Divine service 9.30 a.m. read by Major Adam. Outpost at night. Stalked some horses with my patrol mistaking them for Boers.

July 9.—Digging afternoon. Two companies out against De Wet.

Remarks upon position at Leeuw Kop.—Hill about 1,000 yards long, and about 400 wide, and commands about three miles of railway, which curves around north side of hill. The hill has gentle grassy slopes on all sides, with a large flat top, used as our parade ground. As our front is practically all round us, we have a series of trenches all round, below the crest line, and two Block Houses, which are occupied by a chain of sentries, detached posts and patrols all night. Each trench is numbered with its company number, cut out of the turf and filled in with small stones, and roads are also made from camp to each trench. Our trench, made by our Company, and known as I Trench, is on the south side of hill. We have also worked a good deal at two other trenches, and are cutting a Block House in one out of almost solid rock, which, with inferior and blunt picks, is no light or easy job. The General inspected our position a few days ago, and complimented Major Adam upon his defences, which he described as excellent, and we consider this a feather in our old Adjutant's cap. We have also two culverts on the railway to protect, which is done by the outpost company. The men have worked hard and keenly at the entrenching, taking them as a whole, and all seem in good spirits.

July 10.—Morning: Digging. Afternoon (3 p.m.): Alarm Orders read and explained to detachment by Major Adam. Myself on Board of Inquiry all day with Captain Goren.

July 11.—Morning: Digging to 10.30 a.m. 10.30 a.m.: Sudden order to go

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out with I Company (Volunteers), and E. Company (Lieutenant Greene), to Boer farm occupied by Trütter and to leave twenty men and one non-commissioned officer from E Company to protect his farm from Boers who had appeared on previous evening and threatened to carry him off. He was a cripple and no good for commando. If evidence good enough, my orders were to bring into camp, stock from two neighbouring farms, from which Boers were thought to have come. Evidence (of Kaffirs), contradictory, and in my opinion, entirely unreliable as to one farm, and, as to the other farm, occupied by a man called Van Sehl, rather shaky, so proceeded with Lieutenant Greene to visit this farm only. Searched house and buildings for arms, and warned Mrs. van Sehl (husband fighting), but did not remove stock. Returned to camp 6 p.m., Lieutenant Lewis having taken wagons home previously.

NOTE ON FARMS.

All farms invariably fly a white flag upon the arrival of British troops in their vicinity. If owner surrenders and gives up his arms and takes oath of neutrality, the farm and property are respected, and if necessary protected; if firing takes place at us from farm, or other hostile acts, such as visits from Boers, or information given to them, farm stock is removed and farmer taken prisoner. If telegraph or railway is damaged within a certain radius, farm is burned. This seems severe, but it has been found that more lenient treatment was not appreciated or respected. To give one instance. While one such farm was being burned near Paardekop, the lady of the house was weeping and gnashing her teeth and loudly protesting her innocence; but the missing telegraph insulators from damaged veldt wire were found in her loft. The Boers are nearly all unreliable and lie like the devil.

July 12.—Lieutenant Lewis, with forty of our men, hard at work putting out grass fire all morning, *i.e.*, beating it down in line with tunics and ground sheets. Afternoon: Digging for an hour. Outposts 4.30 p.m. I took out a reconnoitring patrol, at 9.30 p.m., from our piquet, to watch Leeuw's farmhouse, as we suspected him; suspected his son, who was on commando, of visiting his parents at night and taking back information. Son was acting as guide to Standerton commando. While two of my men were going round house and outbuildings, and the rest of us lying low behind the garden wall, the dogs rushed out and attacked one man, who fired instead of using his bayonet. The old man came to the window in his nightshirt and I interviewed him. I was not sorry that he learned he was being watched. Lieutenant Lewis took out another patrol at 5 a.m. Nothing suspicious noticed by either of us, but after our detachment was relieved a few

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weeks later, Mausers were found on farm, which was burned. Leeuw had taken a solemn oath of neutrality and sworn that he had given up all his arms.

July 13.—Morning: Off. Afternoon: Digging.

July 14.—Lieutenant Lewis took majority of Company to a quarry near railway two miles away to put same into state of defence. Remainder of Company under myself finished Block House.

NOTE ON BLOCK HOUSES AND TRENCHES.

One of our Block Houses, designed by Major Adam, was made almost entirely by our Company; as well as a trench, known by the company letter as I Trench, each company cutting their own letter in the turf in rear of trench, and filling in with small stones. Our Block House was about 6ft. by 5ft. and 5ft. deep below ground, and cut out of almost solid rock, with very inferior picks and shovels, which we

FIELD FORCE CANTEEN, STANDERTON:
BRINGING MESS STORES FROM KROMDRAII.

had no means of sharpening, loop-holed to about 2ft. above ground, and roofed over with logs of wood and corrugated iron, covered with sods and stones. It held six men at night, and was almost invisible at a short distance. Trenches here in very rocky ground, and about 4ft. 3in. deep by 2½ft. wide with 18in. berm, banked with thick bank of earth to front, and loop-holed by big rocks along top of berm. All the men on detachment worked well at all defences, and with considerable interest. Half holiday in afternoon.

July 15.—Divine service 9.30 a.m. I read short Church of England service, Major Adam having been suddenly ordered to join General Wynne on trolley, and go with him to our headquarters at Katbosch. Detachment ordered to move to Kromdraai (four miles nearer Standerton) on Monday morning.

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July 16.—Lieutenant Lewis took half the Company as Advance Guard to Kromdraai. I followed with remainder of baggage and other half company. Pitched camp on arrival, while remainder were entrenching. Company on outposts at night, having a culvert and level crossing, quarry and station to guard. Quarry, which was over two miles off, afterwards handed over to York and Lancasters who, with four companies, occupied our old position at Leeuw Kop, as it was too far off for Major Adam to occupy, having now only four companies; E Company (Lieutenant Greene) having been sent for to headquarters at Katbosch. Outpost had also two miles of railway and veldt wire to patrol several times during night.

July 17.—Morning: Off. Afternoon: Digging 2.30 to 5 p.m. New trenches had to be made on a rise of ground to south of camp, 800 to 1,000 yards away. Not so rocky here, mostly hard black earth.

July 18.—Working morning and afternoon on two gun pits and four trenches. Major Adam manufactured at his own Arsenal, a large dummy gun, from hollow iron cylindrical railway signal post from station, which looked very like a 4.7 naval gun about 1,000 yards away, and deceived the real Gun Detachment when marching in from Platrand.

July 19.—Digging morning and inlying piquet at night.

NOTE ON INLYING PIQUET.

Company or companies composing inlying piquet mount at Retreat (sunset), sleep in clothes and under arms, ready to turn out at a moment's notice to support outposts if attacked, and parade again at reveillé next morning.

July 20.—Our naval 12-pounder gun arrived under Captain Riddel, R.A., and escorted by H Company (Lieutenant Skinner). Morning: Digging and filling sand-bags for loopholes. Outpost at 5.50 p.m.

July 21.—Morning: Off. Afternoon: Half holiday. Went foraging for mess with Transport Conductor, and came back with five chickens from Kaffir kraal and twenty-four eggs from Boer farm. Farmer had surrendered; he gave us tea. House very clean, and two jolly little boys, who made friends with us.

July 22.—Church Parade for Church of England held by Brigade Chaplain (Newman) at 9.30. a.m. Holy Communion 8 a.m. General Hildyard reported to be making strong reconnaissance with three strong columns from Sandspruit towards Amersfoort. Boers said to be on Gras Kop with large guns.

July 23.—Digging morning and afternoon. Inlying piquet at night. Called

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out at 7.45. p.m. (in middle of dinner) to support outpost (F Company) who reported lights to their south front, and who were at level crossing (two miles away). Moved Company in extended order, one and a half to two miles out from crossing, but failed to find anything; returned to camp at midnight after ten miles' tramp (night very dark and Company lost for short time on first turning out).

July 24.—Morning: Digging. Afternoon: Off. Outposts at night. General Wynne (Brigadier) visited camp and lunched with us 23rd July, and afterwards inspected defences, and informed Major Adam he was very much pleased with same. He especially noticed our trench, which he said was a very good one; he was also much pleased with dummy gun.

DUMMY GUN, MADE FROM RAILWAY SIGNAL POST
BY MAJOR (NOW COLONEL) ADAM.

July 25 and 26.—Digging. I went, 26th July, to Standerton in Kaffir cart (two mules and boy). Lunched at station and brought back supplies for mess and Company from Field Force canteen, also pay for the detachment.

July 27.—Went out under Major Adam, 7.30 a.m. Force consisting of Volunteer Company, two 15-pounder field guns and a squadron of Bethune's Mounted Infantry. Object: to bring in stock of a farmer named Boshoff, living on the Vaal River nine miles away, who had surrendered, been carried off by the Boers and imprisoned in Ermelo Gaol. Lieutenant Lewis and my men all rode in the empty wagons in which the stock was to be brought back. I rode on a pony, lent me by Captain Woods (brigade signalling officer). After a sharp brush with the Boers, who appeared in force on the kopjes overlooking farm, and who tried to out-

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flank us all the way back to camp, we succeeded in all getting back safely, with our stock, &c. We had, for the first time, a good chance of seeing our enemy, and fired about 1,100 rounds at them, and had they been anything like good shots some of us could never have returned. Boshoff, who had just escaped into our lines while being sent to rejoin commando, returned with us and lived under British protection at Platrand, leaving his wife and daughters on his very pretty farm. We all thought him a gentleman who saw how things were going, and who was determined to be on the winning side, not forgetting to over-abuse his countrymen, which we took for what it was worth. A very "slim" gentleman, without even the merit of patriotism. Sergeant Howard elsewhere describes our little fight which was an object lesson on a small scale of the wisdom of having mounted troops and guns with Infantry when going into the enemy's territory.

July 28.—Morning: Digging. Afternoon: Half-holiday. Outposts at night.

July 29.—Church of England Parade Service, taken by Major Adam, at 9.30 a.m.

July 30.—Morning: Building new Block House. Boers seen coming over sky-line about 8,000 yards to right front in considerable numbers, having driven in our Mounted Scouts from Katbosch. Three companies were busy entrenching, and had their arms and ammunition close by, and a covering party well out in front. The dummy gun was quickly removed and naval 12-pounder run up from camp, and soon got one shot at 7,500 yards, which got the distance splendidly, but went a little too much to left of enemy, who soon went for all they were worth over the sky-line, leaving only one scout in view, so we were able to come back in time for dinner, leaving only our usual look-out posts in trenches. The enemy was apparently being driven over from the Free State and Klip River. We heard fairly heavy rifle fire and our Mounted Patrols were retreating pretty quickly, the enemy greatly outnumbering them. Our alarm bells soon rang. They consisted of "iron crowbars" suspended, and one of which was always used as camp clock, the hours being struck upon it by the guard sentry. All the trenches were quickly manned and we quite thought we were in for an attack. We often saw the Boers in the same direction, and they constantly came down to the farms near us in the night, and carried off farmers who had surrendered. Afternoon: Digging.

July 31.—Morning: Digging. Afternoon: Off. Orders received in morning to be ready to entrain at short notice for Sandspruit *en route* for Gras Kop.

August 1.—Morning: Digging, when orders were received to entrain at Kromdraai, and proceed by afternoon train to Sandspruit. Struck camp 1.30 p.m., leaving only one company to hand over to relieving garrison; and also leaving

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behind the railway staff officer, Lieutenant Ewart, of our own Regiment. This was the second time within a month or six weeks that we had to hand over our almost completed trenches and block houses to our relieving troops—a good lesson in patience and discipline. Our train, of enormous iron coal trucks, into which it was no easy matter to climb with rifles, &c., left about 4 p.m., having given us all a lesson in "escalading practice." Our truck contained a curious assortment of officers, men, live stock (turkeys, chickens, &c., some of which collapsed *en route*), corrugated iron, picks and shovels, &c., and, seated on the highest and rather shaky pinnacle of precious firewood, the officer commanding his moving detachment (Major Adam). Reached Sandspruit 7.30 p.m., very cold from sharp frost after sundown. Pitched camp, by moonlight, about one mile north of station, near the Sappers' Camp. We were relieved at Kromdraai by the Devons.

August 2.—Struck camp 8 a.m. Marched 9 a.m. six miles up Gras Kop (6,000 feet) to relieve four companies of Dorsets. Arrived about 1 p.m., and lunched by their officers on bully beef and biscuits, whisky and port. They were commanded by Major Lynch. Here we found the whole mountain splendidly entrenched, and our companies were all on separate detachments with their own section of trenches. Three companies (including our own) were on the main mountain, and A Company (Captain James) on Arnold's Hill—a spur one mile south, overlooking Sandspruit. My Company were south-east to north, with about fourteen trenches, in which were papers showing all rifle ranges visible from trenches, and two of which were always occupied by day and four or five at night. View from mountain very fine for at least twenty miles round, and including grand view of Majuba, Alleman's Nek, Wakkerstroom Mountains and, when clear, Amersfoort, and a Boer *laager*, soon spotted—as well as Boer outposts—by Major Adam's eagle, sporting eye. We had a naval 12-pounder under Lieutenant Byrne, R.N., and a merry detachment of handy men.

August 3. — Company working at mess shelter and roads to trenches. Bright sun 7 a.m.; thick mist 8 to 9.30 a.m.; afterwards lovely days and beautiful nights. Cavalry patrol out east in morning.

August 4. — Morning: Road making. Afternoon:

A NAVAL 12-POUNDER (LIEUT. BYRNE, R.N.).

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Half holiday. Major Adam and Lieutenant Lewis, with Corporal Howard and escort from my Company, went out two miles north after buck, which Major Adam had spotted in the morning. Wind suddenly shifted and spoiled sport, but the Major had three shots, which started a Boer scout, who went for all he was worth. Alarm at 8 p.m. during our dinner, shots having been fired by H Company's sentries. All the garrison manned the trenches, and extended along north of mountain, but the enemy was discovered to be only sheep (very hard to distinguish from creeping men in the dark), and we were able soon to turn in again. General Lyttelton and staff came up reconnoitring and had tea in our "cellar mess."

August 5.—Church of England service by Chaplain, 12 noon. My Company captured some stray goats in the early morning, but *would* eat them far too fresh.

August 6.—Road making.

August 7.—A very interesting day for us. Exceptionally clear even for South Africa, but a cruel south-east wind, cutting one like a knife. Buller's advance from Paardekop on Amersfoort and Ermelo, clearly seen by us, and was covered as far as possible by our naval gun; and we were all quite ready if the enemy should be driven towards Gras Kop. The shelling on both sides very clearly seen; the Boer shrapnel bursting, as usual, too high. We could see the Boers scooting, and, as usual, lighting fires to cover their retreat; but at 5 p.m. we had evidently cleared them off Blauw Kop and were in possession of Amersfoort. Boers got away towards Wakkerstroom Mountains; we could see their wagons and probably guns along the further side of the ridge on our side on which were our Cavalry, to whom Major Adam sent information by heliograph, *via* Sandspruit; but fear message reached them too late.

August 8.—Road making and building sangar round company kitchen. In afternoon went out to a deserted farm, two miles away, with Captain Goren and eight of my men under Lance-Sergeant Houghton, and brought back thirteen live geese and one guinea fowl (shot through the head with Mauser carbine at about 150 yards by Captain Goren). We gave seven geese to Company and six to the mess and on returning to Gras Kop were fired upon from our own trenches on south side of mountain, our men occupying them not having been notified. Happily no casualties. Major Adam's fortieth birthday.

August 9.—Usual routine. Privates Spencer and Parker went out in the morning on a Naval Forage with Captain Goren, Lieutenant Byrne and some "handy men," to deserted farm, and returned with thirteen more geese and a Kruger penny, presented to Captain Goren by a Dutch lady on neighbouring farm.

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August 10.—Usual routine in morning. Afternoon: Six of our own men, under Lance-Corporal Fishwick, went out with Major Adam and Lieutenant Skinner to a deserted farm north-west of mountain. The officers shot some guinea fowl. Six of our men, under Corporal Massey, went out with Captain Goren and myself in south-east direction, and returned with two small black Kaffir pigs, bought from Kaffir kraals, and had some long shots at guinea fowl. General Wynne visited part of detachment on Carleton Hill.

August 11.—Usual routine. Tremendous gale blowing all day. Went out with Lieutenant Woods and some of my men and six mules to visit two more deserted farms, bringing back an ox wagon, two donkeys (ridden by our men), a harmonium, cocoa-nut matting, crockery for mess, and a few chairs. Found our tent and naval tents blown down when we returned.

August 12.—Church service 10 a.m., Major Adam.

August 13.—Usual routine.

A "HANDYMAN" ROLLING TOBACCO.

August 14.—Naval gun fired three shots (common shell) at 9 a.m., at Kaffirs lighting grass 8,000 yards to the east, thought to be a signal to enemy, as fires were lighted simultaneously in a direct line on the Elandsberg, further east. Major Adam went out with a squadron of Bethune's Mounted Infantry to visit various farms and to tabulate them for the General, returning about 4 p.m., having shot a very good game bird (karahan) and having found a Field Cornet's office and some important documents in same.

August 15 and 16.—Routine.

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August 17.—Routine. Private Fearnley and I went out with Major Adam and watched him stalk a buck at foot of mountain.

August 18.—Morning routine. Afternoon: Half holiday.

August 19.—Church of England service 10 a.m. I officiated in the Major's absence on reconnoitring duty with Bethune's Mounted Infantry.

August 20 to 26.—Usual routine.

August 27.—At 4 a.m. Major Adam took out a fairly large force of Mounted Infantry, two field guns and twenty men under a subaltern from each Infantry Company to make a reconnaissance in direction of Wakkerstroom, where Boers had been constantly seen in force and driving away cattle. Infantry, after surrounding a farm at dawn, and finding enemy unfortunately flown, were left holding a kopje in rear, and more mobile force (guns and Mounted Infantry) went out much further shelled the enemy heavily, and got heavily fired upon from Boer position, but happily returned without any casualties, but with some hundreds of cattle; the guns and Bethune's Mounted Infantry returning to Sandspruit, and Infantry returning to camp at 4 p.m., my men bringing me a very acceptable wicker chair. One of my men fired at midnight two shots from one of our trenches at what he took to be a man creeping up steep mountain side under his trench, though it was probably only a sheep. We were particularly on the watch, as the grass on plain, about 2,000 yards from foot of mountain and to our own front, had been fired at 8.30 the previous night.

BOER FARMER AND FAMILY.

August 28.—Usual routine.

August 29.—Thunder and rain all day.

August 30.—Rain and mist; ordered down to Sandspruit to join our headquarters; to be relieved by two companies of Queen's (West Surrey); but it was very doubtful whether they could get their wagons up the mountain in the deluge; struck camp at 3 p.m., and lunched relieving officers, who did arrive in course of

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the morning. Our mess was now a swimming bath, with a mud slide down into it, causing much fun; we had a false floor above the high water level, made of corrugated iron; happily we could not get much wetter than we already were. Marched off at 5 p.m., arrived at Sandspruit 7.15 p.m., and pitched camp in dark at 9 p.m.

NOTE ON GRAS KOP.

We were all a little sorry to leave our happy homes on Gras Kop. The mountain was very interesting, covered with interesting flowers and birds, and the dongas about contained heaps of tailorbirds' and other nests, including one (the size of a small wash-house boiler) belonging to an *aasvogel*, and a carrion crow's, discovered and investigate by Major Adam, who, with his wonderful knowledge of natural history, taught us all a great deal, and it seemed a pity that, just as Major Adam had got to thoroughly know at considerable trouble all the farms for miles round, he should be relieved; but such is the fortune of war.

August 31.—Camp at Sandspruit.

September 1.—Regiment marched a mile and a half to new camp, where 11th Brigade, with large force of Mounted Infantry and guns, were concentrating for a long march on Wakkerstroom, Utrecht, and Vryheid, this time to leave a garrison to occupy each place.

September 2.—Divine service 11 a.m., and General's inspection afterwards.

September 3.—Company drill under company officers.

September 4.—Reveillé 4 a.m. Marched off 6.30 a.m. eight miles in direction of Wakkerstroom. Major Adam commanded Advance Guard which blew up a farm from which, while white flag was flying, one scout and a Kaffir guide had been treacherously shot. Not a pleasant sight to see the family sitting at a safe distance among their furniture and household goods watching their home go up into the air, but unfortunately nothing else will satisfy them, and the women are more treacherous and bitter even than the men. Pitched camp 12.30 p.m.

September 5.—Reveillé 4.30 a.m. Marched off 6.30 a.m. in left half battalion under Major Adam, as escort to two naval 4.7 guns—Lydia Lyddite and Lady White. Field guns opened fire at entrance to Wakkerstroom Valley and Advanced Mounted Infantry were engaged, having two casualties. Five Boers killed and five taken prisoners. Pitched camp 5.30 p.m. Company on outpost with H Company. Wet night and very much exposed position.

September 6.—Reveillé 4.45 a.m. Camp struck, but ordered to "stand by" ready to support (if necessary) York and Lancasters and Bethune's Mounted

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Infantry, who were attacking large mountain behind Wakkerstroom. Re-pitched camp 12 noon, after mountain occupied with small opposition.

September 7.—Company, part of an advanced force, sent out to cover crossing of river by whole force to take up new camping ground. Got into new camp at 6 p.m. after having been relieved by the outposts. Our force consisted of two field guns, Mounted Infantry and two companies of Infantry.

September 8.—Company on Town Guard and outposts 7 a.m. Left half company under myself on Examining and Bridge Guard. Right half company on two sectional detached posts under Lieutenant Lewis and Lieutenant Robson, out to the front. Relieved by York and Lancaster Company in small hours of morning. (Good snipe shooting in swamp near bridge.)

September 9.—Joined Regiment in early morning and marched off 7.45 a.m. as part of Rear Guard. Advanced Guard soon engaged. Lovely country road among splendid mountain tops; pitched camp 8 to 9 p.m. by moonlight.

September 10.—Company went out 4.30 a.m. to relieve Royal Lancaster outpost, getting eventually a very cold breakfast. At 8 a.m., received a signal message from Major Adam to join his Baggage and Rear Guard as right Flank Company at 8 a.m. Heavy artillery and rifle fire in front. Attack on Rear Guard up very nasty dongas very much expected, but only sniping occurred, our guns covering each donga in succession. Long trying day but scenery magnificent. Rear Guard relieved about 6 p.m., and force had then to go down, in dark, a precipitous pass called Langewacht and arrived in camp, man by man, about 11 p.m. and pitched camp in dark.

September 11.—Reveillé 6.30 a.m. Marched 10.30 a.m. on Utrecht down another very steep pass, up which we had impatiently watched Boers trekking when extended for attack on our previous visit in May.

September 12, 13 and 14.—Utrecht.

September 15—Heard with great sorrow of Private F. Woods's death at Howick after long illness (enteric and complications).

September 16.—Camp at Utrecht. Church of England Parade 11 a.m. and Evensong in Kaffir church close by camp. Left a garrison, 17th September, at Utrecht. Reveillé 4 a.m., camp struck 4.15 a.m., breakfast and packing in semi-darkness. Marched 6 a.m., halted 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., and lunched under huge avenue of eucalyptus (blue gum) trees. Found lemons on farm near. Marched fifteen miles. Pitched camp 4 p.m.

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NOTE ON UTRECHT.

Very pretty village; usual stone Dutch church; houses with pretty verandas and gardens, some very old and thatched. People very hostile and disinclined to sell eggs, and firmly believing our troops had killed and eaten Boer babies. Plenty of pretty trees in town and fine mountains behind it, also very pretty cemetery.

September 18.—Reveillé 5.30; marched 8 a.m.; crossed Blood River, and passed Scheeper's Nek, where a squadron of Bethune's Mounted Infantry was ambushed and cut to pieces in May. Graves of those killed near road, also carcases of horses (still a bit savoury). Camped 3.30 p.m. near Scheeper's Nek. Company on outpost on kopje overlooking Vryheid (six miles away). Could see large fire in town which proved afterwards to be large hotel burned by Boer Commando, who got very drunk and could have been probably collared if the General had occupied town that night. (Marched fifteen miles.)

TYPICAL BOER TOWN OFFICES.
(TEMPORARY BRITISH HEADQUARTERS.)

September 19.—Returned to camp 6.30 a.m. Lieutenant Robson sent out on transport duty towards Dundee. Marched five miles into Vryheid on Rear Guard under Major Adam, camped three miles west of town. Guns and Mounted Infantry engaged.

September 20.—Vryheid. Usual routine.

September 21.—Company on outpost (twenty-four hours), on high mountain, north of camp; hill covered with flowers and many ferns among rocks; veldt getting quite green again; and butterflies, locusts and many insects making their appearance. Boers fairly close and constantly fired upon by naval guns (12-pounders). They sniped a good deal at outposts, hitting some of the Royal Lancasters. We had rather nasty donga in front of our posts, which we always patrolled in extended order each morning just before dawn. Cricket Match—Vryheid v. Garrison. Garrison team under Major Adam victorious.

September 22.—Came in off outpost 5 p.m. Boers in small numbers visible on sky line north in early morning. (They came down to remains of blown-up farm, and were shelled by our naval 12-pounder). Several more farms from which Boers had fired, though farm flying white flag, also blown up. Protest from

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Christian Botha came in through our outpost line; short and sharp reply sent by General Hildyard.

September 23.—Church of England Parade 11 a.m.

September 24.—Usual routine. Company on night outpost 4 p.m.

September 25.—Came in off outpost 6 a.m.

September 26.—Garrison began "standing to arms" each morning 4.30 a.m. till daylight, as Boers were threatening attack. Company on working party on Royal Lancasters' Hill four miles away making sangars under Lieutenant Lewis.

September 27.—Escort to convoy 4.30 a.m., six miles out towards Blood River; returned 11 a.m. Cricket match in town; teams lunched in town.

SOUTH LANCASHIRE V. BETHUNE'S MOUNTED INFANTRY.

B.M.I.		S. LANCS. REGT.	
Lt. Moran b Adam	0	Lt. H. K. Woods lbw b Talbot	25
Lt. Brazier-Creagh b Skinner	0	Pte. Wilson b Henderson	8
S.-S.-M. Talbot c Lewis b Adam	19	Lt. Huxford lbw b Talbot	9
Trooper Palethorpe b Adam	0	Sgt. Peate b Palethorpe	2
Lt. Webster b Adam	2	Major Adam c Velverton b Talbot	15
Lt. de la Salle b Adam	2	Lt. Bailey b Talbot	0
Trooper Velverton b Adam	0	Lt. Skinner b Talbot	0
Trooper Henderson c & b Adam	16	Lt. H. H. Lewis b Talbot	0
Cpl. Woods not out	8	Pte. Savage c Creagh b Talbot	0
K. W. Wilken b Adam	8	Cpl. Badmington b Moran	2
Cpl. Allen run out	1	Pte. Edmonds not out	10
Cpl. Johnson b Skinner	1	Pte. McConn run out	0
Extras	13	Extras	13
Total	70	Total	84

September 28.—Outpost 4 p.m.; twenty-four hours on mountain again.

September 29.—Came in off outpost 5 p.m.

September 30.—Church Parade 11 a.m. Escort to convoy 1 to 5 p.m.; back in thunderstorm.

October 1.—Outpost 4.30 p.m. Wet night and very dark; blankets, &c., well soaked. Lieutenant Robson ordered into camp by signal message for transport duty next morning, but unfortunately developed fever and had to go to Hospital (high temperature).

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October 2.—Came in off outpost 6.30 a.m.

October 3.—Company ordered out to occupy a permanent outpost position south west of camp. Right half under Captain went out 6 a.m. Left half followed 10 a.m., after striking camp and loading baggage under Lieutenant Lewis. Horribly wet morning but fine later. Frontage about half a mile; began work on two trenches. Cosy little camp behind hill; one-third of Company out each night.

October 4.—Continued trenches. Major Guinness, R.A., came out to take ranges for his guns which were told off for our part of defence. He, very kindly, also took Infantry ranges for me.

October 6.—Reveillé 3.30 a.m. Struck camp 4 a.m.; held our kopje until all baggage had passed and then followed Regiment 8 a.m. as left Flank Company, escorting naval 4.7. Royal Lancasters and two naval 12-pounders left to garrison Vryheid. Very trying march (fourteen miles) to Blood River, where we arrived 2 p.m., and joined two companies already there under Captain Goren. Short of mounted troops for scouting on flanks, so Infantry had to keep much further out than usual, and occupy distant kopjes in succession. Relieved about half way by Captain Clarke-Jervoise's Company.

NOTE ON VRYHEID.

TYPICAL BOER CHURCH, VRYHEID.
(SHOWING TOWN GUARD CAMP.)

Very pretty town with many trees, and fine stone church with clock and fine organ; said to be one of finest churches in Transvaal. It cost £12,000, though I was told it had never been paid for. Railway from Dundee only awaiting girder bridges and metals; the sleepers, &c., stored in Dundee ready, had been burned by Boers during their occupation; station partially made. Vryheid had been seized from Zulus by Boers who founded a new Republic there. I was shown a photograph of the old arms of the town which differed from those of the Transvaal slightly; this photo was afterwards presented to either General Hildyard or General Wynne. Vryheid was afterwards incorporated into Transvaal. There should be a

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great future before it when the railway is completed and the war over. It is said to be rich in gold, coal and copper, and the coal is said to be of better quality than even that of Dundee. Kruger would not allow minerals to be worked, as he said one Johannesburg was enough for him. There are high hills to north and smaller kopjes to south, east and west, and it is the centre of very broken and mountainous country; farms round well wooded for this country. Strawberries were abundant in gardens where irrigation was possible; vegetables grew well, also peaches and mulberries; oranges of very good quality grew near. Large stores in town kept by German Jews who seemed to swarm, but stores were nearly cleared out and could not be replenished in present state of the country. We found a quantity of loot in the town from Natal, including the gold chalice from the Roman Catholic church in Newcastle. Loot was also said to have been found in large quantities in Lucas Meyer's farm. Small English church, Roman Catholic and two banks.

October 7.—Company inlying piquet. Church of England Parade 10 a.m. (wind too high for sermon).

October 8.—Outpost 4 p.m. Lieutenant Robson rejoined from Hospital.

October 9.—Came in off outpost 6 a.m.

October 10.—Usual routine.

October 11.—Right half company under Captain outpost 4 p.m.

October 12.—Came off outpost 6 a.m. Received orders to be in readiness to go down to Maritzburg *en route* for home.

October 13.—Reveillé 2.45 a.m.; marched 4 a.m. Colonel Hall, accompanied by the Adjutant (Lieutenant Bailey), got up and addressed the Company 3.45 a.m. Colonel Hall said he had been very glad to have the Company under his command; that he was very much pleased with the behaviour and work of the men, having only had two members up before him. He said he was satisfied with the Company in every way and would have much pleasure in making a very favourable report to Colonel Ridgway and Colonel Pilkington. He wished the officers, non-commissioned officers and men "good-bye" and said: "I am very sorry to lose you." Captain Appleton thanked the Colonel for his kind words and said that the Company was only too sorry that at that early hour (before reveillé) they could not give three cheers for himself and the Regiment with which they had been proud to serve, and which they were very sorry to leave. After presenting arms to Colonel Hall, the Company marched off to act as part of escort to convoy for De Jager's Drift and Dundee; the men softly whistling (spontaneously) "Auld Lang Syne" and the "Prince of Wales's March," as they swung over the Blood River Bridge in

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the dark. Out-spanned for oxen to feed and handed over convoy to guns and Mounted Infantry sent from Jager's Drift, close to spot where large convoy had been captured and burned by the Boers. The long line of iron and charred wood of wagons told its own tale, also heaps of Mauser ammunition behind ant hills in the vicinity. Lancashire Fusiliers (Volunteer Company) and also section Royal Engineers (Volunteers) with us. Arrived De Jager's Drift 2 p.m. Camped on Natal side of river in violent sandstorm. Officers entertained to most sumptuous dinner by Lieutenant Marsh, South Lancashires, attached to Advanced Depôt, Army Service Corps, at De Jager's.

BOERS IN DUNDEE.

October 14.—Reveillé 5.30 a.m.; marched 6.30 a.m. with three empty wagons (in which all were able to ride in turn) for Dundee. Very trying march in high wind and blinding dust all the way. Arrived Dundee 3 p.m., and camped in Rest Camp near station. Orders received to remain in Dundee until further orders.

October 15.—Remained in Rest Camp. Section of 37th Company Royal

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Engineers (Volunteers), under Lieutenant Fulton, entrained for Maritzburg—home and beauty—5.30 a.m. Captain Appleton dined at Volunteer Composite Regiment Mounted Infantry mess at Dundee headquarters (Colonel Evans commanding Dundee), General Hildyard staying the night in his own tent outside mess, also dining with his staff. He was on his way back from Newcastle to Blood River, having been to say good-bye to Buller who was leaving for England. Sergeant Dutton and one private went by train to Volksrust to take surplus kit (left there when we began march) to Maritzburg.

October 16.—Rest Camp.

October 17.—Company, with Lancashire Fusiliers under Lieutenant Milne (well known in Lancashire sporting circles), marched to Talana Hill to relieve a company of Middlesex leaving for De Jager's Drift, Captain Appleton in command of garrison. Two field guns, 73rd Battery, Royal Field Artillery, under Lieutenant Schrottky, part of garrison. Camp near wood under hill; outpost on Talana; graves of Colonel Gunning and other officers and men who fell at Talana in pretty wood close by camp; also stone cairn outside wood, marking spot where General Penn Symons was hit. Lieutenant Lewis, adjutant, Colour Sergeant Killen, sergeant-major of detachment, the Vicar of Dundee (Rev. G. C. Bailey) called.

October 18.—Usual routine. Two non-commissioned officers and ten men from our garrison took over Gaol Guard from Natal Mounted Rifles.

October 19—Usual routine. Captain Appleton and Lieutenant Schrottky rode into Dundee and attended a dance in the Masonic Hall given by the non-commissioned officers, Volunteer Composite Regiment of Mounted Infantry. Rode back in pitch dark afterwards, Lieutenant Schrottky acting as guide, and crashing into barbed wire fence and down steep donga; eventually, by following spruit, gained road and got back safely.

October 20.—"Talana Day." Warned to take extra precautions as Boers were expected to attack at daybreak; posted three extra outposts on Talana, and sent Lieutenant Robson out with strong patrol before dawn. Attack did not come off, but at 9 a.m. large picnic party arrived in coal trucks up colliery line; covered all the graves with flowers and Union Jacks, both at Talana and Dundee, including General Penn Symons' grave in English churchyard. Our garrison played town at cricket but were not victorious. Picnic party sent our men heaps of sandwiches, cakes, buns, ginger beer, &c., also devoted some of their sports to garrison and gave special prizes; their kindness was much appreciated and made us feel we had returned to civilisation.

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October 21.—The Vicar kindly rode up in the middle of his hard day and gave us a service at 9.30 a.m. Wesleyans marched into Dundee. Voluntary services at Church of England and Wesleyan churches attended by many men in evening. The services throughout the day were memorial to those killed at Talana, and thanksgiving for deliverance of Colony, and especially Dundee, from the enemy. The Vicar had stuck to his post and succeeded in saving his church, &c., from desecration by the Boers during their occupation. One of the Bennetts, formerly living at White House up Manchester Road, Warrington, called 19th October, but Captain was unfortunately out at the time; he is farming near Dundee. A Widnes man named Passey called upon Lieutenant Lewis.

October 22.—Captain Appleton on two Boards of Inquiry at Field Hospital, Dundee, 11 a.m. Found Captain Lynch (South Lancashires) sick in hospital. Company of Middlesex under Captain Eustace arrived at Talana, and Captain Eustace took over command. Our Company ordered to Gregory's Nek (between Dundee and De Jager's Drift) to protect numerous convoys passing up country through Nek.

October 23.—Marched to Gregory's Nek (eight miles) 10 a.m., and pitched tents wherever we could find anything like level spots, on very pretty, wooded, steep and rocky spur, south of Nek, overlooking Nek, and also commanding part of Gregory's Mountain on north of Nek. Camp in rather a ticklish place; so many trees, under cover of which enemy could creep up and attack; could only get wagons up to foot of steep spur.

October 24.—Lieutenant Awdry, with 5-inch Howitzer, arrived from De Jager's Drift; horses could only get gun part way up; so gunners and our men dragged gun and limber up remainder, which one would have thought an impossibility before attempting it. Began defences and cutting down trees for abattis. Work fairly heavy, day and night. Seven night and two observation posts, including a perpetual Examining Guard on road through Nek. Telephone in Nek (operator, Private Parker). One corporal and trooper (Natal Carbineers) and native scouts attached to us, who went out every morning before dawn.

October 25.—Entrenching. Heavy thunderstorm nearly every night and drenching rain forming a splendid supply of running water in each tent, and washing blankets, bedding, &c., for us gratis. Buffalo, Blood and Sand Rivers full up. Quite refreshing to see water again.

October 26.—Entrenching. Rain and thunder 8 p.m.; lightning very vivid, and rather too near to be pleasant with reserve ammunition in one's tent.

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October 27.—Rain 5 p.m. General Hildyard with staff arrived in Nek and inspected our position; he was on his way to take command at Newcastle. He told Captain Appleton he was very much pleased with the Volunteers in his (the 5th) division; he asked a good deal about the Company. He was satisfied with defences, &c., but ordered another Observation Post to be put out.

October 28.—Small escort to furnish through Nek 6 a.m. under Lieutenant Lewis, which returned to breakfast 8 a.m. Church Parade 11 a.m. in gun pit. Service and hymns went well. Roman Catholic service under Colour-Sergeant.

October 29, 30.—Usual routine, range taking, &c.

October 31.—Escort to convoy to De Jager's under Lieutenant Lewis. Concert, camp fire and rum punch 7.30 to 9 p.m. Talent varied and very good; Lieutenant Robson in the chair.

November 1.—Thunder and heavy rain all day and night.

November 2.—Still rain, rain. Our ration wagon from Dundee unable to cross Sand River; one day's reserve rations issued leaving two days in store. Colour-Sergeant unable to return with water cart from Dundee.

November 3.—All available men on escort duty under Lieutenant Lewis.

November 4.—Company (except Gun Guard) went out under Lieutenant Lewis and Lieutenant Robson to take up a defensive position on south side of mountain to cover passage of large convoy along Maybole Road, as Gregory's Nek was impassable owing to rain. Out 8.30 to 5.30 p.m.

November 5.—Colonel Evans, N.M.R., officer commanding Dundee, visited camp at noon. Smoking concert and camp fire at night.

November 6.—Lieutenant Lewis started for Newcastle 5.30 a.m. to draw Company pay (first for three months).

November 7.—Lieutenant Lewis returned. Lieutenant Robson ordered to Doornberg to relieve Middlesex officer, who was sick. Captain Appleton went down in ambulance to Hospital in Dundee with dysentery. Lieutenant Lewis took over command of Gregory's Nek.

November 8 and 9.—Usual routine.

November 10.—Lieutenant Robson returned from Doornberg in the afternoon; Lieutenant Awdry received orders to leave with gun in the morning for Newcastle.

November 11.—Lieutenant Awdry left with his gunners, to regret of officers and remainder of Company. Lieutenant Lewis read Church of England service

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at 11.30 a.m. The Regiment arrived 10th November at De Jager's. Four companies, under Major Adam, were sent up on to Doornberg; remainder in and around De Jager's. Volunteer Company transferred from Dundee and put under officer commanding De Jager's (Colonel Hall).

November 12.—Usual routine. Lieutenant Robson rode over to headquarters for officers' allowance.

November 13.—The kit of late Private F. Woods arrived from Maritzburg and sold by auction. There is always a touching feeling of sadness about these auctions, but this is always brightened by one of Tommy's fine and generous actions; it is always a matter of honour with him to run up prices at such auctions for the benefit of his old pal's relations, and he often (if in pocket) will give fabulous prices for things he does not really want, and at the same time he manages to get a little fun out of the show. Tommy often wants a "light heart" to tide him over hardships which he determines to make the best of.

November 14.—Lieutenant Davidson (South Lancashire) called and lunched; he had our draft under him at Van Reenen's Pass and elsewhere, and gave Captain Appleton a very good account of them. Lieutenant Robson out on convoy escort 8 a.m. to noon; wet afternoon. News of Captain Lynch's death at Mooi River received. He died from enteric; had been all through the relief of Ladysmith and was at Spion Kop, and had also seen a good deal of service in West Africa. His death was a great shock to us and to the Regiment.

November 15.—Lieutenant Robinson, R.A. called and had breakfast; Lieutenant Lewis rode in to lunch at headquarters; Colonel Hall returned with him and inspected our position; Sergeant Dutton returned from Maritzburg with base kit, &c., and new clothing. Free issue of serge suits, putties, shirts, socks, drawers—all very much needed. Company turned out quite respectable again.

November 16th.—Captain Appleton returned to duty, having recovered, and getting quite fit again after two days as guest of Colonel Evans, at Natal Composite Mounted Infantry mess in Dundee, where pleasant company, idleness and good feeding put him on his legs again, though still a bit weak and shaky from a week's slops in Hospital.

November 17.—Captain Goren rode over in the afternoon. Privates Harrison, Grady and Catterall went into Hospital at Dundee.

November 18.—Church of England service 10 a.m., read by Captain. Roman Catholic by Colour-Sergeant. Captain Appleton rode into De Jager's and lunched with the Regiment.

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November 19.—Usual routine. Captain Kelly, R.A.M.C., attached to Regiment, called on his way into Dundee with Lieutenant Hudson, who had unfortunately fallen down a drop of twenty feet when going round his outposts previous evening, and broken his arm and otherwise injured himself.

November 20.—Usual routine. Lieutenant Robson rode into Dundee. After our gun left us, we made a splendid dummy out of a piece of stove pipe and a khaki ground sheet. It looked very natural half concealed by bushes which had screened our Howitzer. We also made a very good telescope and a look-out man, whose breast was decorated with many medals. We had a good line of sangars and a complete chain of sentries who patrolled from one post to another after being relieved, and we had roads clearly defined by white-washed stones to all our sangars. Occupied sangars were numbered; and unoccupied lettered, with ornamental letters cut out of tin biscuit boxes. Our company dog "Jack" taken on the strength of garrison, having been kidnapped in Dundee.

"JACK," THE COMPANY DOG.

November 21.—Usual routine. Draft of twelve men and four Lance-Corporals arrived from Albertina with their tame pigeon (a great pet) called "John," which unfortunately died at Sunday's River.

November 22.—Usual routine. Terrific thunderstorm and heavy rain afternoon and evening.

November 23.—Heavy rain and thunder in evening and half through night.

November 24.—Concert and camp fire in evening; great success.

November 25.—Church Parade, Church of England, Nonconformist, and Roman Catholic, at 10.30 a.m.

November 26, 27, 28, 29.—Usual routine. Rev. G. C. Bailey, vicar of Dundee and military chaplain to the troops in Dundee, died 29th November, from enteric.

LORD ROBERTS'S ORDER ON LEAVING SOUTH AFRICA.

Being about to give up the Command of the Army in South Africa into the able hands of General Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, I feel that I cannot part with the Comrades with whom I have been associated for nearly a year, often under very trying circumstances, without giving expression to my profound appreciation of the noble work they have performed for their Queen and Country, and for me personally; and to my pride in the results they have achieved by their pluck and endurance, their

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discipline and devotion to duty. I greatly regret that the ties which have bound us together are so soon to be severed, for I should like to remain with the Army until it is completely broken up; but I have come to the conclusion that, as Lord Kitchener has consented to take over the Command, my presence is no longer required in South Africa, and that my duty calls me in another direction. But I shall never forget the Officers and Men of this force, be they Royal Navy, Colonials, Regulars, Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteers. Their interests will always be dear to me, and I shall continue to work for the Army so long as I can work at all. The service which the South African Force has performed, is, I venture to think, unique in the annals of war, inasmuch as it has been absolutely almost incessant for a whole year, in some cases more than a year. There has been no rest, no days off to recruit, no going into winter quarters, as in other campaigns, which have extended over a long period. For months together, in fierce heat, in biting cold, and in pouring rain, you, my Comrades, have marched and fought without a halt, and bivouacked without shelter from the elements, and you frequently have had to continue marching with your clothes in rags, and your boots without soles, time being of such great consequence, that it was impossible for you to remain long enough in any one place to refit. When not engaged in actual battle, you have been shot at from behind kopjes, by an invisible enemy, to whom every inch of the ground was familiar, and who, from the peculiar nature of the Country, were able to inflict severe punishment while perfectly safe themselves. You have forced your way through dense jungles and over precipitous mountains, through and over which with infinite manual labour you have had to drag and haul guns and ox wagons. You have covered with almost incredible speed enormous distances, and that often on a very short supply of food, and you have endured the sufferings inevitable in war to sick and wounded men far from the base without a murmur, even with cheerfulness. You have, in fact, acted up to the highest standard of patriotism, and by your conspicuous kindness and humanity towards your enemies, and your forbearance and good behaviour in the towns we have occupied, you have caused the Army of Great Britain to be as highly respected as it must henceforth be greatly feared in South Africa. Is it any wonder that I am intensely proud of the Army I have commanded, or that I regard you, my Gallant and Devoted Comrades, with affection, as well as admiration, and that I feel deeply the parting from you. Many of you, Colonials as well as Britishers, I hope to meet again but those I may never see more will live in my memory and be held in high regard to my life's end. I have learned much during the War, and the experience I have gained will greatly help me in the work that lies before me which is, I conceive, to make the Army of the United Kingdom as perfect as it is possible for an army to be. This I shall strive to do with all my might. And now, Farewell. May God bless every member of the South African Army, and that you may be all spared to return to your homes, and to find those dear to you well and happy, is the earnest hope of your Commander.—ROBERTS, FIELD MARSHAL.

November 30th.—Lord Roberts visited Dundee, and rode up to Talana with one of his daughters. Captain Kelly and Lieutenant Davidson rode over from De Jager's.

December 1.—Usual routine in morning. Dummy Maxim gun cast and erected by Sergeant Dutton, and mounted in Sangar C. Concert and rum punch at night. Good programme, including song by Lieutenant Woods (1st South Lancashire), who with Lieutenant Gold, N.M.R., called in and had dinner on way back from Dundee to De Jager's. Recreation (reading, writing) Tent opened, furnished with games, writing materials, &c., from contingent and beer funds. Also Sergeants' mess started.

December 2.—Church of England and Roman Catholic Parade for Divine Service at 10.30 a.m.

December 3.—Lord Kitchener takes over command in South Africa after promotion to Lieutenant-General.

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December 4.—Usual routine.

December 5.—Usual routine. Wet morning. Captain Ashworth called to lunch on his way to join the Regiment. Dundee Races.

December 6.—Began physical drill before breakfast instead of defence working, which was nearly finished. Sergeant Gardner went to Hospital. Captain Kelly and Lieutenant Skinner came to tea. Corporal Wilkinson, C Company, 1st South Lancashire, fell off a wagon in the Nek, and got his legs caught in the spokes and both legs run over, but, happily, the injury was only one ankle severely twisted. Lance-Corporal (Doctor) Massey bandaged his leg, and he was carried on the stretcher to the Examining Guard's Tent, where Captain Kelly rode over from De Jager's to see him. He remained there for the night, and went in to De Jager's in an ambulance in afternoon of 7th December.

December 7.—Colonel Bullock, the officer commanding Dundee Sub-district, called at the foot of hill and gave us orders to destroy defences and leave here on 8th December for Dundee, and probably Ladysmith, to relieve the Royal Irish Fusiliers.

December 8.—Reveillé 5.30 a.m. Struck camp 7 a.m.; marched at 8 a.m. for Dundee, and pitched camp at Rest Camp. The three officers lunched with Captain and Mrs. James and Mrs. Northen, at Victoria Hotel. Captain Woods, 1st South Lancashire, the officers, Royal Lancaster (Volunteer Company), and ourselves, dined at the Royal Hotel, and some of us attended a concert at the Masonic Hall, in aid of a Talana Hill Memorial for the town of Dundee.

December 9.—Church Parade 9.30 a.m., for Church of England; Roman Catholics and Wesleyans at 11 a.m. Lewis and I lunched at the Volunteer Composite Regimental mess. Company entrained with the Volunteer Company Royal Lancasters, Captain Main and Lieutenant Kennedy, under command of Major Tidswell (Lancashire Fusiliers), at 3.50 p.m. Picked up a company of Lancashire Fusiliers and Captain Whyte, at Glencoe Junction. Train drew up at Sunday's River Bridge. Our Company got out and took over from the Royal Irish Fusiliers, who afterwards entrained in our train for Ladysmith. I took over also an interpreter (Mr. Rawlinson), and four native scouts; also a telephone, of which Private Parker was operator.

The new Sunday's River Bridge is the second largest in Natal, and our Company had to guard it. We had a double sentry by night, and single sentry by day on bridge, and two day observation posts, and a Camp Guard with three additional night posts. The Bridge Guard was day and night. The bridge defences consisted of a beautifully made fort, constructed by the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, with

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splendid traverses and eighty-six loop-holes. This was far too large a defensive work for a reduced garrison, and not well placed as regards bridge defence. The

COMPANY'S CAMP, SUNDAY'S RIVER BRIDGE.

Dublins had begun a smaller fort above the bridge on right bank of stream, which my Company completed, and two Royal Engineer carpenters and fourteen black "boys," constructed a Block House upon the left bank and below bridge, and upon the completion of this, the large fort was to be destroyed. The Block House had a skeleton of wood which was covered with corrugated iron and faced up to height of 4ft. 6in. with thick bank of earth; above this were steel rails, leaving space for loop-holes, between which were railway chairs, and these, being made to slide along between the rails, loop-holes could be placed wherever desired. The roof was made of steel rails, and these covered with earth, and was then bullet and almost shell proof. The fort was circular in shape, and had a thickness of at least three feet of rock, sod and earth, and, above, this was loop-holed with sandbags, the entrance being guarded by a traverse outside, and covering interior from fire from Battlefield Ridge, Elandslaagte. The river bed below bridge was in a deep, winding ravine, up which an enemy could have crept, and so sentry was posted down near river bed each night. There was a nasty donga, east of camp, which I watched day and night; scouts went out every morning at daybreak, generally in Waschbank and Jonono's Kopje direction.

December 10.—Lieutenant Lewis made waterworks for camp. Good water was obtained from small spruit running into Sunday's River, and he dug down to rock and made a small reservoir with corrugated iron and clay, into which a good supply

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of water found its way, through a filter of sand. The men stocked the reservoir with frogs to purify the water. Men worked at small fort.

December 11.—Usual routine. Splendid bathing place above bridge, 10ft. deep, and one below bridge about 5ft., for non-swimmers and learners. Most of us lived in the water, when not on duty, and wore as little clothing as possible. Many men learned to swim and others improved themselves. Defences were all constructed by Lieutenant Lloyd Owen, Royal Engineers, Ladysmith.

December 12 and 13.—Usual routine.

December 14.--Usual routine. Small fort finished. Dr. Gilroy, civilian doctor, arrived from Ladysmith to look after us and Waschbank Bridge detachment (half company Lancashire Fusiliers), under Lieutenant Milne.

December 15.—Lieutenant Owen, R.E., came over to inspect defences, and lunched with us. He is well known in the Regiment near which he was quartered at Cork. He also came out in the *Canada* with the 40th, and has been with the 11th Brigade all through the Natal campaign. Rumours of attack, and confidential orders received; stood to arms 4 to 4.45 a.m. Sent scouts out 3.30 a.m.

December 16.—Stood to arms in forts: one section in small one, and remaining three in large fort. Divine service in fort at 10.30 a.m.; good service; Lieutenant Lewis in charge of choir; Bugler Ince organist on concertina. We had "Eternal Father" as Lord Roberts was at sea. Roman Catholic service under Colour-Sergeant. We had bought Hymn and Prayer Books at Dundee out of contingent money; so every one had the words, and the service went much better in

FORT COMPLETED BY COMPANY, SUNDAY'S RIVER BRIDGE.

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consequence. The Captain, Dr. Gilroy, and the interpreter, rode over to Blencairn Farm (Mr. Mitchell Innes's, magistrate), seven miles away on Newcastle Road, and near Sunday's River (Newcastle Road) Bridge, to call on Mr. Innes. Prettiest farm yet seen, long avenue up to it and most charming house, covered with tropical creepers; veranda all round. Most comfortably furnished. Mr. and Mrs. Innes were in Durban, but young Mr. Innes entertained us to afternoon tea, and then showed us round his well-stocked farm. Last year, when Boers were in possession, they carted away loads of apricots, to commando, but this year he has no fruit owing to drought. His house was not looted as one of the Boer generals was keeping it for himself, but poultry, &c., all taken.

December 17.—Stood to arms, 4 a.m. Rumours of going into Ladysmith on Thursday, so decided to have Swimming Gala (originally arranged for Christmas), on Tuesday, 18th December.

December 18.—Gala (described elsewhere) great success. Stood to arms 4 a.m. Rain in evening.

December 19.—Stood to arms, 4 a.m. Orders to entrain on 20th December, at 4 p.m. for Ladysmith. Heavy rain most of day and night. Dr. Gilroy and Lieutenant Lewis went to see Lieutenant Milne at Waschbank Bridge. All trains, except mail, stop at Sunday's River Bridge, to take in water, which is pumped up into tanks by engine, in charge of Indian coolies.

December 20.—Last night pouring, and terrible for sentries, whom I posted in new positions, where I could find them a little shelter; clothed them in old ground sheets, one over the shoulders as a cape, and one as a kilt. Gave them hot rum in morning after coming off sentry-go. Pouring all day; struck sopping tents at 2 p.m., and got all stores down to the railway. King's Royal Rifles Volunteer Company (30 men) under Lieutenant Davies, relieved us before lunch. Our train (Dundee coal train) arrived about 6 p.m.; we had a wait of an hour at Elandslaagte, and officers got a good square meal at hotel. Men had had tea at 3 p.m., but I let them out of train for half an hour; some got food and tea at hotel. Arrived Ladysmith 9 p.m. Transport wagon had kindly left, as train was an hour late. They shunted train about for an hour and a half in the dark before I could get men out. Had to leave baggage in truck under a Corporal's guard, and trek up to Tin Town in pitch darkness and pouring rain, and through mud which splashed up to our necks. Arrived 12 midnight. Thanks to Captain Whyte, Lancashire Fusiliers, who was on Prison Guard, I got men a pint of beer, but all of us had to sleep wet and without blankets in barrack room. Officers were most kindly treated and given supper and whisky by Captain Whyte, and also

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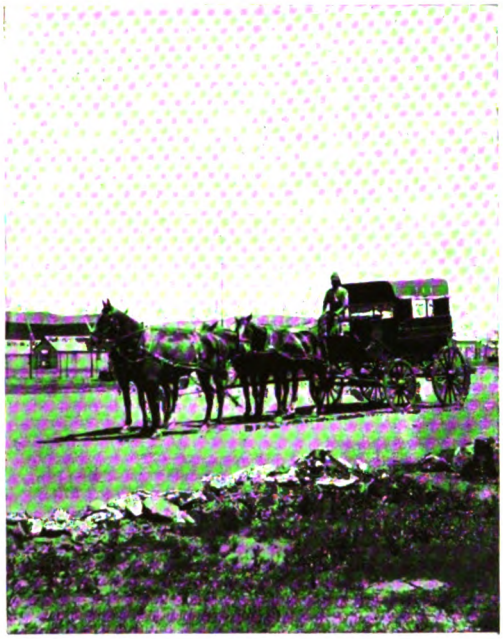

ARTILLERY SUBALTERN'S FOUR-IN-HAND, LADYSMITH.

two blankets and a coat among the three, and we lay in empty mess hut, on bare floor, but all slept well. (Can sleep anywhere now.) Company on Prison Guard next morning, 10 o'clock. Captain Appleton and Lieutenant Robson, nine sentries by day and seventeen by night, and six men for patrols.

December 21.—On prison guard with Lieutenant Robson and Company.

December 22. — Rest after guard.

December 23.—Church of England service in large schoolroom by Archdeacon Barker, who remained in Ladysmith with his family all through siege.

December 24.—Usual routine.

December 25.—On guard with Lieutenant French, Edinburgh Militia Artillery. Went to Company's Christmas dinner. Great speeches; decorated barrack rooms. The Buglers made the puddings. Great concert in No. 1 Barrack Room in evening. Lieutenant Owen, R.E., sang three capital songs. Captain Brown Constable sang two most amusing songs with banjo accompaniment. Lieutenant Bicknell, West Yorks, gave banjo solo. "Lights out" extended to 11 p.m., by permission of Colonel Sim, officer commanding Ladysmith Sub-district. Hot whisky punch and "God save the Queen," led by Lieutenant Owen.

December 26.—Usual routine, which consists of prison guard, digging, outposts, and escorts to ammunition, &c., by train, to Van Reenen's and Harrismith.

December 27, 28.—Usual routine. Tennis party and tea at hospital by Nursing Sisters every Wednesday.

December 29.—Usual routine. Garrison concert in large school, Colonel Sim officer commanding Ladysmith Sub-district, in the chair. Concert got up by Sister Ella Pilcher. Lieutenant French and I were on guard, and each had half the programme. Sisters came to have light refreshments in our mess afterwards.

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December 30.—Usual routine. Went with Captain Main, Royal Lancashire, and Lieutenant French, R.A., to Spion Kop, in carriage.

December 31.—Rumours of Boer attack on 1st January, 1901. Extra precautions in consequence. Most of our outpost positions occupied day and night from this date. I attended a dance in town at Mr. Bennett's, local magistrate, driving there and back in ambulance with doctors and sisters. Fireworks and bombs in town caused alarm to sentries and civilians.

1901.

CAPTAIN APPLETON AND LIEUT. LEWIS STARTING FOR SUNDAY RIDE TO PIETER'S HILL.

January 1 to April 20.—Life at Tin Town was very monotonous and varied very little. Occasionally a Company smoking concert: we had two very successful ones, and at the second one several officers again performed. Major Lee, Edinburgh Artillery (M.), kindly attended and lent his phonograph. Some of the selections were very good, and were very much appreciated. Captain Constable sang, and played his own accompaniment on his banjo, and Lieutenant Owen, R.E., again sang, and was as much appreciated as ever.

January 22.—Major Lee, R.G.A.(M.); Lieutenant Crawford, Inniskilling Fusiliers; Lieutenant Bicknell, West Yorks; Lieutenant Schrottky, R.F.A.; Lieutenant Strangways, Durham R.A.(M.) and I rode to Pieter's and Colenso (altogether nearly forty miles). We rode along past Devon Post and Intombi, and to the left of Bulwana; forded the Klip at Nelthorpe, crossed the line near Pieter's Station; and rode up the back of the Pieter's position, *i.e.*, from the Boer side, and went over the ground over which the Fortieth charged. Some of us went up Hart's Hill and we picked up lots of shrapnel and pieces of shell; I picked up four Lee-Metford cartridges in a rock in the cutting, and a Mauser case, and also an old tin-opener. Saw many of the graves, and had a hunt for that of Colonel O'Leary, but could not wait to find it. Going again to Pieter's to spend more time. Grand view of Monte Christo. Rode on to Colenso over the Boer positions and across the road-bridge which still has a temporary centre of wood. Lunched at Colenso

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Hotel, and rode back along main road past Grobler's Kloof and Wagon Hill; most interesting day. Lieutenant Schrottky lent me a horse.

LIFE AT TIN TOWN.

We were able to visit most of the battlefields round Ladysmith during our four months there. We knew Nicholson's Nek and Surprise Hill already from our first visit in March, 1900, when we joined the Regiment there, and our first outpost was on Surprise Hill and Nicholson's Nek, and we still have lively recollections of our first patrolling duty among South African boulders on kopjes, trying to find detached posts (some almost on precipices) on an intensely dark night; but experience taught us many things. There are monuments (generally obelisks) on nearly every mountain and kopje round Ladysmith, marking the nature of its defence and the long and tortuous road to its relief with a long trail of an Empire's blood. Alas! graves are everywhere, including many of our own Regiment, particularly at Pieter's and Spion Kop, and one of our very own (Lance-Corporal Fishwick) in Ladysmith Military Cemetery. By such intimate acquaintance with the Lady-

Middlebrook] GRAVES AT PIETER'S HILL. [Durban.

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smith battlefields, often made so much more interesting from the personal explanations of officers who had been present at the engagements, one realised the difficulties of ground, and wondered more than ever how our troops ever got in at all, and one could appreciate to the full that gallant and heroic resistance to the "all but" successful and most plucky Boer attack on 6th January, 1900. Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill and the troops defending them on that day—Manchesters, Gordons, Imperial Light Horse, Gunners, Devons, Rifles, and Sappers—will never be forgotten by any Englishman; neither will any of those troops wearing the clasps, "Tugela Heights," "Relief of Ladysmith," and "Defence of Ladysmith," be forgotten in English history. I went to Spion Kop three times, and on one occasion went up by the narrow path, up which so many of our troops toiled on that dark night of 22nd January, 1900, to their agony and death, and all, alas! of no avail. No Englishman can think of Spion Kop without a feeling of intense sadness, and none can visit that sacred ground and gaze upon those long graves (formerly trenches) with dry eyes. Some one again had blundered, and at least largely increased England's long roll of honour.

Later on I spent a night under the hospitable roof of Mr. George Coventry, eldest son of the founder of Acton Holmes (named after the Coventry family farm in Devonshire), now split up into five smaller farms, occupied by the five sons. I made the acquaintance of four out of the five brothers, and visited Captain Birch's grave on Harry Coventry's farm. One of the curious little side-lights of the war was the fact that many of the Coventry's cattle had died from eating the iodoform bandages, &c., on the site of the Field Hospitals, and many were still dying from eating the lead foil round our old tea packets, and small pieces of jagged tin from tinned milk, &c. Harry Coventry (Fair View) had found about twelve of our dead among the long grass on his farm when he returned in June, 1900. One hardly dares to think of what those wounded must have suffered before the blessed relief of death came to them; and yet, those who so often in a light-hearted way shout for a declaration of war, should think upon such things as these. No one visiting Spion Kop will ever forget the kindness or hospitality of the good old loyal English family of Coventry.

All the defences round Tin Town had to be repaired and enclosed, and barbed wire entanglements put round each, and there were a good many outpost positions to be occupied, day and night. One officer was always out, and had to visit two other posts, day and night, often having to ford, if not to swim, the Klip River (if in flood); but the glorious nights, sunsets and sunrises, were some compensation to officers and men for the harassing duty of outposts.

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LADYSMITH RACES.

The social side of our life was also very pleasant. Tennis, picnics, cricket matches, paperchases (on horseback), race meetings, dances, and the hospitality of the officers' wives and nursing sisters at Tin Town, and the residents in Ladysmith, were more than ever appreciated, after such a long abstinence from such things. It was strange to be picnicing in Long Tom's sangar on Bulwana, on Hart's Hill, Pieter's, Hlangwane or Nicholson's Nek, and driving with ladies to Ladysmith Races, through the Klip River, with the water over the floor of the mule wagons.

April 20.—Left Ladysmith by train for Albertina in the Orange River Colony, creeping up Van Reenen's and thoroughly appreciating the glorious scenery of the Drakensberg. Van Reenen's is a regular Gibraltar, with its splendid block houses made by the Engineers, and is quite impregnable. Albertina is well fortified but not so naturally strong, and is surrounded by very nasty dongas, &c., and the danger is of Boers creeping up in the night or on misty mornings, and attacking, at all events, the Railway Station. We were the Infantry of the garrison, relieving the Volunteer Company Queen's (West Surrey), and joining a squadron of the 14th Hussars and some of the 73rd Battery R.F.A. The garrison was commanded by Major Barlow, R.A. The Company were distributed among the block houses and guarding three bridges over the river, where fishing and football relieved the monotony of their life. We had a splendid lot of trenches connecting camp, block houses, guns, &c., and our work was to improve and extend these. The ground was sand, and although hard as you got down, was quite the easiest ground we had ever entrenched. All defences were completely closed in by barbed wire each night, and it was quite a curious journey up to our tents

HARRISMITH TRAIN ARRIVING AT ALBERTINA.

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at night, or patrolling over and under barbed wire, and creeping along trenches, making one very glad to be in possession of the countersign.

May 7.—Entrained for Ladysmith and home. Lunched at Van Reenen's with Lieut. McClean (East Surrey Volunteer Company). Reached Ladysmith 5 p.m. Private Fearnley came in an up train to Free State Junction on police duty.

May 7, 8 and 9.—Rest camp at Ladysmith.

May 9.—Left Ladysmith 8.55 p.m., by special train with Middlesex, Devon, and Dorset Volunteer Companies.

May 10.—Reached Maritzburg for breakfast 8 a.m.; picked up kits on platform in charge of Lance-Corporal Dean; also Privates Lowe and Shallcross from Hospital. Dinner at Inchanga. Arrived at Point Durban 4 p.m. Train looked quite pretty, decorated nearly full length with palm branches, and our two Company Union Jacks used as Christmas decorations. Embarked on tug and reached ss. *Custodian* about 5 p.m. Sea getting rough.

May 11.—Went ashore in tug, reaching Durban after calling at nearly every ship in the bay, at 11 a.m. Had a hurried look round Durban, and did some shopping in rickshaws. Lunched at Royal Hotel, meeting Major Lee, R.G.A., from Tin Town, afterwards. Burn-Murdock was lunching with his staff at Royal Hotel. Cabled home and embarked with East Surrey Company. Sailed for home 8.30 p.m.; saw last peak in South Africa, 12 noon, May 16th, with curious feelings.

Passed Cape of Good Hope, 8 a.m., 16th, slowed down and signalled arrival, and had good view of Table Mountain and Lion's Head.

15-POUNDER, R.F.A., AND TRENCH, ALBERTINA.

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THE HEAD WAITER, ROYAL HOTEL, DURBAN.

May 13 and 14.—After a heavy gale off coast of Natal, during which we had to drift, we had very good weather all the way. The *Custodian* is a large iron-decked vessel, built for the Harrison Line, and sent straight from the builders to the Transport Service. She had brought mules from New Orleans, and large stores from England, also some of the troops from Australia. We had a very pleasant voyage and plenty of fun; concerts, nigger minstrels, a very amusing farce "Turn him out," and sports, in which my Company were very successful. We coaled at St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, which looked like a barren rock (we were not allowed to land on account of the plague at Cape Town). Reached Southampton, 4 p.m., 7th June, after a glorious run up the English Channel, past the Isle of Wight, and up Southampton Water. Found many telegrams of welcome home. Officers landed and dined ashore. Private Parker left for home 1 a.m., 8th June, after hearing of his mother's illness. Entrained 9 a.m., by Midland route for Warrington. Arrived Central Station about 7.45 p.m., and received an over-powering welcome from the old town. Marched through the ranks of our own 1st Volunteer Battalion, headed by the band, and with Flank Guard of my old companies—A and C Companies. The men signed their discharges, and after getting some refreshments, left for their homes. Officers dined with 8th and 40th officers in barracks. The "break-up" of the Company came quite as a shock after eighteen months' active service; and it was not without a deep sigh of regret that I saw my little commando pass out through the barrack gates.

CHARACTERS (ALL SOLDIERS) IN "TURN HIM OUT."

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SOME OF THE MANY GIFTS TO THE COMPANY.

To the Company.

Wool helmets, comforters, socks, handkerchiefs: Mrs. McCormick, Whalley Range, Manchester.

Playing cards (27 packets): Crosby and Walker's assistants, Manchester.

Tobacco and packets of note paper: Friends of Mrs. McCormick.

(All the above were presented personally to each member by Mrs. McCormick in the Gymnasium, Orford Barracks.)

Concertina to Bugler Ince for Company: Mrs. Oram, Prestwich.

Packet of stationery and pencil case to each member; Miss Oram, Prestwich.

(These were also presented personally in barracks.)

Several large consignments of sausages in Orford Barracks: Mr. Singleton, Bridge-street.

Two large sides of bacon: Mr. Caldwell (Caldwell's, Limited).

Cards with special private prayers arranged by Canon Willis, Chaplain 1st Volunteer Battalion, with Borough Arms, and photograph of Queen Victoria and the colours 1st Volunteer Battalion: Mr. Birtles, Sankey-street.

Parcel of fruit to each man on landing at Cape Town, tea provided for Company and all Volunteers on the journey up to Ladysmith, by some kind Natal lady.

To Warrington Men, 1st Volunteer Battalion.

Field glasses Insurance policies Presentation swords to officers Framed illuminated certificates on return Banquet and entertainment in Parr Hall before going out and on return Pipes, tobacco, cigarettes Cigars (to officers) both for use on voyage and in South Africa	People of Warrington and neighbourhood through the Borough Fund.

A cabinet photograph of himself to each man: Mr. Birtles, Sankey-street.

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A cabinet photograph of himself and wife or sweetheart to each man: Mr. Parkinson, Egypt-street.

Money to be spent on men: Major Buckton and Mr. Charles Chorley.

A copy of large group of First Contingent to each man: Mrs. J. D. Buckton.

Instructive military handkerchiefs: Major Roome, Adjutant 1st Volunteer Battalion.

Large supply of wire cutters: Messrs. Thewlis and Griffiths, Limited.

Cigars at farewell banquet: Mr. Woods, Church-street.

Enlistment shillings to each man: Mr. Robson Chorley.

Body belts, Balaclava caps, socks, handkerchiefs, mufflers, despatch books, meat essence, literature and games for voyage, concentrated cocoa, meat lozenges: The ladies of Warrington and neighbourhood and the ladies of the 1st Volunteer Battalion through the Mayoress (Mrs. H. Roberts) and Mrs. Ridgway. Presented personally in Orford Barracks.

Wives and dependents helped by employers and Borough Fund, and also personally visited and helped by Mrs. Ridgway and the ladies of the 1st Volunteer Battalion.

Men entertained at Royal Court Theatre and Theatre Royal on their return.

Silver watches on return to men living in Earlestown and Newton-le-Willows, by residents of Newton-le-Willows and neighbourhood.

To St. Helens and Widnes Men, 2nd Volunteer Battalion.

Field glasses to non-commissioned officers Life insurance policies Writing cases and New Testaments	Col. W. Pilkington, V.D., officer commanding 2nd Volunteer Battalion.

Banquet on going out and returning: People of St. Helens.

Morocco cigar cases (filled), and to each man's family, large framed photograph of officers and men 2nd Volunteer Battalion: Mayor of St. Helens (Mr. J. Beecham).

Watch pendants on return: Officers 2nd Volunteer Battalion.

Men entertained on return by Mr. Boardman, People's Palace.

Men's wives and dependents helped by employers and people of St. Helens.

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To Widnes Men.

Mayor's banquet and Military Night at Theatre before going out.

Mayor's dinner on return.

In addition to above, every officer and man received numerous costly and useful gifts from his fellow workmen and private friends. We are only too conscious that many names have been omitted from the above lists, and must ask such to forgive the omission, which has been unavoidable. Sufficient proof has been given of the kindness and generosity of the people of Warrington, St. Helens and Widnes to their lads going to South Africa, for which we are all most truly grateful and which we can never forget.

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